

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

# **MACLEAN'S** 15c

**Fascinating beauty of Montreal's women** | **POLITICS: ✓ A classic scandal** | **What courts don't do for kids in trouble**  
✓ How slush funds really work


*September 9 1961*



## **1961: THE ANGRIEST SUMMER**

**Front line report from our war against three million acres of flame**





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who  
think  
young

*Today's active people would rather play than watch. They lead the full life—full time. This is the life for Pepsi—light, bracing, clean-tasting Pepsi. In stores and at fountains, think young. Say "Pepsi, please!"*





## THE CASE (and blueprint) FOR an all-French Canada

The basic Canadian problem today is the affirmation of national independence, even indeed of continuing national existence, as virtually every royal commission in recent years has proved. In spite of what the politicians say there is only one clear, well-defined way to achieve and defend that independence. Canada must become a united country, speaking, writing and thinking in a single language — and that language must be French.

Certainly Canada would be at least as well off if we had spent the past two centuries as a French-speaking country. The French have shown as much initiative and technical ingenuity as the English, and as colonizers they have not proved more avaricious. Also, since France has by and large been a weaker country than England since 1815, we would probably have achieved a more extensive independence and achieved it earlier.

But, unfortunately, we are not now a French country and our present situation cannot be reversed overnight. Yet, when one considers the success Israel has had in teaching its polyglot population to speak Hebrew, there are no grounds for despair.

We must begin, of course, in the schools. Starting with grade one in 1963 or 1964 — depending on how quickly the teachers themselves can be taught — all instruction must be in French. English would be taught only from grade six or seven, and to students who had shown complete mastery of French. As for those now at school, they would be given an increasing proportion of their curriculum in French, while each university would be allowed five years

in which to make a total change-over.

A similar approach would be required for parliament and the civil service. We might begin with a law that all ministers must be fluent in French, and that all new senators have to pass an examination in French, including grammar. Existing requirements for bilingualism in the federal civil service could easily be shifted over to unilingualism. As for the provincial governments, these would become obsolete since they exist only as part of the political structure guaranteeing the rights of French-speaking Canada.

Companies that converted their correspondence and operating procedures to French would receive substantial tax advantages. And ultimately the laggards would have to face crippling penalties. Since even fewer Americans than English-Canadians speak French, this would do more to establish Canadian control of our trade and industry than anything anyone has thought of so far.

With the general public, a system of bonuses for passing proficiency examinations should get things moving. Happily, CBC-Radio Canada is an excellent vehicle for teaching and indoctrination.

The project is likely to meet with greatest acclaim in cultural and intellectual circles. Canada has failed so far to establish a strong English-speaking culture or literature. A French-speaking country from sea to sea would offer English-Canadian writers a reinvigorated national market, and a concrete cause to write — and work — for. They would no longer face the appalling problem of how to devise characters and attitudes and situations that were truly Canadian.

There would also be many secondary advantages. The controversy over the flag would be settled immediately. The *fleurs-de-lis* of Quebec is both distinctive and elegant, and a Union Jack could always be included in one corner for its nostalgic value. There would be an immediate improvement in the national cuisine. All Canadians would benefit from the more sensible Quebec laws regarding the sale of liquor. And, since Quebec is generally in favor of a state lottery, other restrictions imposed by English-speaking North American puritanism might begin to wither away. It is likely, too, that desirable immigrants would be much encouraged to come to Canada, and fewer educated Canadians be tempted by the merely material advantages of U.S. salaries. However, there is no reason why the more picturesque aspects of English-speaking folk life should not be preserved — such as St. Patrick's Day and the reserve army.

There is one other serious national reason for making Canada a French-speaking country. Think of the result of putting up a language barrier — perhaps the most effective of all barriers — against American control. Our shout of independence would echo round the world, and other countries would at last listen seriously to Canadian statesmen. Incidentally, the whole program would likely have a devastating effect on American confidence in Canada as a reliable place to invest in — and so encourage more effectively than any monetary or budget policies a truly national economy.

What a wonderful way to celebrate Confederation! — MICHAEL SHELDON

### WATCH FOR

**A TURNABOUT** in the toy trade: At least one Canadian manufacturer, Dee and Cee Toy of Toronto, will soon be exporting dolls to, of all places, Japan. Western-style dolls are growing as popular with Japanese kids as *suki-yaki* is with western adults and, with the recent drop in the dollar, we can now compete successfully with the U.S.

**EDIBLE DIETS**, now that the drinkable-diet fad is drying up. Mead Johnson, the Metrecal people, are now producing wafers. Eat 36 a day, you've got 900 calories. Cost: \$1.19.

**ADAPTABLE SHOES:** 1) A Toronto store is now selling plastic footwear for kids; when the kids outgrow them, parents can heat the shoes in the oven, then ram in a size-larger shoe tree to stretch them. 2) An Italian firm has designed shoes for (presumably) absent-minded women; each shoe fits either foot.

**BIGGER COMPACT CARS** . . . er . . . smaller standard cars . . . uh . . . medium-sized . . . well, you name 'em. Ford and GM this year will each bring out models about the size of standards of the very early '50s.

**MORE U.S.-STYLE EATERIES** in Canada: At least half a dozen of the biggest American restaurant chains are planning large-scale invasions of Canada or heavy increases in the Canadian operations they've already set up. You'll soon see more: Mister Donuts, Burger Chefs, Henry's Hamburgers, Mugs Up Root Beer — and some other familiar (in the U.S.) names, most of them over roadside diners. You'll be welcome to them, too.

**AIR CONDITIONING ITCH:** According to a Texas doctor, Marvin E. Chernosky, who treated 12 patients for it, air conditioning dries out and irritates the skin of people who spend too much time in air conditioned places.

## Forecast: Peace, as our fishermen meet the Reds

Wherever westerners and Communists rub against each other every day, there is almost always tension and the chance of an International Incident. The nearest such potential trouble-spot, by this definition, is closer to home than most people think — in the waters off George's Bank, 100 miles south of Nova Scotia.



But this is one meeting ground of East and West where men doing a job of work seem to be able to settle their differences as peaceably as most of us would like to see the leaders of both sides do at the summit. Such incidents as have arisen so far — and there have been a couple — point, if to anything, to friendly relationships in the future. Here's what's been happening:

The Russians, like fishermen from any nation, have the right to fish off George's Bank. This year, they came with a larger fleet than ever before — about 30 vessels, including a firefighting tug, 12 seiners and two factory ships — to fish for flounder, cod, haddock and herring. The Americans and Canadians who come there are interested only in scallops. That's been the cause of what misunderstandings they've had.

Early this summer, Captain George Crouse, of the Lunenburg scalloper

Aegir, saw the Russians remove one of his floats used to mark a scallop bed and replace it in the wrong location. For a scallop fisherman this is a serious matter. Scallops can be harvested only at certain limited times and any delay — like having to relocate a scallop bed because the float has been tampered with — can be costly to a fisherman.

A few days later, Crouse became involved in a second incident. His propeller tangled in a Russian fishing net that he couldn't see because fog had limited visibility to 100 feet and that he couldn't detect by radar because the Russians, unlike the Nova Scotians, mark their nets with non-metallic buoys that do not reflect radar beams.

When a Russian ship came up to investigate, Crouse tried to explain to them about metallic reflectors on buoys. But the Russians spoke only Russian (Crouse believes the factory ships have some English-speaking crewmen but he was dealing only with one of the small fishing vessels). However, the Russians appeared sympathetic and helped the Nova Scotians untangle their propeller. "There was a mutual misunderstanding of fishing techniques," Crouse says. "But there was no unfriendliness." He believes the Russians who misplaced his float were simply curious and would never have touched it if they had realized how important it was.

—FRAN MACLEAN

## The anti-diabetes drug that may cure acne as well

In Windsor, Ont., a few years ago, Dr. L. J. Cohen noticed that two teen-agers he was treating for diabetes but who also suffered from severe cases of acne were showing marked changes in their skin condition. Neither had responded to the conventional acne treatments of X-ray and antibiotics, but the faces of both were clearing.

Dr. Cohen was intrigued. Though acne neither kills nor cripples, it can leave mental and physical scars for life. Acne "cures" have ranged everywhere from patent ointments advertised in the back pages of pulp magazines to washing without soap, but a real cure has been nearly as elusive — and would be nearly as popular — as a cure for colds.

The drug Cohen was using to treat the diabetics was tolbutamide, a distant relative of the sulfas. Taken orally, tolbutamide has the same effect (on some diabetics) as insulin. There has been some research into the possibility that some forms of pustular acne are in fact forms of diabetes of the skin.

With his son, a doctor in Detroit, Cohen rounded up 26 non-diabetics who suffer from acne. Given tolbutamide for up to four months, 25 of them showed marked improvement. The Cohens reported on their findings for the Canadian Medical Association Journal in 1959. A few dermatologists elsewhere have since been conducting similar tests and, from as far away as

Oregon, some have reported success.

But there is another side. This year, papers appeared in two other medical journals, one in the U.S., one in Britain, reporting unsuccessful treatments of acne with tolbutamide. And the Upjohn Company of Michigan, first firm to market the drug in North America, says these findings agree with some unpublished research in its files and that it does not believe tolbutamide affects acne significantly.

A Canadian firm that makes tolbutamide, Frank W. Horner of Montreal, is not so sure. Its salesmen are telling doctors about the positive results, and its researchers are pressing further tests.



# COMMENT

## EDITORIAL: One reason we think there should be an election this year

**THE STRONGEST REASON** for an election this year is one not often mentioned: It's the only way to end electioneering and get down to the urgent business of government. No matter when the vote is called, this ill-starred parliament will spend the rest of its days campaigning. Canada can't afford too much time for this. New problems confront us, too grave and too complex for the cheap simplicities of political rhetoric.

Newest and gravest, among those with which Canada will have to deal singlehanded, is Britain's decision to join the European Common Market. This may well turn out to be the most important turning point in British policy since the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846. It means the end of British isolation from the continent. It means that Britain will step inside a European tariff wall, erected against the rest of the world, and into a European free trading area wherein the members raise no barriers against each other. Therefore it means the end, or at best a very drastic modification, of the Commonwealth preferences that now give special protection to Canadian goods in the British market.

The final result of this monumental decision may be splendid for all, but its immediate result for Canada will be bad. The pattern of our foreign trade will be shattered. No longer can we count on a surplus with Britain to reduce our deficit with the United States. Indeed, everything about the British market becomes uncertain — nobody can be sure what we can sell there, or how much of it.

Canadians may be dismayed at this outlook but they can hardly claim to be surprised. Ever since the European Common Market was formed, or at least ever since it began to succeed, it has been clear that the British would have to do one of two things — either join the Common Market, or find a substitute for it. They have tried hard to find one. They offered, four years ago, to form an industrial free trade area with Canada — an offer to which the Canadian government was too stunned to reply, but which Canadian manufacturers instantly described as "unthinkable." Britain then tried, with more success but still not enough, to form a modified free trade area among the seven "outer" nations of Europe. And now it has been obvious for at least a year that these half measures would not do, that there is in fact no real alternative for Britain. She is joining the common market because she must; she can't afford not to.

So far, the Canadian rejoinder to Britain's intended move has simply been to oppose it, as long and as strongly as possible. That tactic has reached its end. What now? What should, what can Canada do in the new situation which is now, to all intents and purposes, an accomplished fact?

This is not the kind of question that can be answered in partisan debate. It calls for sober thought, difficult decisions, and some collaboration from all parties — just the things we cannot hope to get with an early election in prospect. So if we have to have one, if we can't put it off for at least a year, then let's get it over with.

## MAILBAG: The real moral issue of birth control / How two failures helped build the west

**Of course** parents should have the right to stop having children (The safe, certain birth-control method that doctors won't talk about, Aug. 12). But that is not really the issue. What it boils down to, behind all the excuses of failure of other safety measures, is that the sex life is becoming so predominant that everything that could be hindering the free development of the instinctive uncontrolled urge is abolished. Even our bodies, when they function according to their designation, will be mutilated. We cannot possibly sink any lower.—GERARD WILLIAM KELLEN, DOWNSVIEW, ONT.

### The triumphs of the princely beggars

Ralph Allen's treatment of this whole subject (The princely beggars, MacKenzie and Mann, Aug. 12) is far too one-sided to give a really balanced picture of the extraordinary history of these two men. He dwells too much on the years of disaster of the Canadian Northern project. But in its earlier days, the Canadian Northern Lines opened up for settlement some of the most valuable and fertile farm land in the whole of the west along the valley of the North Saskatchewan River — country which in the long run proved to be far more productive than some of the territory farther south through which the Canadian Pacific transcontinental had been built two decades before. And the construction of the section of the Canadian Northern main line through central British Columbia along the Thompson River was an engineering feat just as daring as anything that was accomplished by the Canadian Pacific engineers in the Rockies in the 1880s.—W. F. GREENING, MONTREAL.

### What about Russian nuclear weapons?

Tommy Douglas (Backstage, Aug. 12) says he would not allow nuclear war-

heads on Canadian soil. Does that cover Russia carrying them over it?—H. P. HERBES, CARLELAND, ALTA.

### What happened to the Smiths

The article Whisky Valley (August 12) interested me because George Smith of Glenlivet was my great-great-grandfather. My grandfather, John Rainey Smith (born 1848—died 1910), son of John Gordon Smith, took up residence in the town of Inverness, where I was born, and raised a family of nine. My



late father had only three children and I was the only male issue. Although my father occasionally recounted some family events of Glenlivet I was unaware of the more exciting episodes until I read your thrilling article. The fact that both my father and grandfather were strict abstainers may account for their reluctance to pass on the family background.—FRANK RAINEY SMITH, PORT CREDIT, ONT.

### The little-known saga of 25-cycle power

Winnett Boyd (On the field of Atomic Power: Two experts meet, Backstage, July 29) is quoted as saying "I am terribly concerned that a dreadful mistake will be made if present policy is

pursued — as important and serious a mistake as was made by Ontario Hydro when it installed 25-cycle circuits at the beginning of the century." The Ontario Hydro did not make this mistake. Late in the 1880s the potential power of Niagara Falls came in for consideration and a company was formed in the U.S. called the Cataract Construction Company. This company appointed an international commission consisting of the best technical brains in Europe and the U.S. At the same time the Westinghouse Company, under its great, imaginative head George Westinghouse, became interested. Westinghouse, of air brake fame, believed that the best way to transmit power was by compressed air because little was known then about electrical transmission over distances. The findings of the International Commission favored the generation and transmission of power by alternating current and Westinghouse gave up his idea of pneumatic transmission. The next step was to decide the frequency at which the current was to be generated. Frequencies of 16⅔ cycles to 133 cycles were considered. The consulting engineer of the Cataract Company advocated 16⅔ cycles. The Westinghouse Company tendering on the equipment proposed 33⅓ cycles. The result was a compromise of 25 cycles and so the frequency of the three privately owned plants built at Niagara on both sides of the river was 25 cycles. As none of these plants was loaded to capacity the Ontario Hydro Commission decided to initiate its enterprise in 1911 by purchasing power from the existing generating plants and so the Hydro at Niagara inherited 25 cycles power. When the Ontario Hydro found it necessary to build plants in other parts of the province 60-cycle current was adopted.—E. V. BUCHANAN, LONDON, ONT.

### The Bill of Rites? Writes? Rights?

In Peter Newman's interesting piece on the Canadian Bill of Rights (First-year report on our frail Bill of Rights, Aug. 12), the use of the words "controven-



ed" and "abrogateing" (page 49) contravened, without abrogating, some of the common laws of spelling. I don't wish to be uncivil, but who took liberties?—L. SEYMOUR, OTTAWA.

We did, incontrovertibly.

### Memories of Ethel Rogers Mulvany

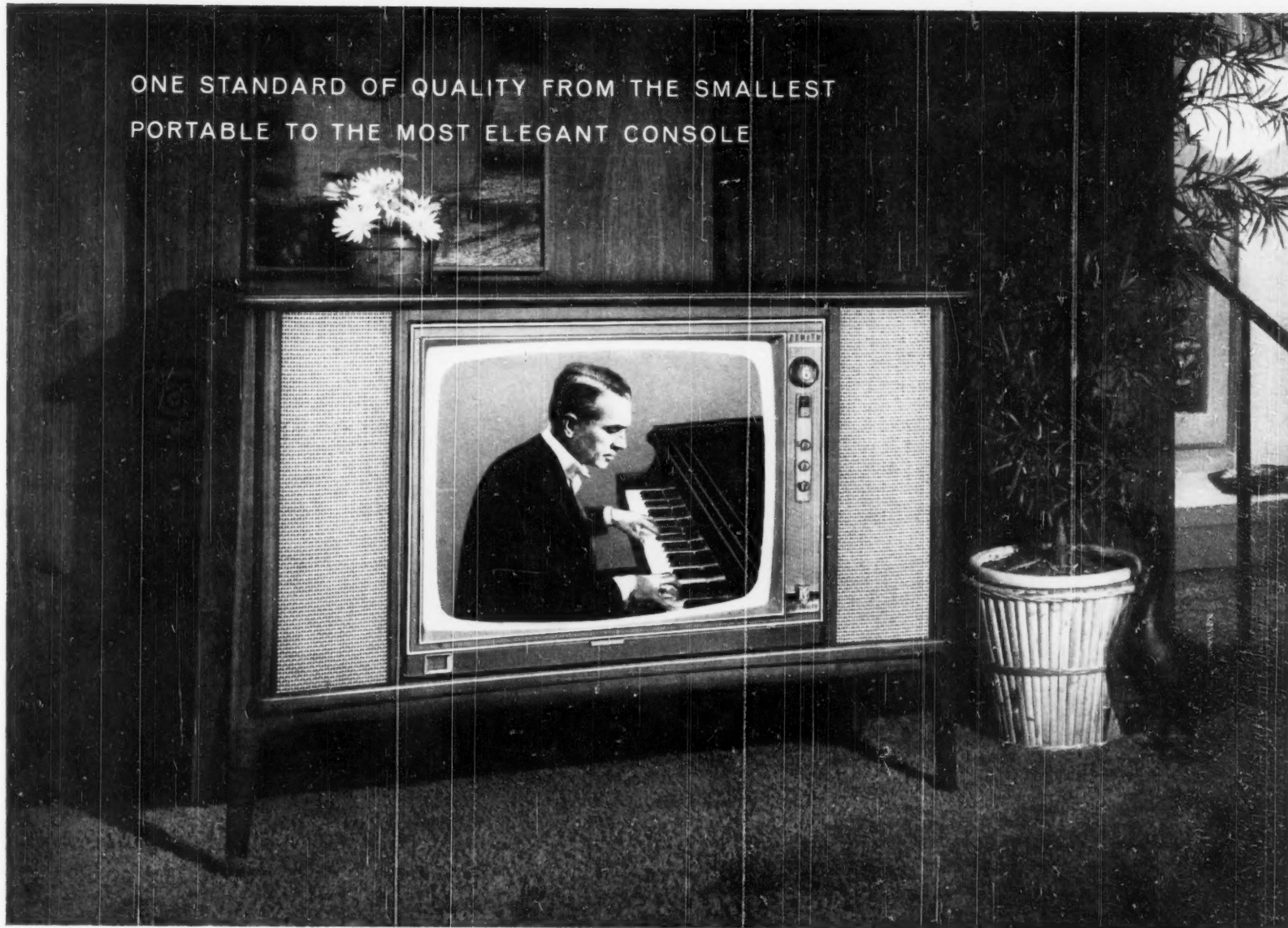
What a pleasure it was for me to read the story by Ethel Rogers Mulvany (Miracle at Changi Prison, Aug. 12). Miss Rogers was my first teacher on Manitoulin Island and I still have lovely memories of her. She was a gracious lady with a heartfelt warmth for everyone. Only a person like her could live through such an ordeal and still feel for all the rest of humanity.—MRS. MARTHA WEBB, SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.

✓ Thank you sincerely for the truthful story of Mrs. Mulvany.—MRS. WILLIAM F. GREGORY, VICTORIA.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 6



ONE STANDARD OF QUALITY FROM THE SMALLEST  
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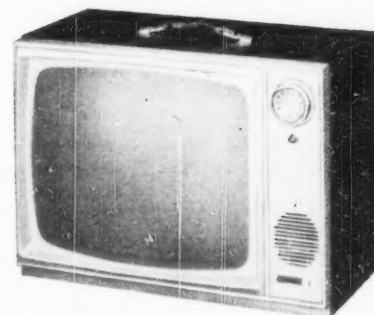



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And when you see the doctor, you can talk with him about your child's health habits. If, for instance, he skips or barely eats breakfast, he will have a

poor start for his day's work at school.

Now's the time to make sure, too, about your child's protection against the communicable or "catching" diseases. Are his immunizations up-to-date against polio, diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus and smallpox? Protection against influenza is also given to some children.

A preschool check-up could make the difference between a good or a disappointing year at school—for children who are entering, as well as those who are returning to school.

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

# MACLEAN'S

VOLUME 74 September 9, 1961 NUMBER 18

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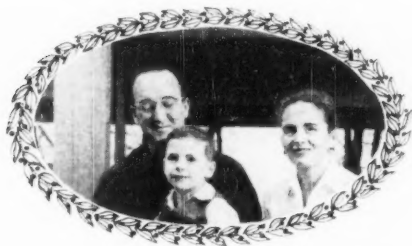




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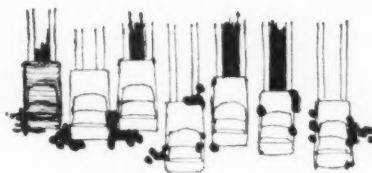
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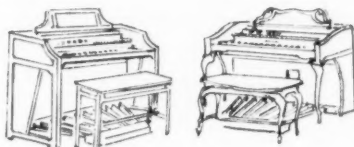


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freshing, bracing sensation. But there's more to  
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skin conditioner that keeps skin from drying out.  
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in the handsome decanter bottle today.



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**Electric Razor Users!**  
**YOU GET A SHAVE THAT'S**  
**"RAZOR-BLADE CLOSE"**  
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**Lectric Shave** on your face beforehand!



Williams LECTRIC SHAVE does these three things:

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Only **williams** makes **Lectric Shave**

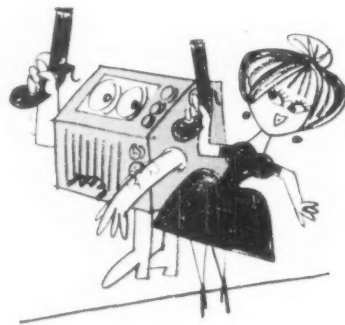


## MAILBAG *continued from page 2*

What the IBM machine will never know about ESP  
Let's have Christian unity, not unified churches

It is gratifying to have the problem of psychic phenomena (Extrasensory perception, July 29) set forth with the clarity and honesty shown by Maclean's Magazine. Like other members of my family I have experienced precognition throughout my life. In no way has this mysterious faculty been cultivated, nor am I aware that I could in any way control it. Furthermore, I would not want to do so. It has offered an assurance that consciousness has a far wider range, and is of greater significance, than a mere function of the physical body. Visionary, as it may seem, parapsychology indicates as nothing else does, the possibility of a more intimate mental atmosphere in human life.—ISABEL MACDONALD, VANCOUVER.

✓ You have sifted the evidence to discover authentic cases of ESP. Why not further sift the evidence to discover possible theories to explain it? I am sending in my ESP card. Suppose I come out with a score that indicates no ESP? That eliminates me so far as the computing machine is concerned, but it doesn't give me a clue to the experiences I have had in the past nor the experiences I may anticipate in



the future. It only shows that the machine doesn't regard me very highly, and with all due respect, I am prepared to return its compliment in kind.—MRS. CAREL CASCADEN, VERNON, B.C.

✓ In the autumn of 1917, I was a lieutenant commanding a platoon of 50 men in a unit of the Canadian forces in Belgium, engaged in building and maintaining narrow-gauge railways in the area east of Ypres. Our normal route to and from work was by way of a plank road running east from the Lille Road, a short distance south of Ypres. There was an alternative route, by way of the disused standard gauge railway from Ypres to Roulers. This route was not considered a healthy one, since two 9.2-inch guns situated near it attracted a lot of shelling. When leaving work, I made it a practice for the platoon sergeant to lead, while I brought up the rear, to be sure of having all my men accounted for.

On this particular evening, my sergeant had just reached a point at which the railway and the plank road were only about a hundred yards apart, when I called to him, "Harry, we'll go down the railway tonight." The order was given without conscious thought, and the route chosen was normally the more dangerous of the two. The sergeant led the men across to the railway and I was walking down it in rear of my men when the man just in front of me turned and said "How did you know, Sir?" A field gun ammunition column had just reached the point at which,

as nearly as I could reckon, we would have been had we followed our normal procedure, when the enemy artillery dropped a high explosive shell on it. I would have lost half my command and likely my own life as well. Did I get a warning from some source, and act on it without realizing that I had received it? It wasn't a hunch, as I felt nothing. Perhaps it was a negative hunch. The matter has bothered me off and on for forty years.—ANGUS J. CAMERON, VICTORIA.

### Time to unite

I believe Rev. John G. Ferry is correct. (I don't think the churches should unite. For the Sake of Argument, Aug. 12.) It would serve no purpose to have one large corporate body under the management of a few. But surely, now is the hour for Christians of all lands to unite and say we were not called to hate but to love.—E. LE GRESLEY, VICTORIA.

### The highlights of a hobo's life

Mr. Garner's article on hobo life (The high and low life of a present-day tramp, July 29) woke up memories from thirty years ago. His descriptions were so real that I could relive the time I spent riding freights. It was a fascinating life in spite of many hardships and one thing I learned from those days is that there is lots of kindness left in this world.—JOHN A. JOHNSON, WETASKIWIN, ALTA.

### What CAMSI has done

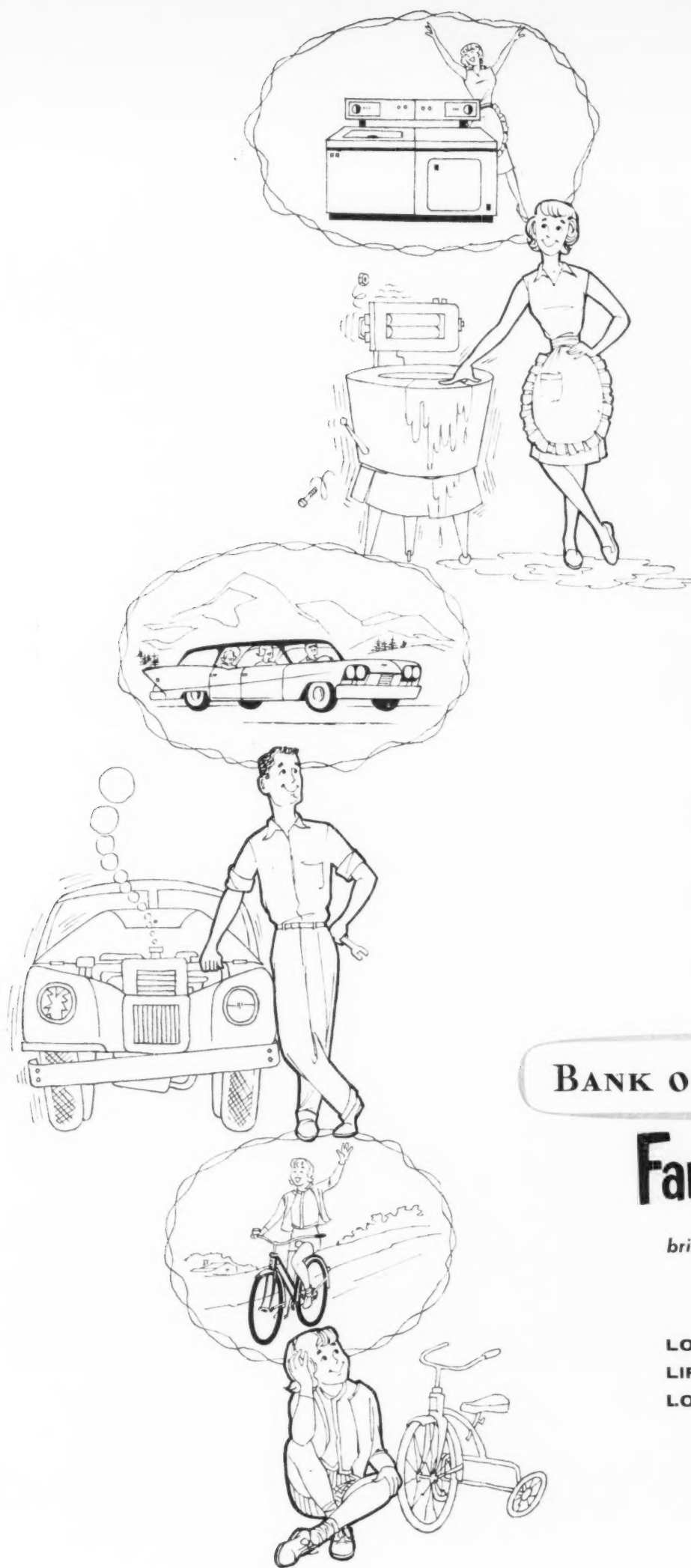
I was president of the Canadian Association of Medical Students and Internes/L'Association Canadienne des Etudiants en Medecine et des Internes (Background, News from the labor front: The internes are restless, June 17), in 1954, the year the association obtained some salary for internes in Manitoba teaching hospitals and persuaded the university authorities to accept the principal of granting the medical degree before the interne year, thus effectively giving the graduate a freer choice of the hospital in which to take his internship. The policy of withholding the medical degree until after the completion of one year's internship in a hospital dictated by the teaching authorities of the particular university concerned was originally followed by half of the 12 medical colleges in Canada. Through the negotiations of CAMSI/ACEMI only three schools still follow this practice.—RUSSELL TAYLOR, M.D., TORONTO.

### What faith can do

For some time I have been going to write and tell you how the article I Came Back from the Dead (Oct. 8, 1960) helped me to have courage and fight on. I, too, suffered a stroke on May 22, 1959, although not as severely as this young man (Ivan Cormier). Mr. Cormier, as a military man, was given good attention. Nowadays I found it impossible to get hospital care. Even though I had my hospitalization paid up, I was refused. But thanks to my doctor and the loving care of a good husband I am progressing. I am only paralyzed now on my left side. It's surprising what you can learn to do with one hand if you just have faith, will power and loving care.—MRS. E. H. GILLSON, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

*Continued on page 10*





The  
things  
you  
are  
wishing  
for  
are  
within  
your grasp  
right now!

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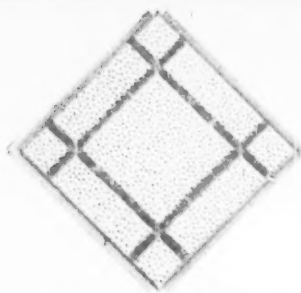
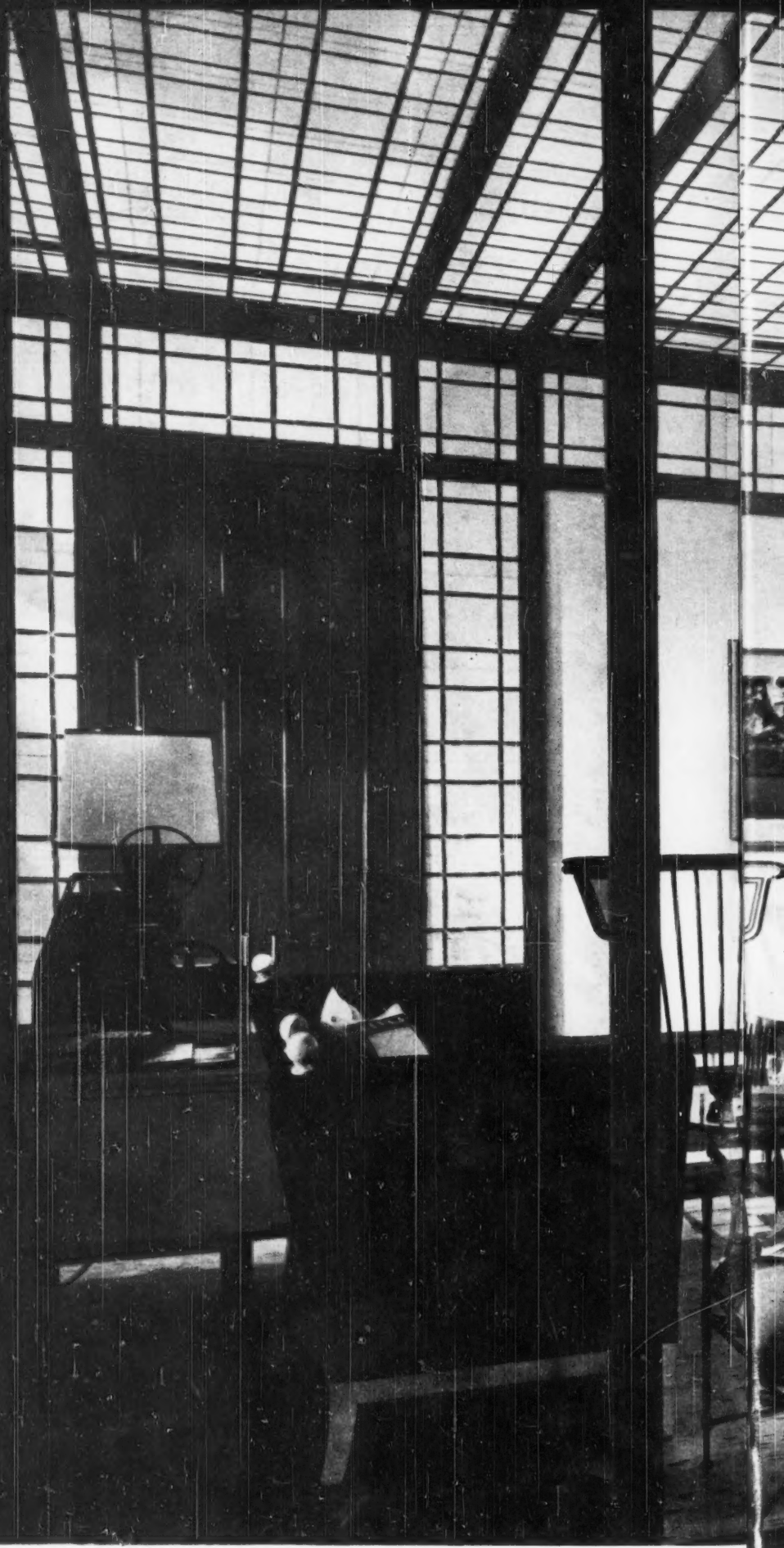
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TO 2 MILLION CANADIANS



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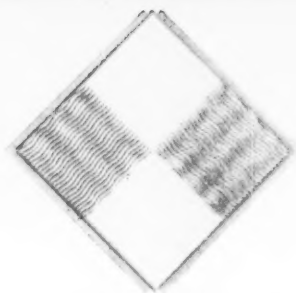
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## MAILBAG *continued from page 6*

### What would we do if Castro were in Newfoundland? Why some suburbanites prefer houses to apartments

**If your editorial** When are imperialist aggressors not imperialist aggressors? (May 20) is indicative of Canadianism as we are supposed to understand it, then God help Canada. Let us all get behind Mr. Kennedy and forget all this carping criticism. What would you and the other critics do if the Russians were trying to establish a bridgehead in the Island of Newfoundland? To whom would you appeal for help?—W. J. ASHLEY, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

✓ Your editorial (Anti-Communist manifesto: four ways not to fight the Reds, June 17) seems to imply that the cold war will go away if everyone stops talking about it. Conveniently you make no mention of the captive nations under the Red heel. I gather that you want the West to forget all about them. There may be many people who are faced with starvation or murder by savages but it is certain that their plight would be worse if they came under the Communist yoke. I would like to know where you found a dictionary that gives a definition of "civilized men" that would include the butchers of the Kremlin.—EDWARD O'BRIEN, COLGAN, ONT.

#### What does Shadbolt remember?

The memory of Jack Shadbolt (Cover, June 3) must be a most extraordinary hotchpotch of nightmares and hallucinations.—IAN MACLENNAN, SWALWELL, ALTA.

#### Mr. Goodall's good sense

Mr. Goodall's article (Let's disqualify adultery as grounds for divorce, For the Sake of Argument, July 1) is the first piece of sense I have read concerning divorce. The many thousands of dollars spent on proving adultery legally would be better spent on treating such soul-destroying and marriage-destroying psychological and social ills as mental illness, alcoholism, drug addiction, and the kind of bigotry that propagates such inhuman laws as our divorce laws.—MRS. DORA J. EADIE, SARDIS, B.C.

✓ I would ask all those who are our brothers by virtue of a common acknowledgment of our Lord and Savior not to judge us, the United Church, too harshly because of the wisdom of one of our number, Rev. Ray Goodall.—D. A. SOLES, PELLY, SASK.

✓ As far as I am concerned, if my husband is ever unfaithful to me, he can go straight to Mr. Goodall for comfort for he will get no forgiveness from me. I can assure you.—MRS. A. SHAW, EDMONTON.

#### Over 'ere things are tough, too

We have been in this country 4 years and have been to the United Kingdom once on vacation (Why one English family is coming back to Canada, May 6). If my husband were not in the Armed Forces we would never have returned from there. I do not know about Winnipeg but here in the Halifax-Dartmouth area the cost of living is far above that of London. At home we may never own a car but an abundance of public transportation and well-appointed roads with sidewalks make this unnecessary.—MRS. I. M. YERRELL, ALBRO LAKE, N.S.

✓ Such articles only lower your publication to the standards of the low-grade British press. Some of the statements are ludicrous. Try buying a home in Canada for

\$62 a month! Nine months' wait for a hospital bed is not uncommon here either. Now the poor English have no civil liberty! I say rubbish!—B. BLACKMAN, LANARK, ONT.

#### Porter would love the suburbs

For anyone as widely traveled as Mr. Porter claims to be, he is extremely narrow-minded. (Cliffdwelling: The only way a gentleman can still live like one, August 12.) In any of the apartments we lived in, the housework was identical to that of our home and more difficult because of the



children under foot. Let Mr. Porter spend one week in an apartment with four small, active children and he would be glad to move to a house with a back yard.—MRS. HOPE WEGNER, EDMONTON.

✓ As one of the old fogeys who enjoys living as they lived away back in the fifties, I cannot help feeling sorry for one who lives like a hermit surrounded by kindred souls. McKenzie Porter sounds to me like a frustrated old maid who, having neither the desire or capacity to enjoy normal relations, cannot bear to think of others doing so. What a sourpuss! —GEORGE E. DUNOON, OWEN SOUND, ONT.

✓ Kindly let me know how the apartment-dwelling wife can do her work in an hour without a "washing machine, floor polisher, sewing machine, vacuum cleaner, dishwasher, etc." As a busy mother of two preschoolers in a six-room suburban house I would be delighted to learn the secret.—MRS. K. WHITTAKER, VERDUN, QUE.

#### Where Communist influence is felt

Canadians should understand that the small size of the Communist party (The slow comeback of Canada's Communists, July 29) is no gauge of Communist activity and influence in Canada. The trend to anti-Americanism, the movement toward recognition of Communist China and the build-up of sentiment for unilateral disarmament and rejection of nuclear weapons are all indications of growing Communist influence that should alert Canadians to action to preserve our freedom.—MRS. I. R. BEARE, REGINA.

#### Praise for Bruce Hutchison

Bruce Hutchison is to be commended for giving us a factual and logical review which should awaken Canadians to the issues at stake, both morally and economically.—ROBERT F. COOK, SECRETARY, NAKUSP CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, NAKUSP, B.C. ★





*Harrington Forest Farm, by Harold V. Green, Photography-Microscopy Group of the Pulp and Paper Research Institute of Canada.*

## Private enterprise...public benefit

This model tree farm, operated by a pulp and paper company, is a school where farmers learn to manage their woodlots more profitably. It also serves as a research station for developing new forestry techniques. Through a variety of efforts such as this, pulp and paper companies strive for a continuing forest yield, thereby maintaining Canada's most valuable export industry. From the markets of the world, pulp and paper brings home more than one

in every five dollars earned from Canada's foreign trade. The industry accounts for almost a third of the total value of all our exports to the United States. In providing a large portion of the funds Canada needs to pay for goods which must come from abroad, pulp and paper helps to support and maintain our high standard of living. This industry is a major contributor towards our national prosperity. THE PULP AND PAPER INDUSTRY OF CANADA

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MACLEAN'S



# FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT



**JAMES SCOTT,**

*until recently the national organizer of the Liberals, says*

## POLITICAL SLUSH FUNDS CORRUPT ALL PARTIES

A SLUSH FUND, in the lexicon of the practical politician, is made up of contributions to a political party to help it win an election. These contributions usually come from corporations, organizations and individuals. Remembering there are many forms in which a contribution can be made, it is fair to say that this is the method whereby all the major political parties in Canada are financed. The system should be abolished now because it is destructive to our concept of democracy and to our free parliamentary system.

Only a few months ago I calculated that the Liberal party would need at least five million dollars to fight the next federal general election effectively. Parties in power traditionally spend even more than the opposition, and if the New Party makes its proposed system of party financing work it will have, according to various estimates, a revenue of from \$700,000 to a million dollars not just for elections but every year.

Those in charge of raising these vast sums for the various parties are appalled by such figures, but they accept them as necessary to success. They assume, of course, that in future elections the parties will have to continue to spend their money for the same things as in the past.

When a man considers accepting the nomination of a political party, almost invariably the first question he asks is: "How much money will the party spend in my riding?" He will say he needs anything from \$5,000 (very few of these) to \$50,000. Costs vary, but assuming that the average riding has 130 polls and that each poll needs an election-day minimum of four workers (scrutineer, car-driver, baby-sitter and poll captain) at ten dollars per person (at least), the total is \$5,200 for election-day workers alone. In addition he must rent committee rooms for the campaign period, pay stenographic help, hydro and telephone bills, for incidental refreshments and so on. This calls for a minimum of another \$1,000. For efficiency, a full-time, paid campaign manager is almost essential, and any man worth his salt will expect at least \$500 a month. There goes another thousand.

The candidate also has to meet the high costs of publicity. This means newspaper advertising, posters, billboards, radio and TV time, and direct mail. In most ridings, one publicity piece sent to each voter by direct mail costs no less than \$1,500. If other items can be covered by as little the candidate is lucky.

We have reached already an absolute minimum of \$10,000 for an average Canadian riding. Multiplied by 265, this means roughly two and a half million dollars that a party has to find to help candidates defray their campaign costs.

On top of this, every candidate expects his party to advertise not only in every major daily paper in the country but also in every weekly in his riding. This cannot be done properly in Canada for less than a million dollars. A candidate also expects vast quantities of throwaways from national headquarters. To supply the whole country, \$850,000 is the minimum cost. He expects to see and hear party leaders on TV and radio. There is almost no limit to what this can cost, but for the next election let's start at another million. The candidate always wants his party leader and other bigwigs to visit his constituency. To put these people on tour across Canada on special trains or chartered flights, always accompanied by hungry, thirsty reporters, will cost another quarter-million.

Already this is well over my \$5,000,000 estimate. Must the cost of fighting an election stay this high? Not really. A hard look should be taken at paying election-day workers. Elections can be fought and won without spending a cent on these people, but most candidates are afraid to break with traditional procedure. All advertising should be reassessed. Some newspapers, for example, will not cover a candidate's meetings unless he inserts paid advertising in the paper. The same often applies to local radio and TV stations. Throwaway propaganda has a highly questionable value and it may be that there is a national radio and TV saturation point well below that set by advertising and publicity experts.

With these changes there is no reason why a national party could not finance a good campaign for about two million dollars, or a little less, and still keep national political figures on the road and present national election issues clearly to every Canadian voter. But party strategists, much as they may wish for sane election expenditures, are too frightened to risk trying them. There is a sort of defeatist feeling of inevitability about party financing. A top-ranking Democrat told me, shortly after the U. S. presidential campaign last fall, that his party came out of the election three and a half million dollars in debt. Replying to my horrified reaction, he said, "Better to be three and a half million in the hole and win than a million in the hole and lose."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

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*Ralph Allen's reconstruction of the classic Canadian political scandal begins overleaf*

# THE YEAR THE GOVERNMENT SOLD THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

To the Beauharnois power company, rights to harness the white water on the St. Lawrence River were almost priceless—but not quite. The exact price, in fact, was \$700,000 for the Liberal war chest, a raft of personal bribes to senators and fixers and a couple of fat partnerships.

It was "the most barefaced public steal in more than fifty years"

By Ralph Allen

IN ALL OF Canada's long clattering parade of triumph, disaster and dispute, there has never been anything quite like the Beauharnois scandal of 1930.

When parliament dissolved for the 1930 election the first fumes of the scandal already lingered behind in the silent green chamber of the House of Commons.

A private concern, the Beauharnois Power Corporation Limited, had for some years held important power rights on a section of the St. Lawrence River near Montreal. To make it possible to use them, Ottawa's approval of a diversion canal had been needed and granted. The promoters thereupon began putting more water into their stock than into their canal.

A week before the last session under the Liberal government of the day, Robert Gardiner of the United Farmers of Alberta charged in the House of Commons that through a false prospectus the Beauharnois company was well on the way to defrauding the investing public of some thirty million dollars. Moreover, during the preparations necessary to so ambitious an enterprise, the president of the company, R. O. Sweezy, had written an indiscreet letter to J. Alderic Raymond, hôtelier and businessman, of Montreal. Alderic Raymond was a brother of Senator Donat Raymond, the Liberal party treasurer for Quebec.

## THIS LIFETIME IN CANADA

The best of Ralph Allen's remarkable new book.

## ORDEAL BY FIRE

Sweezy, the promoter, instructed the Senator's brother: "Enlist with our syndicate two or three individuals, who in addition to paying some cash as their fair share can assist us in getting our rights extended or enlarged so as to develop the entire available flow of the St. Lawrence at this point. As the whole situation is within the Province of Quebec, our influence has to be exerted only in political circles."

The next chapter had to wait a full year. During his last few days in opposition, R. B. Bennett, the leader of the opposition and soon-to-be prime minister, had been demanding a full investigation of the Beauharnois company. When he returned to the House of Commons as prime minister, he had more urgent things on his mind, among them the knowledge that his own party had taken thirty thousand dollars from the Sweezy interests before he himself ordered it to take no more. He was, at any rate, no longer in a hurry to ventilate the subject. Mackenzie King, the departing Liberal prime minister, was in even less hurry, for reasons that soon became clear.

Except for the persistence of the little United Farmers of Alberta group, the matter might have remained dormant indefinitely. But in May, 1931, the Alberta farmers concluded they had been stalled off

## The plot and the cast: the politicians who played football with po



**ROBERT GARDINER**

Gardiner, a United Farmers MP, broke the scandal. He charged that Beauharnois was a \$30,000,000 swindle. A year later parliament opened its investigation.



**R. O. SWEZEY**

Sweezy, the firm's president, pleaded innocence to the committee. But his firm had sweetened the Liberal Party's campaign fund by at least \$700,000.



**J. ALDERIC RAYMOND**

Evidence showed that Raymond — brother of Senator Donat Raymond — was asked by Sweezy to line up political backing. The senator pocketed \$500,000.



long enough. They looked the massed and silent phalanx of city slickers square in the eye and demanded a recorded vote to decide whether Beauharnois should be debated immediately or not.

King and Bennett eyed each other across the floor of the House, each wondering whether he dared lead his followers into a "nay" vote, each afraid to do so lest the other might then reap an advantage by voting virtuously "aye." Bennett at last made the first move and suddenly the whole House, Tory and Grit alike, was milling toward the banner of the farmers like a yeoman army mustering against the barons. "The scene," J. S. Woodsworth reflected later with un-Woodsworthian malice, "was one of the most ludicrous I have ever seen in this House." When the astonished tellers had finished counting, they announced the verdict: 147 in favor of ventilating the Beauharnois affair, 21 against.

Within a month Beauharnois was before a parliamentary committee. It took only a few sittings to establish the outlines of the most barefaced public steal in more than fifty years. The company had paid at least \$700,000 into the Liberal party's campaign funds. Three of the party's leading members — all respected senators, one the party's national treasurer, one its Quebec treasurer — had also accepted or extorted huge profits for themselves. While this was going on the Liberal government was handing over to the company almost priceless rights on the St. Lawrence along with a heaven-sent opportunity to fleece the investor.

On the Beauharnois side of these transactions the chief factor was Robert Oliver Sweezy, a forty-seven-year-old Montreal engineer, broker and businessman. As early as 1912, when he was working for Lord Beaverbrook, Sweezy had studied the St. Lawrence's untapped power resources and concluded, as had others before him, that the fifteen turbulent miles between Lake St. Francis and Lake St. Louis constituted one of Canada's most valuable unused natural resources. Beaverbrook lost interest in the St. Lawrence as he became drawn more

and more toward England, but in the early 1920s Sweezy decided to form a syndicate to build a power plant on his favorite stretch of the river.

Quebec controlled the power rights and Ottawa the navigation rights. Without Ottawa's clearance the canal needed for a power plant could not be built. On the government side of the seedy drama now unfolding the protagonists were Raymond and his fellow senators, Andrew Haydon and Wilfrid Laurier McDougald. Raymond joined the syndicate early and made half a million dollars on his own account besides collecting \$200,000 for the party.

The parliamentary committee soon learned that Haydon, the national treasurer and organizer, had collected half a million dollars of Sweezy and Beauharnois money for the Liberal party. In addition he virtually forced Sweezy to pay his law firm \$50,000 for helping to arrange the needed permissions from Ottawa, and in addition to that he had his firm placed on a retainer of \$15,000 a year.

#### McDOUGALD—"A HABERDASHER'S TOTEM"—COLLECTED A FORTUNE

Senator McDougald collected no money for the Liberal party, but he collected a very large amount for himself. No one was in a better position to do so, for he was a big man in both politics and high finance. He had begun life as a country doctor in Northern Ontario, made some fast money in mining and given up the healing arts forever. He took up business in Montreal, continued to prosper and began to make the right friends. He soon became as familiar a figure in the lobby of the Chateau Laurier as in the St. James's Club in Montreal. In either place he was recognized by his field marks: a virile shock of black wavy hair surmounting a haberdasher's totem of patent-leather button shoes, dove-gray spats, silk gloves and morning clothes, often with a small orchid in the lapel.

Before McDougald was forty-five Mackenzie King appointed him to the Senate. Other honors had preceded

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

## h power rights worth millions—and the first MP to tackle them



**ANDREW HAYDON**

Too sick to attend the jammed sessions, the national organizer of the Liberals admitted at home he had collected \$500,000 for the Liberal Party.



**W. L. McDOUGALD**

Like other Liberals in the Senate, McDougald sold influence for Beauharnois favors. The committee learned he had helped gouge \$1,000,000 in stock from Sweezy.



**MACKENZIE KING**

After the last hearing, the ex-prime minister gently reminded the House: "We all have our friendships." He rode out the small shame of his own indirect involvement.

# Last chance to save the world's rarest birds



*A bare forty whooping cranes have just summered in the Northwest Territories — the last of their species. A Canadian naturalist who has made an intimate study of these wary creatures describes how we killed them off, and how we might still make the west safe for their survivors*

**BY JOHN A. LIVINGSTON**

ANY DAY NOW North American naturalists (plus a surprising multitude of people otherwise indifferent to such things) will get the first clues of 1961 to a wildlife suspense story: Has the whooping crane moved an agonizing few lives further from—or nearer to—extinction?

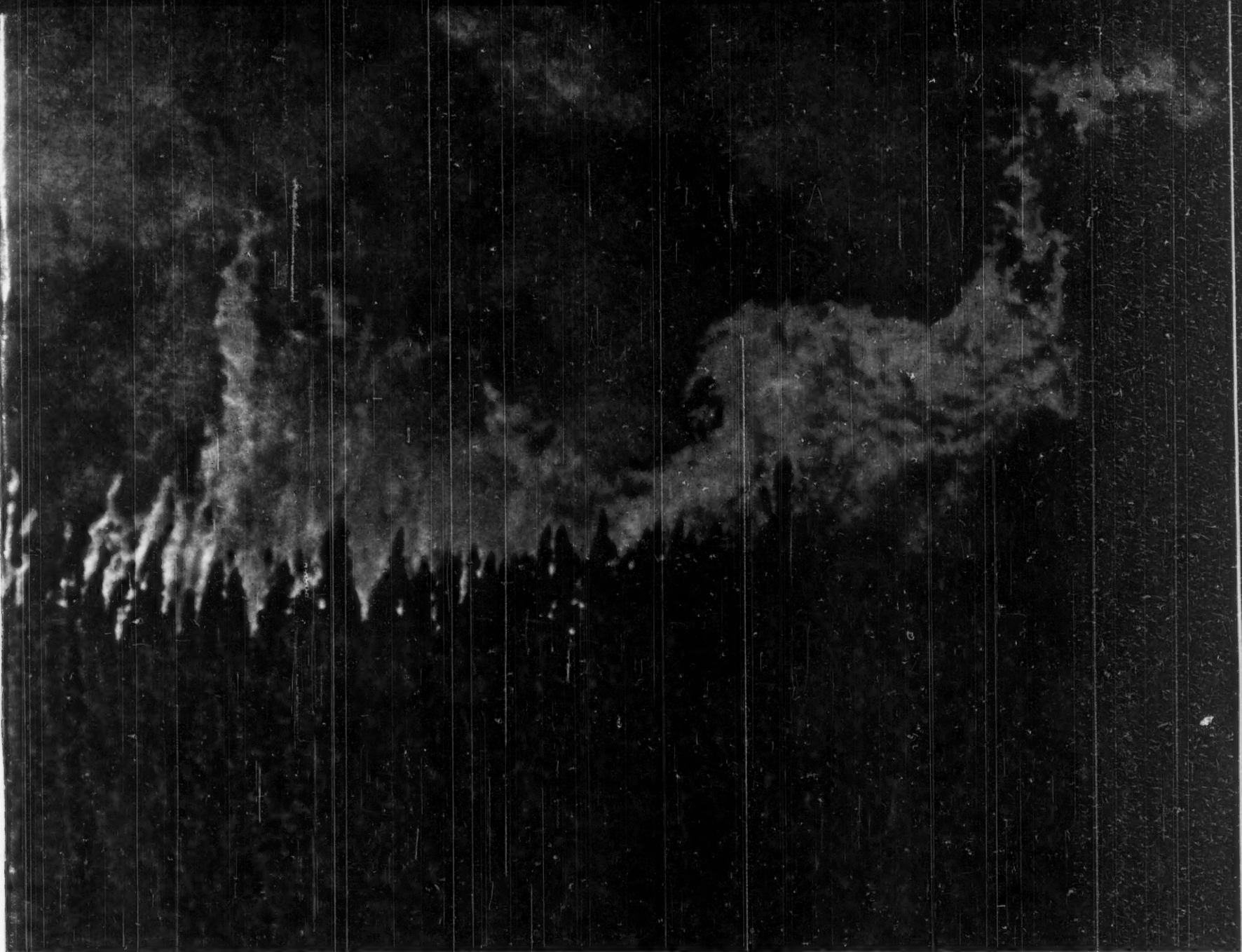
Have the nesting pairs among the forty or so remnants of this rarest of Canadian species brought off a fair hatch of young birds? Will they successfully run the 2,500-mile gantlet between the isolated patch of northern Canada where they nest and the critically small area in Texas where they spend their winters? Will some, as has happened in the past, dash themselves to death on transmission lines or be shot by unthinking men, and thus bring the rest closer to the edge of extinction?

The whooping crane has demonstrated an almost incredible ability to hang on to existence. But does it have any chance now to come back from the very brink of extinction? If it does (and I believe it has) what can we do about it? Let us dispose summarily of the question, "Why *should* we do anything about it?" So long as a species has even the remotest chance for survival it must be part of the human ethic to do everything conceivable to preserve it in its natural surroundings, as a priceless and unique product of the evolutionary process. After all, a whooping crane was the same number of eons in the making as a man. Our own development has enabled us to influence the environments—and thus in many cases the destinies—of other forms of life. There is a responsibility here that is surely apparent to all but the most unimaginative.

I have seen wild whooping cranes exactly once in my life. However, the world is full of people who haven't! That single occasion was a brilliant fall day in western Saskatchewan, near the Alberta border. The prairie air was so clear that one could see for miles a giant picture-postcard of glowing grain, golden willows and the almost unreal ultramarine blue of the North Saskatchewan River. We knew the whoopers were there. Fred Bard of the Saskatchewan Natural History Museum in Regina, who has devoted a major part of his life to the cranes and their protection, had pinpointed them for us the night before. The whooping crane "grapevine" is an efficient one. My companions were Edgar Jones, Mrs. Jones and

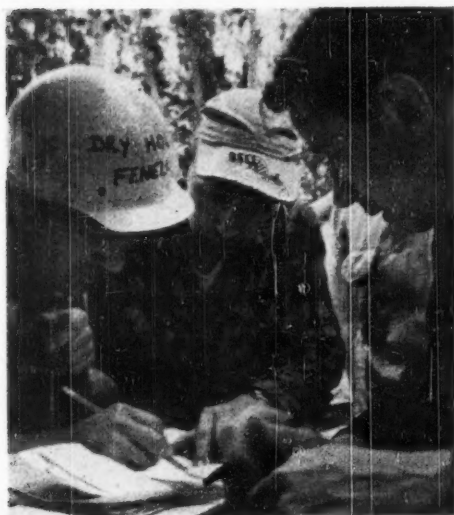
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**FIRE 13**, near Sioux Lookout, Ont., was first spotted on fifteen acres. Four days later, when this aerial photograph was taken, it covered an eight-mile oblong.

## 1961: SUMMER OF THE ANGRY FOREST FIRES



**FIRE BOSS** on the lines of 13 was Gordie (Dry Hole) Fenelon, here talking with writer Gzowski.

*Flame — millions of acres of it — roared across the northern bush this year. Here is how the men in helicopter cockpits and on hand-pumps fought the fires, curbing some—narrowly surviving some of the others*

**By Peter Gzowski**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETE PETERSON AND DON NEWLANDS

ON THE AFTERNOON of June 17 this year, Gordie Fenelon, an affable and competent young deputy chief ranger for the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, was working outside his frame house in Sioux Lookout, a small town on the CNR's main line about 170 miles as a seaplane flies from Port Arthur and Fort William. There were black clouds in the west and the air was stagnant. In spite of the clouds, Fenelon, as he worked (ironically enough) on a drainage ditch, had little hope of rain. Half a dozen times through spring and early summer the sky had looked ready to burst; the storm clouds had dissipated or had blown over or for one frustrating

reason or another had simply disappeared. From early May until mid-June, most of northwestern Ontario remained as dry as old tobacco and on the morning of June 17 the forest was on fire in thirty-five different places.

This was the early half of Canada's summer of the angry forest fires. By the end of May, 1,900 forest fires had started in Canada. By the end of June, nearly two million acres had been destroyed — an area of bush about one and a half times the size of Prince Edward Island. July was to be worse. By the end of its second week, more than 3,000 fires had been spotted in B. C.; more than 600 in Alberta; and 3,500 in Saskatchewan. In Newfoundland,



1961: SUMMER OF THE ANGRY FOREST FIRES (CONT.)

## JULY FIRST FORECAST: WINDS OF 60

half a dozen villages were evacuated in the face of fire. In Manitoba, fire damage topped \$20,000,000 by the tenth of July. The final toll in dollars may not set a record — 1958, when hundreds of thousands of acres of rich B. C. Douglas fir were lost, has been until now the record year — but in nearly every province, forestry officials grimly told Maclean's they were expecting in numbers of fires and area burned the worst year yet. By late fall the area will certainly exceed three million acres and may reach four.

In the country around Sioux Lookout — pronounced, by its residents, Lookout, like a warning to the Sioux that Apaches are coming — Gordie Fenelon had been fighting fires off and on since the middle of May. June 17 was one of the few Saturdays he had been home, and as the afternoon waned he continued to scan the sky worriedly. The clouds grew blacker and thunder rumbled. Strings of lightning snapped into the tinder of the forest. No rain fell. By evening, Fenelon knew he wouldn't finish his drainage ditch that week end.

Man causes most forest fires, about eighty percent of them. But, fortunately and of course, he lights most of them in reasonably accessible regions. In areas of near-wilderness like much of northwestern Ontario — particularly since the diesels eliminated railroad sparks — fate is the worst culprit and lightning almost the sole cause. As dawn cleared on Sunday morning, June 18, the men (and one woman) in the fire-watching towers of the Sioux Lookout divi-

sion spotted three new wisps of smoke.

More would come; even when the bush is pipe-bowl dry, a lightning strike may smolder for several days before it properly ignites a tree and sends up its warning smoke. By then, one puff of wind can urge it to terrible dimensions. I have heard a bush-wise ranger reminisce about a fire spotted in one tree at ten in the morning; by three in the afternoon it was a line of flame fifteen miles long.

Sunday morning, Fenelon and a crew of ten men flew north fifty miles to Wesley Lake, the biggest body of water in the area of the new fires. As each fire is spotted and its location radioed to district headquarters, it is assigned a number. For reasons beside the point of this story, the three fires around Wesley Lake were christened 26-13, 26-16 and 26-17. When Fenelon and his original crew arrived, 26-13, or 13 as the rangers referred to it, seemed most easily controllable. It was burning on fifteen acres; 16 was on eighty acres and the third fire, 17, on about twenty. Fenelon decided that, with extra help on its way, he might well be able to beat down 13 in a day or two, then move on to the larger pair.

Most of the men on the fire lines around Sioux Lookout this summer were Indians — from the Lac Seul reserve just north of the town, and other Ojibways and Crees flown in from farther north. Like most other rangers, Gordie Fenelon is convinced that Indians make the best fire fighters and Indians are usually the first to be

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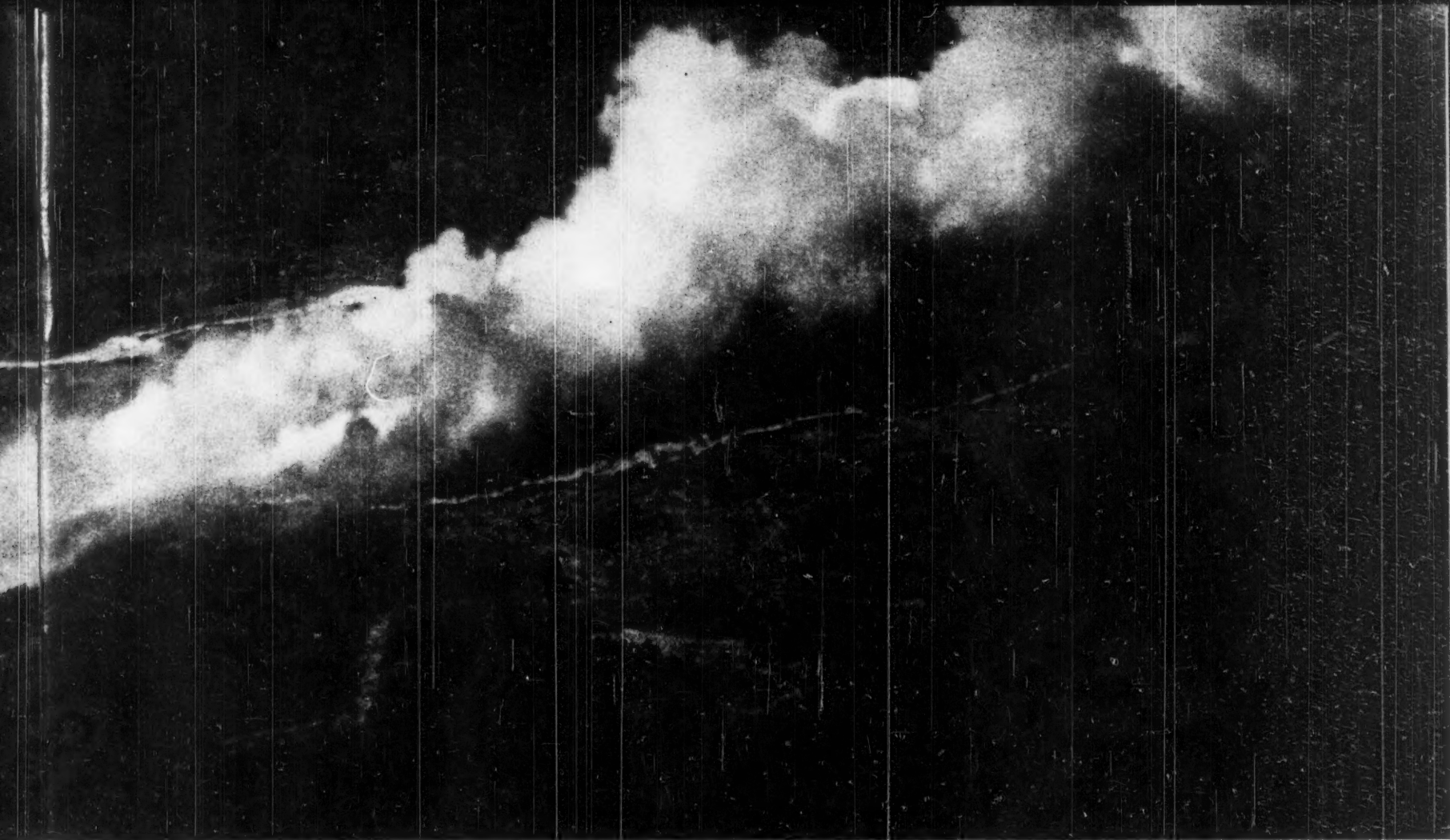
**FIRE LINES** of three of the worst blazes around Sioux Lookout merged on the night of July 1. Next morning, the combined area topped 200,000 acres.

**FIRE DAMAGE**, in its mottles of green and black, shows how a fire that has "crowned" has leaped lakes and live patches, "like a moving blowtorch."

**FIRE FIGHTERS** at the front were mostly Indians, whom the rangers prefer to whites. Below is pilot Pete Peterson, who took these pictures of fire 13.







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ch."

# A day with Brock Chisholm: Another incredible Canadian

BRUCE HUTCHISON, who once described the late Mackenzie King in a book called *The Incredible Canadian*, now describes another: "After all, an army general who rejects war as unthinkable but probable, a trained psychiatrist who considers the world violently insane, and the most successful Canadian headline stealer of his time must surely be a repulsive character. Brock Chisholm isn't"



THE WAY BROCK CHISHOLM LIVES TODAY: six months a globe-trotter; six months at home on the Pacific.

AFTER A LIFETIME spent in attacking myths, Major-General Brock Chisholm, M.D., finds himself, at the age of 65, imprisoned in a mythology of his own. To foreign nations he is perhaps the best known contemporary Canadian, as he is certainly the most traveled. To most of his fellow countrymen he is the eccentric who vainly tried to shoot Santa Claus (of whom, in fact, Brock Chisholm is very fond).

The birth of the Chisholm myth, a career of systematic heresy and a one-man crusade to save the world from itself, can be dated from his lecture to a group of psychiatrists at Washington, D.C., early in 1946. Next day Chisholm, then Canada's deputy minister in the department of national health and welfare, heard the anguished voice of his minister and friend, the late Brooke Claxton, on the long distance telephone from Ottawa. Eight cabinet ministers, said Claxton, were outraged by Chisholm's speech which apparently had condemned God, religion and morality. Would the deputy minister therefore kindly resign and save a lot of trouble for everybody?

"No, I won't resign," said Chisholm. "but I've no objections whatever to being fired."

The cabinet could not agree on this unlikely issue of pure morals and referred it to Prime Minister Mackenzie King, then in England. On his return, King read the Washington speech and, to everyone's amazement, saw nothing wrong with it — doubtless because his rather old-fashioned Presbyterian mind had failed to grasp the full meaning of Chisholm's iconoclasm.

The subject of the cabinet row didn't care one way or the other, since he shortly moved out of government to be the executive secretary of the Interim Commission of the World Health Organization and later its first director-general. Already, however, Chisholm had encountered the occupational hazard of his chosen work as an iconoclast. He was in danger of becoming an icon himself and he

wears today perhaps the least-understood public image in Canada.

When I tracked this remarkable man to his lair, a beautiful little home on the Strait of Juan de Fuca, some thirty miles west of Victoria, I had expected to find a flaming revolutionary, possibly a secret Communist, or, at best, a smug Pecksniff. For after all, an army general who rejects war as unthinkable but quite probable, a trained psychiatrist who considers the world violently insane, a traveler who spends half his life on airplanes or public platforms and the most successful Canadian headline stealer of his time must surely be a repulsive character. Instead, I found a mild, cheerful man of graying hair, pink cheeks, humorous eye and chuckling speech — the very portrait of Santa Claus minus only the beard. At the moment he was hauling firewood up from his beach on a homemade railway track and worrying mainly about the raccoons that devastate his rock plants.

If the world and its misery could be forgotten anywhere it was in this lovely retreat near the village of Sooke, backed by the Vancouver Island forest and fronting on the misty Japanese print of the Pacific, with the blue Olympic range spread across the American horizon. Even in these idyllic surroundings, which he constantly improves with the toil of axe, saw, sledge hammer and fine craftsmen's tools, Chisholm never forgets the world, and the world seldom forgets him.

At least three times a week the rural mail brings him a request to speak in some distant country. On the modest pension of his so-called retirement, he cannot afford a secretary and must laboriously peck out his correspondence, for several hours every morning on a portable typewriter amid littered documents, books and queer mementos of his perpetual odyssey.

He cannot speak everywhere but he accepts enough invitations to keep him on the move six months a year, though he confesses, somewhat apologetically, that he has not visited all

the nations of the earth, only about sixty at last count. After a brief spell in his hide-out, nourished by nature's beauty and the elegant cooking of his wife, constant traveling companion and impartial critic, he feels the old wanderlust again and is off for Europe or Asia to preach against conventional morality.

What is Chisholm really driving at? Is he against God, religion and morals? Is he even against Santa Claus? Is he a socialist, communist or economic planner of some other authoritarian school? And whatever he may be, is his lonely pilgrimage getting anywhere?

## HE OPPOSES NEITHER RELIGION NOR MORALS

Through a long dinner of Grace Chisholm's continental cuisine and an evening by the seashore, the sage of Sooke patiently answered my questions. Most of the answers rejected the Chisholm myth outright. This man is not a socialist, communist, planner or adherent of any ideological system. If anything, he is a conservative and, indeed, once ran for the British Columbia legislature as an official Conservative candidate, on the assurance that he need make no speeches and would be overwhelmingly defeated. To his relief, the guarantee was faithfully carried out by the Sooke voters.

He is not against morals but, on the contrary, is a model of private morality and a preacher of a new public morality. He is not against religion either, so long as it is religion and not superstition, priestcraft or magic. He is not against Santa Claus provided that this particular myth is celebrated as a myth and not a reality.

Chisholm paused with a twinkle to explain his famous assault on the Christmas symbol which elevated him overnight into the dubious hierarchy of the headlines. The Canadian public, having read only the headlines, supposes that Chisholm undertook a planned campaign against Santa Claus. In fact he mentioned the subject only in answer to a casual question from an Ottawa

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# A disturbing report from inside the juvenile courts

*Juvenile delinquencies rose  
40 percent in Canada  
between 1956 and 1960*

*Expert critics charge that  
under an outdated  
Juvenile Court Act many  
courts are failing to do  
the job they were meant for—  
reclaiming delinquent  
youngsters*

*Juveniles can be denied  
counsel, detained without  
hearing, and sentenced by  
untrained judges*

## Here is what the courts are doing—and failing to do—for kids gone wrong

DURING 1961 about 15,000 Canadian children will pass through a fifty-year-old paradox known as the juvenile court. They'll be there for everything from murder to being "unmanageable." Most will be hooked for theft or breaking and entering, which together account for more than half of all juvenile delinquency charges brought each year.

All but a few will be adjudged delinquent. Of these, the majority will be released on probation. A few will be reprimanded, about 2,000 fined, another 2,000 sent to training schools — an Ontario youth who carved up his grandmother while she was baby-sitting is now in training school, as are two boys who recently landed in the Federal Training Centre at St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary in Montreal, one for breaking a window in his own house, the other for stealing a carton of Coca-Cola.

The proportion of youngsters who appear in juvenile court more than once — repeat offenders — is still approximately what it was in 1912, between twenty-five and fifty percent of the total. Last year fifteen percent of the inmates of Canadian penitentiaries had been in juvenile training schools earlier, and nearly a quarter of the penitentiary population was under twenty-one.

The numbers of juveniles adjudged delinquent, and of serious crimes among juveniles, have been increasing drastically during the last eight years. In 1959 the number of delinquencies was nearly double the 1954 figure, and within seventy-five cases of the all-time high of 11,758 delinquencies reported in 1942. When figures are finally added up for 1960, they will almost certainly record a new all-time high.

Uneasy over these figures, a substantial number of police officers, court officials and welfare workers across Canada now say that the juvenile court system is failing to do what it was really intended to do: help youngsters to stay out of trouble and rehabilitate the ones who don't make it. In the last few years, we've revised the Criminal Code, revamped the parole system, introduced a degree of hope into jails

**BY JANE BECKER**

and penitentiaries and moved closer to eventual abolition of capital punishment. Yet in many respects we still deal with juveniles, who, it's agreed, are hardly ever confirmed or incorrigible offenders, almost exactly the way we did half a century ago.

In many parts of Canada, particularly in small towns and rural areas, a juvenile can lose his freedom and get nothing but an education in crime in exchange. In a haphazard succession of arrest, trial and disposition a boy whose offense is refusing to obey his parents may land in training school, from which, in the opinion of many probation officers, he usually comes out with far stronger criminal impulses than he took in. In other areas he can be a confirmed shop thief before anyone bothers to do anything with him at all.

Although it is against both the spirit and the letter of the federal statute dealing with juveniles, children are occasionally held in jail to await trial in at least one Ontario city, and in many rural areas from British Columbia to Prince Edward Island.

### THE CHILDREN'S CHARTER LACKS TEETH

Adult offenders, by the ancient right of habeas corpus, are generally granted a court hearing the day after they are taken into custody. But juveniles can be, and sometimes are, detained in a cell or detention home for several days, until the juvenile court in the area holds its next hearing. In rural districts this may be only once a week. A youngster is frequently held while evidence is gathered for a trial — anything from one to several weeks. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics reports that about ten percent of all juvenile offenders in 1959 waited a month after being charged for a hearing, though the number actually detained in jail cells for this length of time is probably not nearly so high.

With the hearing over, a youngster sentenced to training school is, in several provinces, as

likely as not to be confined with mentally retarded or incorrigibly criminal fellows. In Ontario, for one, the training schools are often so crowded that every time a new inmate arrives, an earlier arrival has to be released to make room. Elsewhere, the "training" schools give little or no training for any trade that might help a warped youngster straighten out and earn his own living. Girls at the new Manitoba Home for Girls are taught ballet, but not how to type.

Canada's legal framework for dealing with kids gone wrong is the well-meaning, loosely written Juvenile Delinquents Act, first drafted in 1908 and barely touched for 32 years. Its underlying philosophy is that "the care, custody and discipline of a juvenile delinquent shall approximate . . . that given by its parents"; and that, "as far as practicable," every juvenile delinquent shall be treated "not as a criminal but as a misdirected and misguided child . . . needing aid and encouragement." Judge Lorne Stewart, of the Toronto Juvenile Court, calls it one of the finest children's charters in the world. Other countries still write to Canadian courts asking for information on which to base similar statutes. But in practice, the charter leaves serious loopholes. Manitoba corrections director A. J. Kitchen calls it "hopelessly outdated in places," and many other court officials agree. In Montreal, Social Welfare Court Judge J. J. Penverne calls the juvenile court "the most important court in the province." Yet, he adds, conditions in the Montreal juvenile detention home are as bad as in Montreal's notorious Bordeaux jail.

Legally, there is nothing to restrain police officers from taking a youngster into custody without notifying his parents; using his statement to the police as court evidence though no adult was present when it was given; and bringing him to court where there is no one to speak for him but a probation officer, who may never have seen him before. The judge may feel that a youngster needs psychiatric examination, but if his parents object the judge cannot enforce his . . .

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## A weekend with THE WILD ONES

PHOTOSTORY BY DON NEWLANDS

WASAGA BEACH is a wide belt of sand, rooms-for-rent, and jaded amusement arcades on Georgian Bay 100 miles north of Toronto. Every summer week end more juveniles, and more young hotshots who can't quite remember they aren't juveniles any more, forgather here than in any other good-time town in Canada. The girls follow the boys; Toronto children's-aid societies say that a third of all unmarried mothers in Ontario meet their destiny at Wasaga Beach. By the middle of any hot Saturday morning at least 5,000 youngsters, sometimes two or three times as many, have rolled in and started the prowling for kicks. Here are the notes a young — but not *that* young — reporter recently made on the revels:

Before lunch on Saturday Main Street is choking with cars going between four and six miles an hour. I mean choking; Main is a dirt street. The dust sifts impartially over people, popcorn, shooting galleries; seeps through the midway; mingles with the smells of deep-fry fat, caramel candy and sugar floss. A bystander (we bystanders are beginning to choke the sidewalks) inhales air like soup. The soup vibrates with the output of jukeboxes and car radios: *Mah baby don' love mah, mah baby don' care*, we hear, and, contradicting this message, *Uhm gonna keep a date with a hot babe tonight*. Wasaga air has rhythm as well as taste.

The cars go round and round and come out on Main Street. Scarlet convertibles always, it seems, carry blondes. They look like accessories, particularly because the young drivers all hunch to the left as far from the girls as they can get. Cars without blondes broadcast comments about the people on the sidewalk: Lookit the body on *that*, we hear. People on the sidewalk broadcast comments about the cars: Lookit *that*, willya, we hear. A *purple caddy*!

The cars don't drive up and down the wide seven-mile beach as much as they used to, the police chief has told me. A couple of years ago motorcycle packs cowed the full seven miles, boozing, brawling, and spinning their wheels. The Ontario Provincial Police cleaned the packs out, but the kids who inherited the beach don't seem to be doing much about it. There is a lot of wading going on, very little swimming. There are a couple of badminton games that nobody is trying to win.

*Didja check the two blondes from Travná in the white convertible?* The blondes stall their car in the sand. Twenty youths with their stomachs sucked in push the car and each other. The blondes drive off. The stomachs relax. *Who needs it?*

Perhaps there is some real excitement here, something too subtle for a bystander to see. But Saturday slopes down to Sunday morning; Sunday morning to Sunday night; all *one* bystander sees is the prowling. The kicks, if they're there, are secret. The cars go round and round. One bystander goes back to the city. — FRANKLIN RUSSELL







## The hope of the world—on paper

*This year and next two thousand people are spending sixty million dollars pursuing the lofty aims of the UN Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. They'll turn out millions of words, a few ideas, and they may get one or two things done. Maclean's overseas editor reports on the hopeful adventure that many critics are calling history's greatest boondoggle*

**By Leslie F. Hannon**

IN THE LIFETIME of most people reading this the United Nations will probably succeed in overtaking Washington or Moscow as the biggest bureaucracy on earth. Simply weighing words against deeds, it may well have achieved this dubious honor already. Among the thirty-nine official UN organizations — they seem to have multiplied like wire hangers in a dark closet — are several word mills of unusual profligacy, but one among them is really in a class by itself. For it, words *are* deeds. This memo-writer's daydream is called the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization — UNESCO.

It began in 1946 with a membership of twenty nations and a budget of two million dollars. Now it has 101 member nations and this year and next will spend about sixty million dollars.

The secretariat staff now numbers eleven hundred. They are housed in a magnificent Y-shaped, seven-story building in Paris that was completed less than three years ago and is already overcrowded. An additional building, to cost three-and-a-half million dollars, is under way at Paris. UNESCO employs about a hundred men and women in field offices and gives annual contracts to a changing number of technical experts, perhaps 450 now. Most member states, including Canada, also appoint a permanent delegate to UNESCO, who usually has some clerical help, and in their homelands appoint a National Commission for UNESCO Affairs — Canada's has twenty-eight members including a permanent staff of four.

Around the world, then, probably 2,000 people are engaged, full time, in furthering UNESCO's aims. What aims?

Lord Attlee, when prime minister of Britain, was partly responsible for writing UNESCO's theme song. At the founding conference in London he asked this rhetorical question: Do not wars, after all, begin in the minds of men? When UNESCO's constitution was put on paper its preamble began: "Since wars begin in the minds of men it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed."

Article One of the constitution reads: "The purpose of the organization is to contribute to peace and security by promoting collaboration among the nations through education, science and culture in order to further universal respect for justice, for the rule of law, and for the human rights and fundamental freedoms which are affirmed for the peoples of the world without distinction of race, sex, language or religion by the charter of the United Nations."

In the fifteen years since those words were written millions of other words have poured out of UNESCO on subjects as varied as the prostitutes of the Lebanon and the educational needs of the new African states, from the nuances of ancient Persian poetry to the irrigation of desert lands. Attempting to promote collaboration among the nations, UNESCO has produced a dizzying pile of reports, reviews, evaluations, directives, studies in depth, assessments, abstracts, programs, pamphlets, books, and film strips. The language used in these documents is peculiarly UNESCO's own, a blend that suggests action but which under a strong light too often melts into pious words. One can safely assume that after another fifteen years the pile of documentation will be at least twice as high and will in turn require more experts, more stenographers, more translators, more file clerks, more librarians; but it's fair to ask, will the defenses of peace be measurably stronger?

Almost since UNESCO first plunged into the task of building the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind it has been harried by critics. There have been two kinds of continuing criticism: the first comes from governments eager to proclaim the four freedoms from international pulpits but less than eager to apply them at home. South Africa, for instance, resigned from UNESCO ostensibly because of the alleged crackpot nature of the organization's projects. "Flights into cloud cuckoo land," was the opinion of Foreign Minister Eric Louw. A more cogent reason was UNESCO's flat rejection of white supremacy. In Canada the late Maurice Duplessis was a violent UNESCO critic; its education

policies advocate the separation of church and state.

The second and more piercing kind of criticism comes mostly from North America, with occasional assists from the United Kingdom. Often these critics have come to the conclusion that UNESCO is a modern Shangri-La for half-baked dreamers and a waste of the taxpayers' money. They have called UNESCO a cultural South Sea Bubble and the biggest boondoggle in recent history. The Manchester Guardian once headlined a scoffing story about a UNESCO conference on biology, held in the Andes. Sex At High Altitudes.

### **MATERIAL MIRACLES, YES; HUMAN ONES, NO**

UNESCO doesn't lack defenders, but the men and women attracted by its one-world concepts and its touching belief in the eventual victory of idealism over bigotry can seldom muster the pungent phrases that take the eye of city editors. The American poet and playwright Archibald MacLeish is one exception. Speaking of the need for UNESCO, he said, "It is a curious thing that men in our time are more willing to believe in the incredible miracles of matter than in the simplest miracles of the human spirit." This summer Heinrich Lübke, president of the German Federal Republic, said that UNESCO was contributing to the most imperative need of international policy, the maintenance of peace. Marcel Cadieux, Canada's assistant undersecretary of state for external affairs, last year spoke of Canada's conviction that the work of UNESCO was of the greatest importance.

I had absorbed all this acclaim and all the criticism before I went to UNESCO house in the blazing Paris

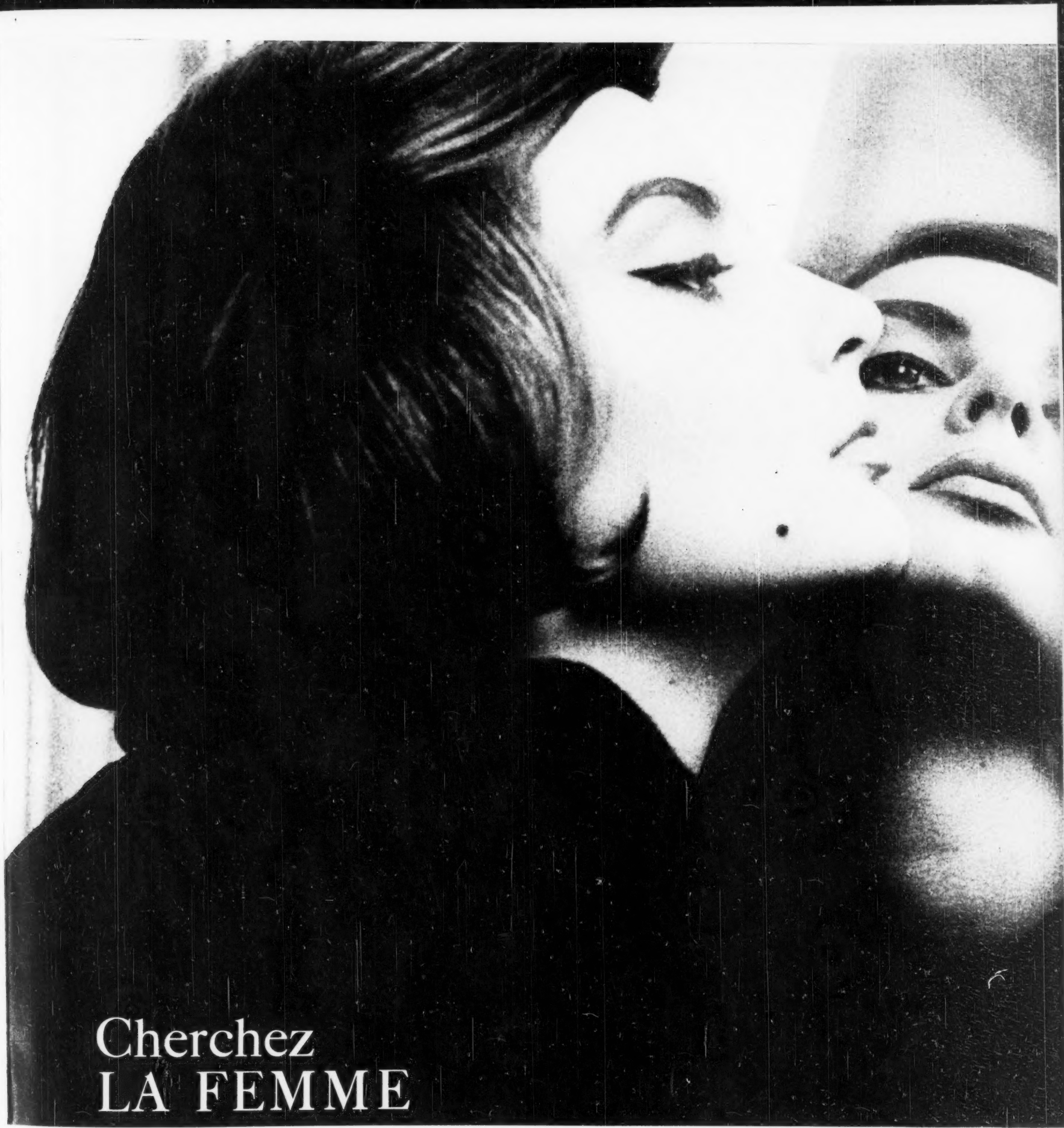
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*Canada's UNESCO commission has 28 members—a full-time staff of four—and a current budget of \$90,000*

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# Cherchez LA FEMME

## de Montréal

This is a photographer's guide to the beautiful women of a city that is partly what their arresting qualities make it. A writer can say little about the compelling arrangements of bone, features and expression that these women wear. One has only (as a man-about-Montreal might say) to look — which is what photographer John Max does on this and the following pages



## La différence? Individuality, says Max

There is this about the women of Montreal: in all recorded travel no man has yet visited their city without feeling that his home town's girls lacked just a little *il ne sait quoi*. For three years now, John Max, a young Montreal photographer, has been trying to find out *quoi* with his camera — mostly, as in the pictures on these pages, among the Montreal women of his own acquaintance. What else is there about them? "Individualism," says Max. "Each is a striking woman, yet each is striking in a different way. The girl looking in the mirror (preceding page) is just a little bit in love with herself, but she isn't afraid to show it; it's just part of the way she is. The girl looking into the man's eyes isn't ashamed to be in love. The girl in the hat knew I was taking pictures of her, and yet she wasn't acting for me. The girl with her head on the boy's shoulder — I asked them to pose like that — is only nineteen, but she is a woman, a Montreal woman. The man with the mobile mouth is Leonard Cohen, the poet. We were at a party for his latest book, *The Spice-Box of Earth*, and the girl with him said to me, 'Take my picture with Leonard.' I saw Cohen grimacing and I shot before she was ready. But *look* at her. Montreal women — at least my Montreal women — do not have to rely on props or dress clothes or women's-magazine make-up. Even the cat-like girl putting on the eye make-up unaware of the camera although she is getting ready to model for me — is completely sure of herself. You can see who she is and that she likes it that way." ★









Illustrated by Frank Lewis



# Julie

*portrait of a royal mistress.*



*Julie de St. Laurent was the mistress, and possibly the morganatic wife, of Edward, Duke of Kent, the soldier father of Queen Victoria.*

*But Julie's own story had been lost for a hundred years, until a chance encounter with descendants of the children Julie and Edward left in Quebec led McKenzie Porter to the portrait he draws here*

IF YOU ASK the average British subject to name Queen Victoria's father it is highly likely that you'll confound him. Historians know that he was Edward, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III, but people whose knowledge of the Georgian era is limited to high-school books generally look blank at mention of his name. The reason Edward has been forgotten is simple. Queen Victoria didn't wish him to be remembered. There were aspects of his background that conflicted with her stern moral code.

For twenty-seven years before he married Victoria's mother, Edward lived with a beautiful French countess who concealed her identity under the pseudonym of Julie de St. Laurent. This liaison, which was probably strengthened by a morganatic marriage, produced two sons, the first of whom grew up in Canada and the second in Australia. For the ten most fruitful years of his life Edward, a burly, stodgy but honorable army officer, lived with Julie in Quebec City and Halifax.

Had Julie de St. Laurent been a Protestant it is possible that the elder of her sons would have been acceptable as a king of England. But Julie was a Roman Catholic and so her union with Edward, under the terms of the Royal Marriage Act, was invalid. There was never the slightest risk of the obscure half-brother's challenging Victoria's right to the throne. But his very existence made the Queen uneasy.

After the death in 1817 of Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince of Wales, three sons of George III married for the specific purpose of siring another heir to the throne. Included in this trio of conscripted bridegrooms was the fifty-year-old Edward. He had to part

from Julie, the delightful woman he'd cherished for more than a quarter of a century, and walk to the altar with a plump, energetic little widow named Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. Queen Victoria, the fruit of this marriage, winced at the thought of its expedience. Although she once insisted that she was proud of her soldier father, she rarely mentioned him. And she detested her mother.

At Victoria's court the subject of her father's association with Julie de St. Laurent was taboo. Throughout Victoria's reign it was always politely pretended that Julie had never existed. After the letters between Edward and Julie passed into Queen Victoria's hands they were never seen again. Nineteenth-century biographers were too fearful of Victoria's displeasure to explore her father's life in detail. As a result Edward is one of the most shadowy figures on the Georgian tapestry and Julie is even less distinct. For more than a hundred years writers have been describing Julie as "a mystery woman." Today, however, I am able to publish details about her that have never been printed before.

Her name was Alphonsine Thérèse Bernadine Julie de Montgenet, Baronne de Fortisson. She was born in the late 1760s into the titled Montgenet family at St. Laurent-sur-Mer in Calvados, France. As a girl she was taken to Martinique in the French West Indies, where her parents owned sugar plantations. At Trois Ilets, Martinique, she attended a convent school. One of her fellow pupils was Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, daughter of a French officer and later the wife of Napoleon. Both girls were reserved by their ambitious mothers for men of rank in France. In their late

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

*Overture to Victoria, a biography from which this account of Julie de St. Laurent's life is drawn, will be published this fall by Longmans Green, Toronto.*

# WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LOSE THE IRISH SWEEPSTAKE

*When Tom and Elsie Marsh drew a horse in the Sweep last spring, life speeded up for them and almost everybody else in Squamish, B.C. The \$140,000 they were going to win was the hottest subject in town — until the climactic moment when their horse fell down*

## BY ELSIE MARSH

WHEN THE TELEPHONE RANG just after lunch on a Monday afternoon, none of us knew that it was ushering in five days of tension and mounting suspense that would become almost unbearable, until a ten-minute radio newscast would relieve it on Saturday morning, March 26, 1960, the day of the Grand National Steeplechase.

Tom, my husband, answered the phone that Monday. I was writing a letter in the next room and paid little attention to what Tom said. However, I was aware of a certain quality of pleasure and excitement in his voice even before he burst in shouting: "I've got a horse! I've got a horse!"

The idea of a horse in the family circle brought me no pleasure, although our younger daughter, Margaret, had been begging for a horse of her own for years. I supposed her dad had got her one, though why or where I did not understand.

"In the Irish sweepstake," Tom added jubilantly. "Remember that ticket I bought last fall?"

I remembered then that he had mentioned buying a sweepstake ticket, but I hadn't given it another thought. Years ago a friend had

worked out the chances of winning a sweepstake on the Grand National; the odds were so heavily stacked against it that I had never bought a ticket, and regarded my husband's occasional ticket as just another male habit to be viewed with indulgence, certainly not to be taken any more seriously than his remark, made frequently, "If I ever make any money, it'll have to be on a sweepstake ticket."

Almost immediately the telephone rang again. This time it was a wire, confirming the horse he had drawn in Saturday's race. I began to share his excitement. For the first time in our lives, we had a chance to win a fortune — a chance that everyone dreams about, but for us now the chance was real. And, win or lose, the wire assured us we would get £652—over \$1,500—just for drawing the horse. To me that was a solid thread of comfort, worth far more than the glittering gold at the foot of a distant rainbow.

It was difficult to go about the housework now that the prospect of sudden wealth confronted us, but my husband and I were both determined to carry on as usual as long as this was possible. So far only a handful of people had heard about our luck, and it was good to know there would be a lull before the storm of publicity broke over us. We both felt a curious

reluctance to spread the news; now that our privacy was threatened, it had suddenly become a cherished thing.

The evening papers carried no mention of our lucky ticket, but the next morning the Vancouver Sun called my husband to tell him the news and ask for a picture. When he said he did not have one, the paper said they'd send a photographer that afternoon. Tom, who is a commission agent for the Shell Oil Company at Squamish, B.C., posed in his company uniform, holding the lucky ticket, while the photographer took several shots.

### "THE KIND WHO SHOULD WIN"

"What will you do with the money if you win?" the photographer asked my husband.

"Well, I'd help our three kids through university, for a starter. Two of them have already put in a year, and our younger daughter just has one more year in high school."

"You're the kind of person who should win," said the photographer warmly. "It would be nice to see a working man get it, especially when he wants to give his kids an education. I hope you win." We were to hear those kind sentiments again and again; everyone we knew wanted my husband to win, because he represented the common

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



On the day when the Marshes — Tom, Elsie and daughter Margaret — had \$140,000 riding on a horse, they differed: Tom wanted first prize, Elsie second.



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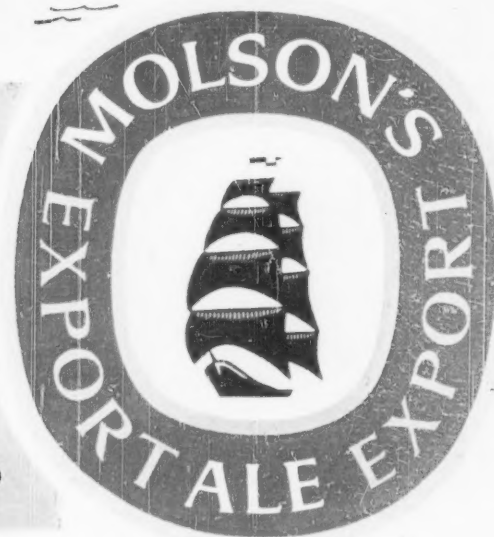
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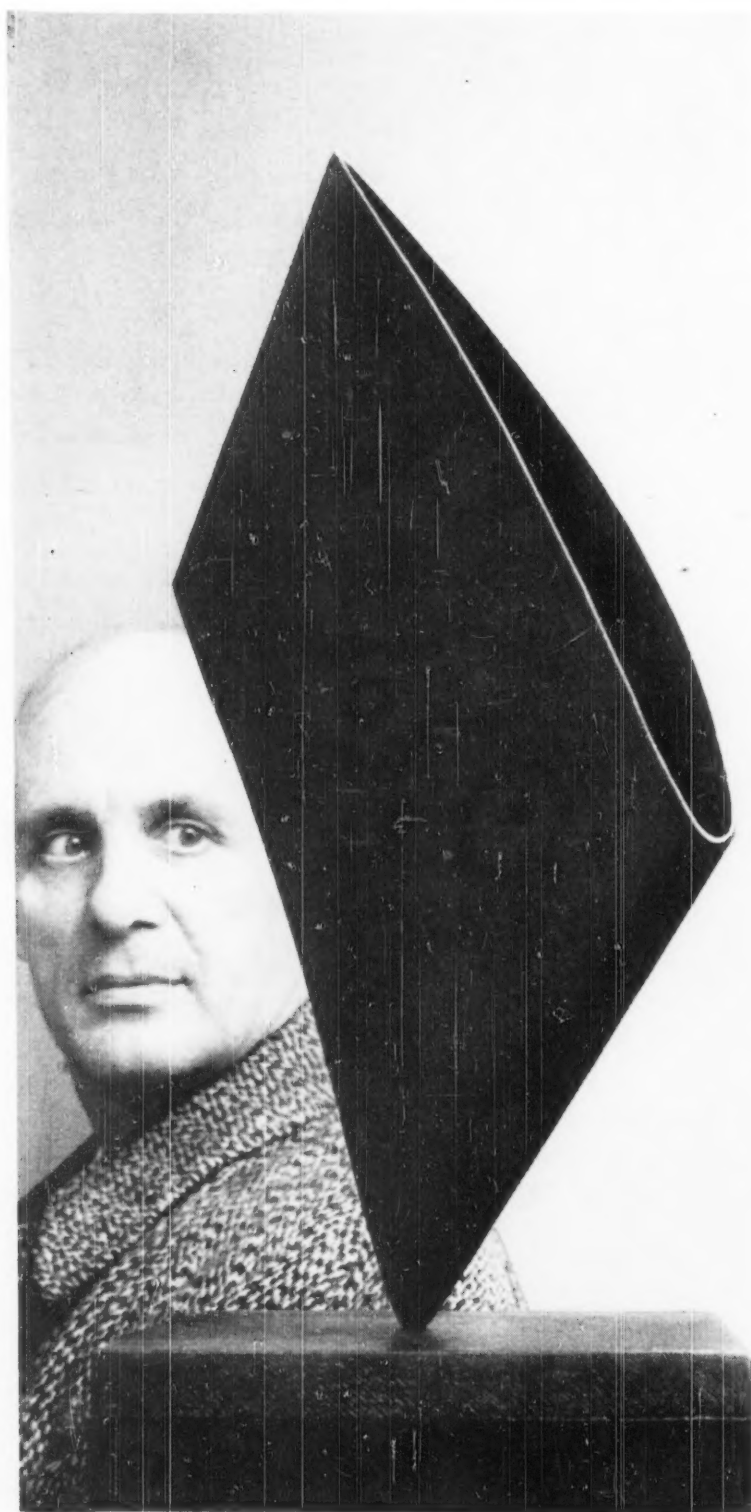
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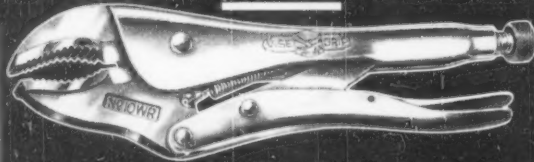
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## JULIE: ROYAL MISTRESS continued from page 29

The Frenchman's wife followed the prince  
from Geneva to Gibraltar to Quebec City

teens they were shipped home as brides, Josephine for the Marquis de Beauharnais and Julie for her own cousin Jean Charles de Mestre, Baron de Fortisson. Fortisson was a colonel in the French artillery. By him Julie had one child, a daughter named Melanie.

A portrait shows that Julie was a siren, with huge sloe eyes, a patrician nose, a sensitive mouth, a long slender neck and an abundant tumble of curls. Her husband, however, was more appreciative of a gun barrel's machining. His coldness saddened Julie. And the reproach in her eyes irritated Fortisson. A frost set upon their relationship that not even danger faced together could melt.

When the French Revolution began on July 14, 1789, the Fortissons fled France for Geneva, Switzerland. They found shelter in the home of Auguste Vasserot, Baron de Vincé. One night Vincé introduced them to Edward, who was then a twenty-one-year-old officer cadet under training in Geneva.

Although he was the most dutiful and upright son of George III, Edward was unpopular with his family. Because he was sober in outlook and dress he was mocked by his licentious, drunken and foppish brothers. His oldest brother, the Prince of Wales, nicknamed him Simon Pure.

In Edward, however, the Fortissons divined a protector. Was he not a prince of the most powerful nation on earth? Determined to develop a friendship with Edward, Julie relied heavily on her beauty. It is not known exactly when Julie, in trying to capture a benefactor, found herself confronted with a lover. But it was certainly very soon after that first meeting in Geneva. To Fortisson, brooding over the cataclysm in France, Julie's infidelity was but a raindrop in a sea of trouble. Cynically, he shrugged his shoulders and became a *mari complaisant*.

Edward entertained Julie lavishly, overspent his allowance, and borrowed money. In the winter of 1789 Edward went to London, naïvely to inform his father of his relationship with Julie and to ask for a bigger allowance. The King was angry. During an audience limited to ten minutes he ordered Edward to enroll forthwith in the army and to join the Gibraltar garrison. And so, on February 11, 1790, Edward sailed for the Rock with debts of twenty thousand pounds hanging around his neck and no income to count upon but a colonel's pay.

It would have been easy for him to desert Julie at this time but his love for her was irrevocable. Through the influence of William, his brother in the navy, Edward managed to smuggle the Fortissons and their baby, Melanie, out of Switzerland. They traveled on forged papers to Toulon, whence a small British warship carried them to Gibraltar. There Fortisson, with an air of icy resignation, became one of Edward's aides-de-camp.

Though Edward was constantly in Julie's company her husband was always coldly but discreetly in the offing. This gave a semblance of respectability to the affair. Not that it mattered. Many French refugees were in Gibraltar. The social life was promiscuous. If anybody suspected that Julie and Edward were lovers few cared.

But news of the continued liaison got back to England and shook the precariously balanced mind of George III. In a second attempt to break the romance, the King ordered Edward transferred to Quebec City. Julie decided to accompany Ed-

ward, and to take along her daughter Melanie. Fortisson refused to follow. He returned to France and joined the new Republican Army under an amnesty granted to émigré royalist officers.

On the evening of August 11, 1791, His Majesty's Ships Ulysses and Resolution sailed into the view of a throng lining the dock at Quebec. Ashore a band began to play. Out in the river the ships broke flags. A thousand men of Edward's regiment, the 7th Royal Fusiliers, lined their decks and shouted three cheers. On the quarter-deck of Ulysses stood Edward. He held his hat in his hand. His red hair blew wildly in the breeze. His plump red face swelled and his eyes bulged in mingled pride and astonishment at the scale of the welcome. A little behind him, in the shadow of a companionway, stood Julie and Melanie.

Julie became Edward's châteline at 25 Rue St. Louis, a fifteen-room granite

## PARADE

### In the shade

There's a chap in Calgary who just started collecting the old-age pension but doesn't talk about it much because he keeps in trim and prides himself on being younger than his years. He suffered an awful letdown the other day, though, when he dropped into his favorite restaurant during a heat wave and greeted the waitress with "Going to be 90 today." She gave him a wonderful smile and said, "Are you really?"

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.

house of spare Georgian design. It still stands in the shadow of the Château Frontenac, overlooking the crooked streets of the Lover Town.

Julie was generally reputed to be a widow who had married Edward morganatically in Malta, shortly before reaching Quebec. In England the Prince of Wales had set a precedent by making Mrs. Maria Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic, his morganatic wife, and for the sake of social harmony in Quebec it was assumed by some and pretended by others that Edward had so protected Julie's honor. She adopted the name Julie de St. Laurent, and this was widely regarded as her recognition of the limitations of a morganatic marriage.

In the spring of 1792 Edward and Julie rented as a summer home Montmorency House, a graceful wooden mansion by the Falls of Montmorency, six miles east of Quebec City. Today the place is a Dominican retreat and tourist attraction.

Halfway between Montmorency House and Quebec City lies the suburb of Beauport, where Louis de Salaberry lived. On his daily drives between Montmorency House and the Fusiliers' barracks in the city, Edward got into the habit of calling on Salaberry. An intimate friendship ripened, and soon Salaberry and his wife were exchanging visits regularly with Edward and Julie. Correspondence between Edward and Julie and the Salaberrys, exchanged over a period of many years, is one of the richest sources of information on the prince's life.

In 1792 Mme de Salaberry, a slight and graceful woman known to her husband and intimates by the pet name *Souris*, received from Julie a letter of congratula-



tion on the birth of a son. It glows with the spontaneity, affection and merriment that characterized Julie's temperament:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! A thousand rounds in honor of the charming Souris and the newborn. In truth my head is full of joy and my hand trembles so much that I can scarcely hold my pen. And it is another boy! I will go to Beauport today about seven o'clock. Tomorrow I will go again, and every day. Ah, I wish it could be this very instant of my life. I reserve it to myself to congratulate M. de Salaberry in person on the happy event. And in the meantime I embrace the whole household, without distinction of age or sex."

Edward and Julie became godparents of the boy.

Julie braved the most rigorous weather to keep Edward company on his journeys. She even insisted on traveling with him when, in August 1792, he made the six-hundred-mile trip through intense heat to Niagara on Lake Ontario, then the headquarters of John Graves Simcoe, lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada. Before they left Maj.-Gen. Alured Clarke, the lieutenant-governor of Lower Canada, was evidently perturbed about Mrs. Simcoe's reactions. He warned Simcoe by courier that Edward would be accompanied by "a larger suite than I wish attended him from an apprehension that it must occasion some embarrassment."

In 1793 Julie gave birth in Quebec to a son by Edward. Though both parents were pleased and proud, the child presented problems. They felt compelled to keep its existence a secret from all but their closest friends. Edward feared that news of an addition to the collection of royal bastards already sired by his brothers in England would intensify the King's hostility toward him. So he decided to put the child out to foster parents. He selected for the foster father a man named Robert Wood, who had served in the Royal Navy as a chief petty officer. Edward secured for Wood the job of doorkeeper at the Legislative Assembly. Thus, while Prince William's ten illegitimate children by Mrs. Jordan were raised openly in England and married off into the nobility, the first son of Edward and Julie was brought up covertly in a middle-class colonial home. The son was christened Robert Wood, after his foster father.

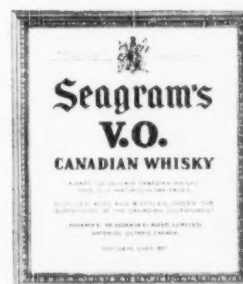
Edward was clearly overoptimistic in expecting that a former royal servant of Wood's humble rank could remain silent about so remarkable an arrangement. The news reached George III in the winter of 1793, and once more that old curmudgeon tried to end the affair of Edward and Julie. The King seized as his opportunity the fact that England was once again at war with France and that officers were needed to fight in the French West Indies. Shortly before Christmas in 1793, Edward received orders to proceed to Barbados.

One can imagine Julie's feelings on hearing she was to be deprived of her lover at such a time, especially since she was already pregnant again. One may just as easily imagine her taking consolation in the hope that Edward would soon be in a position to give her firsthand accounts of conditions in and about her old home at Martinique. Robert Wood, the foster parent, accompanied Edward to the West Indies in order to carry news back to Julie in the event of Martinique's fall to the British.

In March, 1794, Edward distinguished himself in the capture of Fort Royal in Martinique and was acclaimed by the British parliament. Among the French dead at Fort Royal was the Baron de Fortisson, Julie's husband. He had been decapitated by a British cannon ball. This

# CUI BONO?

In its admirable way, classic Latin puts the question clearly. Cui Bono? — "For whose advantage?" Time has not diminished the value of the searching question. Nor of the direct reply. □ We who make Seagram's V.O. Canadian Whisky stress an important fact. It is to our own advantage to maintain the high standard of excellence which has become the Seagram tradition. The quality of V.O. is our most valuable asset. It says more for our knowledge and integrity in one sip than we could express in a hundred sentences. □ Let us say merely that many people of discerning taste consider Seagram's V.O. to be the world's finest whisky. And that it will be well worth your while to try this world-famous whisky. Cui bono? Your taste will tell.



A CANADIAN ACHIEVEMENT

HONoured THE WORLD OVER

# am I a minister?



"Minister sued for divorce". "Wife sues Husband for divorce". If you picked up your evening newspaper and saw these headings on two different stories, you probably wouldn't glance at the second one at all. The first you would read avidly. There is something not entirely unpleasant to most of us when the clergy commit the sensational sins of ordinary people.

Strange, isn't it, how we try to label things as sacred or secular? We say there are two kinds of music, religious and popular. But which kind is "Greensleeves"? The only way you can divide music is this — good or bad. We try to divide people the same way — clergy and laity, as though the former were full-time Christians and the latter only part-time. But take a brain surgeon like Wilder Penfield, who has returned so many to full life again — is he a full-time Christian or only an amateur?

In the United Church of Canada, we affirm that God calls some folk to be clergymen and some to be mechanics, some to be preachers and some to be pianists. But He calls all of them to serve Him full-time, no matter how they earn their daily bread.

No form of ordination can provide any private access to the ear of God that is not open to any humble, penitent, faithful Christian. A clergyman may help another into the presence of God, but then any sensitive Christian can do this. No one, not even a clergyman or priest can shut another out of the presence of God. The only person who can shut you out of God's presence is you!

This does not mean that we don't need men and women specially set

apart and ordained as clergymen. It really means that with the high privilege of having access to the ear of God goes an equally high responsibility. If every Christian is a minister then he is just as responsible for the moral conditions in his neighbourhood as his "ordained clergyman" is. If every Christian is a minister, then there is no more double standard of morals. If something is wrong for a clergyman to do then it is wrong for any Christian.

When a man or woman is ordained to the full-time ministry of the Church he feels he has been set apart to a special task by God. He has. But when any Christian professes his faith in Jesus Christ he ought to feel he has been set apart to a special task by God, no matter how he earns his living. Do you feel this way?

If there is a question in your mind and you would like to learn more about the privileges and responsibilities of "the spiritual priesthood of all believers" (this is the technical name for what we have been saying) fill in the form below and get your free booklet.

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extraordinary coincidence is vouched for by Roy de Mestre, a painter in London and a direct descendant of Edward and Julie's second son.

Edward dispatched Robert Wood with a note to Quebec City. This informed Julie of her husband's death and reminded her that they were now free to contract a morganatic marriage. Although the note has not survived there is evidence of its transmission in the hands of Wood. The late Colonel William Wood, a well-known Canadian historian and a direct descendant of Edward and Julie, once wrote to the British biographer Hector Bolitho: "I have the pass given to Robert Wood at Martinique in 1794 authorizing the said Robert Wood to pass any and all of His Majesty's posts by land and sea." The pass was signed by Edward.

Julie sailed from Quebec City to Halifax in the spring of 1794. During the voyage she gave birth to a second son, Edward, who had sailed from the West Indies, met Julie in Halifax. Taking the child with them, they sailed together for Martinique. In Martinique the child was christened Jean de Mestre, the surname being one of the family names of the Baron de Fortisson, Julie's mother, the Comtesse de Montgenet, agreed to bring up the baby in Martinique.

Roy de Mestre says that Edward and Julie were married in Martinique by a Roman Catholic priest in the summer of 1794, Edward using the name "Captain Armstrong."

Luis Carrier, a member of the Montreal Historical Society and an authority on Quebec of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, says: "It has always been believed that proof of the morganatic marriage of the Duke of Kent and Julie de St. Laurent lies in the archives of the Catholic Church in Quebec. But nobody, not even one of the duke's descendants, has been able to uncover it."

From Martinique, Edward and Julie sailed back to Halifax, where Edward took up duties eventually as commander-in-chief of British troops in North America.

Edward built his Halifax home at Bedford Basin. He revealed those same exotic architectural tastes that had prompted his brother, the Prince of Wales, to build a Byzantine palace at Brighton. The white wooden frame building was in imitation of the rococo Italian style. Opposite was a circular bandstand consisting of a gilded Moorish cupola mounted on Greek columns. Hidden in the woods of the grounds was a Chinese temple with strings of copper bells ringing as they were swung by the wind. A gravel path twisted tortuously

through the natural woodlands. A balloonist drifting over the estate would have noticed that the path spelled "Julie." The *pièce de résistance* was an artificial brook, led into the grounds from a nearby stream, to tumble over a series of pretty waterfalls into a lake. Edward had had the lake's natural shape altered to the shape of the ace of hearts as a mark of his love for Julie.

The lake and the bandstand still survive. On visiting them, generations of Hali-gonians have pictured Edward, the six-foot redhead in his high black boots with gold tassels, and his tight white breeches and blue coat heavy with gold braid, strolling tenderly with the slight black-haired Julie, in her white muslin dress and high-heeled shoes, while, through the trees, drifted the sentimental concert music of the Fusiliers' band. If Julie felt the love nest was a trifle vulgar she took consolation in the knowledge that it was the expression of Edward's simple and romantic ardor.

Julie was a brilliant hostess. Her French cuisine enraptured local epicures. Her clothes were gorgeously feminine and as a leader of fashion she encouraged Halifax to resist the more severe modes that were creeping in from across the Atlantic. Under Julie's influence the wig and the beauty patch remained obligatory for Hali-gonian women long after they had been abandoned in England.

Solemnity would surely have engulfed Edward's parties had he been left to conduct them alone but as Julie tossed a barrage of light banter across the room, and clever subalterns delivered a counter-battery fire of gallantries, they were invariably alive with affectionate laughter. One can see Edward standing back, aloof, as became his rank, a little flabbergasted by the rapid exchanges of wit, a tiny bit envious of the high spirits which Julie evoked in lighter-hearted persons than he, but always beaming with controlled pleasure and pride.

Edward fell from his horse in November 1798, and wrenched muscles in his back. George III gave him permission to return to England to take the waters of Bath. Edward decided to take Julie and Melanie with him. Julie, a stranger to London and apprehensive about her reception, found a social sponsor in Maria Fitzherbert. Accompanied by Mrs. Fitzherbert, she met Queen Charlotte and made a favorable impression. Soon Queen Charlotte was speaking kindly of Julie as "Edward's French lady." George III consented to see the woman from whom he had been trying to separate Edward for more than ten





years. He too must have been captivated by Julie's charm, for never again did he interfere with the association.

From Mrs. Fitzherbert, Edward and Julie bought a house at Ealing — Castle Hill Lodge — which later became their favorite home. In London society Edward and Julie appeared openly together. Julie's demeanor was so prudent that her association with Edward never provoked in the press the bitter ribaldry that other unofficial royal liaisons aroused. To discourage questions Julie placed Melanie with some of her own French refugee relatives who were living in London.

After a further tour of duty in Halifax, during which he improved tremendously the city's fortifications, Edward left Canada forever in the spring of 1800, hoping to get a field command against the French. Two years and a half later Halifax received from Edward a souvenir that is the city's most familiar landmark: the chiming clock on Citadel Hill that has since kept perfect time and is now being reconstructed.

If Edward had entertained hopes of promotion in reward for his West Indian

## PARADE

### Gone with the son

Several years ago when its producers revived the movie *Gone With the Wind*, Parade reported the pitiful plight of the movie official who had to sit for days in a screening room by himself checking 14 prints of the record-length movie. Well, you may have noticed GWTW has been experiencing a second revival, and this time we can bring glad tidings of a woman in Quebec City who finally had the satisfaction of seeing the whole movie through to the end for the first time, although she had attended a showing in England. This time she took with her the son whose imminent birth had caused her to rush from the cinema 16 years before.

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Service and his defense works at Halifax these were soon dashed by his brother, the Duke of York, who, despite notorious military incompetence, was now commander-in-chief of the British Army.

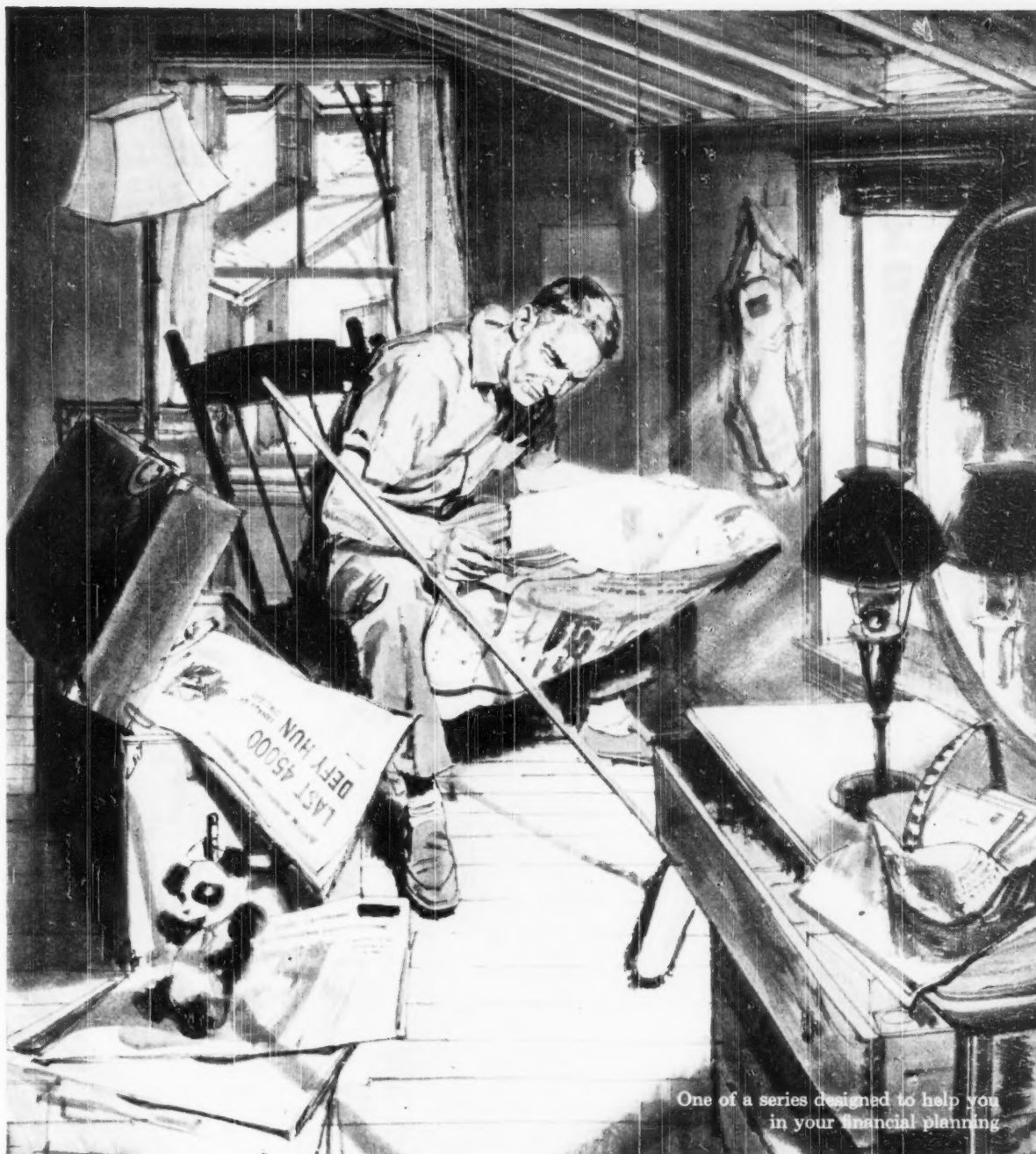
York deliberately deprived Edward of a field command during the Homeric days that led up to Waterloo. He also exaggerated Edward's reputation for military discipline and represented him as a tyrant and a sadist.

York delivered the *coup de grâce* to Edward's military reputation by a subtle trick. He got Edward appointed governor of Gibraltar in 1802, when military morale on the Rock was scandalously low. As York expected, Edward introduced strict reforms. Officers, suspected of working under the orders of York, fomented a spectacular protest riot, and Edward was recalled to London in disgrace.

In the Duke of Wellington, too, Edward encountered an enemy. The Iron Duke despised Edward's theories about army reform. He called Edward "the Corporal" because Edward believed that soldiers should be taught to read and write.

As an anodyne for the frustration of his military ambitions Edward devoted the last sixteen years of his life to educational and charitable institutions. The aristocracy then began to look upon Edward as a dangerous eccentric. He championed Robert Owen, the father of British socialism, and Joseph Lancaster, the pioneer of universal education.

Against the dissolute background of his



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- Life insurance is the most versatile investment you can make . . . readily available for emergency use, payable immediately in a variety of ways on death, guarantees the income you select at retirement time.
- Be sure of a stable savings and investment program by having — and keeping — enough permanent life insurance. How much is enough? Only you can decide, with the help of a man trained and experienced in family protection and retirement planning. The Man with the Plan is your Confederation Life representative. See him . . . soon!

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brothers Edward appeared to the people as a tower of wisdom, rectitude and democracy. The more his popularity increased, the more his brothers persecuted him.

Julie sustained Edward with tenderness and encouragement during these bleak years. On one of the rare occasions on which Edward permitted an outsider a glimpse of his feelings for Julie, he wrote to Salaberry: "I am sure you will be pleased to know that what our life was when we were beside you has continued during twenty years since we left Canada, and I love to think that twenty years hence it may be the same."

Poor Edward, poor Julie.

Early in 1817 the couple went to Brussels for a holiday. On Saturday, November 6, 1817, Princess Charlotte, heir presumptive to the throne, died in childbirth. No other legal children of Princess Charlotte's generation stood in line of succession. One morning in Brussels, as Julie finished her breakfast, she asked Edward to pass her the previous day's copy of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Edward recalled later to Thomas Creevey, a member of parliament and inveterate gossip and diarist, that he suddenly heard "an extraordinary noise and a strong convulsive movement in Mme. de St. Laurent's throat." Julie fell to the floor in a swoon. With the help of servants Edward revived her and asked her what had happened. She pointed to an editorial in the influential London paper that expressed the view that all the sons of George III who had not already contracted valid marriages should do so at the earliest possible moment in order to beget a series of young and indisputable heirs. Edward's name appeared to be uppermost in the editorial writer's mind. As Edward and Julie feared, the editorial was a reflection of the English cabinet's decision, which was soon communicated to Edward.

#### "My heart is half broke"

The sincerity of Edward's grief at the prospect of parting from Julie was evident in an emotional letter he wrote early in December, 1817, to Mrs. Fitzherbert. "My heart is half broke," he said, "when I look upon my poor companion. I think we may perhaps ere long be forced, by my duties to my family and to my country, to part."

All through January 1818, Edward lingered in Brussels with Julie, putting off from day to day the dreaded but certain separation.

Sometime early that year Julie retreated to a convent in Paris. In spite of Edward's protests, she refused to accept his offer of a continued annual allowance.

The tribulation suffered by Edward and Julie left the British press unmoved. The spirit in which the newspapers anticipated the imminent marriage of three royal dukes was distilled in a verse by the satirist Peter Pindar, who wrote:

"Yoicks! the royal sport's begun!  
I'faith but it is glorious fun,  
For hot and hard each royal pair  
Are at it hunting for the heir."

In March 1818 Edward returned to London alone and learned that the regent and the prime minister, Lord Liverpool, had selected as his bride the German Princess Victoria Maria Louisa, the thirty-two-year-old daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, widow of Charles, Prince of Leiningen, and a sister of the recently bereaved Prince Leopold. Edward's child by the German Princess Victoria was to become Queen Victoria. A year after Victoria's birth Edward died.

Edward had many weaknesses, including priggishness, a tendency to dabble in the affairs of others, an inability to handle money and the habit of whining about his

financial troubles. But he bridged the great philosophical gulf between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and founded many traditions upon which the twentieth-century concept of monarchy is based. He inaugurated the trend that changed the throne from a hierarchical into a popular institution. Queen Victoria was unreasonably ashamed of her father. She owed more of her greatness to Edward's genes than she did to Albert's brains.

After Edward's death, Julie sent to Maria Fitzherbert all the correspondence she had exchanged with the prince. Mrs. Fitzherbert kept the letters in a safe. When the safe was opened after Mrs. Fitzherbert's death the letters were handed over to Queen Victoria and what the sovereign did with them has not yet been discovered.

Julie's long survival makes a piquant epilogue to the story. She spent a few years recovering from her grief in a Paris convent and then one day in her mid-fifties decided that mourning was a bore. Quietly she slipped out into the world and brightened it once more with her sunny smile.

Charles X, the last of the French Bourbon kings, restored to her a family estate at St. Laurent-sur-Mer, and her title in her own right of Comtesse de Montgenet. This gave her a respectable income and a dignified place in French society.

Men found her slender figure, delicate features and lively mind still attractive and among several widowers who paid her court was Prince Prospero Colonna, a member of the Russian branch of the illustrious Italian family. Colonna was the father of two sons who lived in New Orleans. Julie's daughter Melanie had married a New Orleans engineer named Levison. After a brief betrothal Julie married Colonna and they sailed together to Louisiana to visit their children. Later Julie was reunited with Robert Wood, her first son by Edward.

Robert Wood had been christened at Christ Church Cathedral in Quebec City and, according to the Montreal historian Luis Carrier, a note regarding his royal ancestry was torn out of the register soon after Queen Victoria came to the throne. By the time Julie arrived in Quebec City he was married to Charlotte Gray, whose father was employed in the Royal Navy commissariat at Kingston, Ont. Robert Wood lived the life of a small propertied gentleman on funds supplied first by Edward and later by Queen Victoria.

Meanwhile Jean de Mestre, Julie's younger son, had gone to Australia as a member of the French consular corps. He became a British subject and prospered on lands granted him in Australia by Queen Victoria.

Julie enjoyed Quebec City so much that she persuaded Colonna to make a prolonged stay. After about three years of happily married life, Colonna embarked on a trip to Russia. His ship foundered and Julie was widowed again. According to Joan E. Morgan's *Castle of Quebec*, Julie "lived out her days alone at Montmorency House, Edward's old summer home, on the beautiful Falls, and though surrounded by friends, many of whom had been personal friends of His Royal Highness, she remained in dignified retirement, emerging only on rare occasions."

But Julie kept in close touch with her family. It became a tradition for the male descendants of both her sons by Edward to enter the Imperial Army and several of them lost their lives in the field. Once, about the year 1845, Julie was visited by two grandsons from Australia. In Canada and Australia there are today distinguished descendants of her association with Edward. She lived until 1872, five years after the Confederation of Canada. She had reached the magnificent age of 106. ★



Sweet and sour DINING OUT with Dave Harbaugh



"Can I have the steak for two-fifty if I promise not to look out the window?"



"Hope you'll be patient — we're breaking in a new chef."



"Oh dear . . . is THAT the chef's suggestion?"



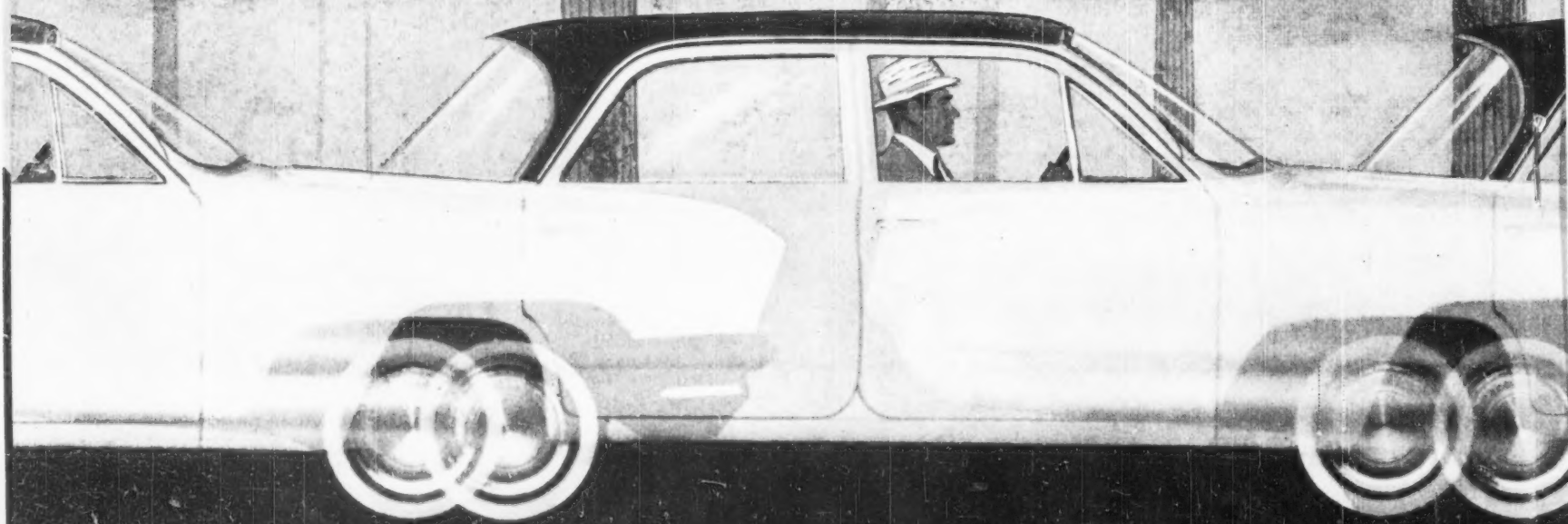
"She's an ex-airline stewardess."



"Table four needs a napkin."



"Your credit card's expired."



# COLD AHEAD

**Summer punishes engines.** Engines take a beating from summer heat. You drive farther, harder than any other time of year, and your engine's cooling system shows the strain. Sediment can build up . . . corrosion starts . . . then overheating.

**It's expensive to wait.** Your cooling system needs care, or soon it may need repair. Continued delay means expensive repair that can be avoided if you act now. The average estimated cost of reconditioning a cooling system is \$54.00 . . . a high price to pay for delay.



# 6 Winter Driving Hazards

...and how to live with them

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*Car care and safe winter driving start with early winterization. For safety's sake—be wise—winterize in September!*

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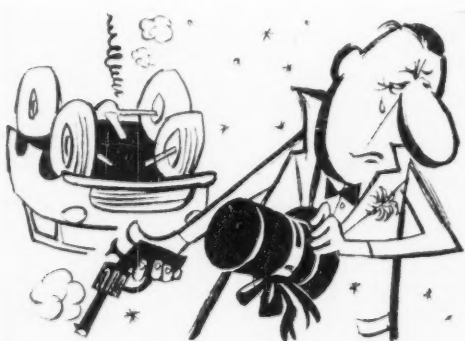
Nobody likes port-hole driving. Effective wiper blades and a defroster are musts. De-icing fluid and a window scraper are handy to have in the car . . . windshield washers add a safety margin.



Travelling like a snail? . . . Then relax, it's safer! Just be sure your exhaust and cooling systems are in good shape. Have them examined and serviced by an expert.



See and be seen . . . those one-eyed cars and their relatives with the glaring lamps are downright dangerous. Check your headlights, rear lights and directional signals . . . Your horn is to warn . . . be sure it does.



Ever get dead-engine blues? Old batteries, plugs 'n' points do it every time. Have your ignition and carburetion systems tuned up — and change to winter grade oil and lubricants for sure!



Tobogganing is fun but not here . . . Brake before curves and pump your brakes to slow or stop. Smooth steering, well adjusted brakes and good tires are life insurance. Have them checked!

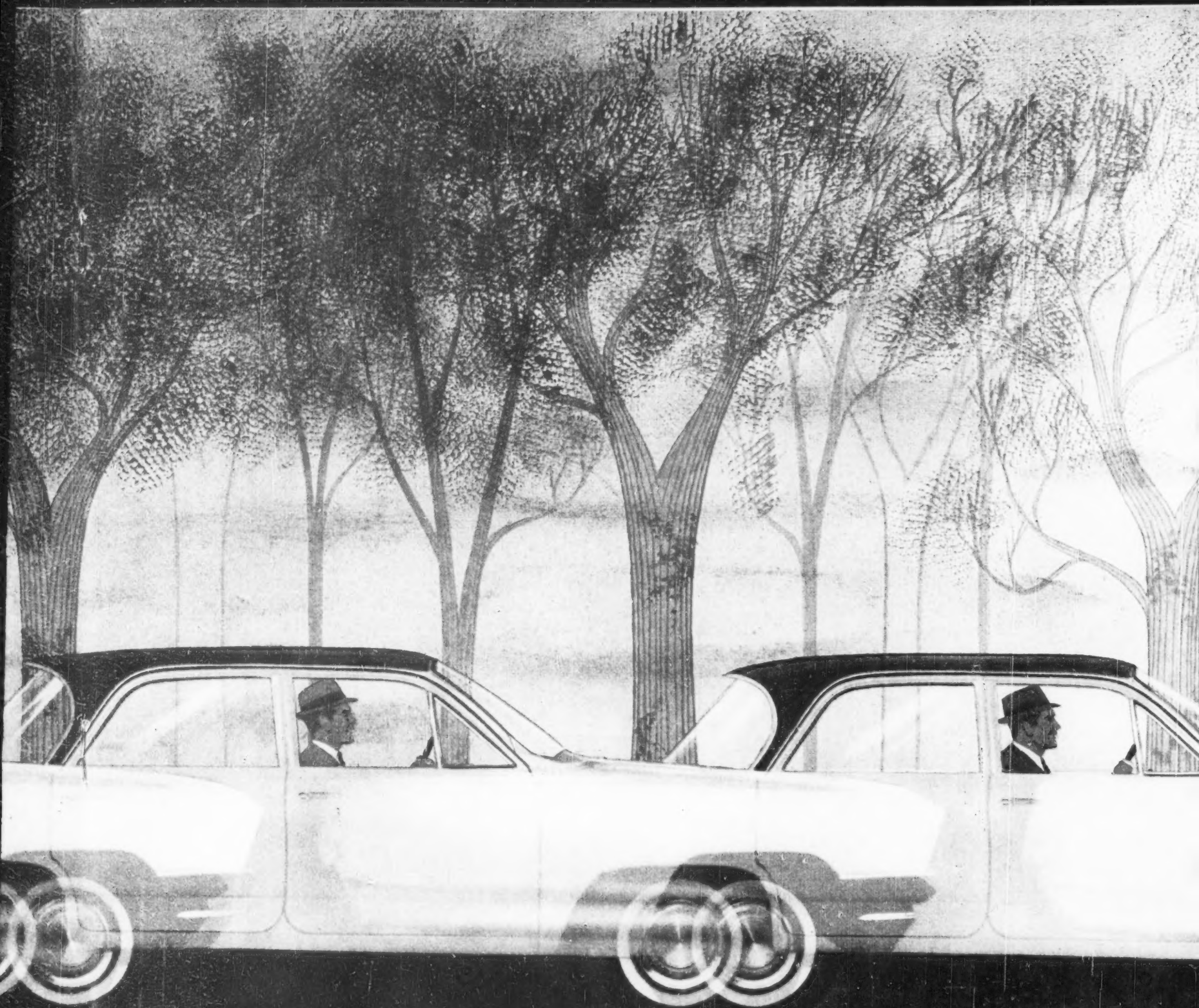


If you don't like being marooned—try snow tires. Tire chains, a shovel and a box of sand in the trunk are a good idea. Deep snow—start out slow 'n' easy. Stuck—rock the car and don't cramp the wheels.

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# D! WINTERIZE IN

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**It's easy to be early.** Now is the most convenient time to let your dealer prepare your cooling system for winter. And now before the cold-rush sets in, your dealer has time to do the *complete* job — flushing radiator, adding antifreeze, checking batteries, changing oil — time for all the preventive service steps to ensure you of safe, trouble-free winter driving.

**Don't be caught by cold.** September is the month when trouble starts! If cold weather catches your car with a sluggish cooling system, the engine may overheat. Corrosion-damaged parts may give way. Without antifreeze, an early freeze can crack the block. In any case, it can be expensive!





# N SEPTEMBER

**Beat the last minute rush.** Winterize early and save time later. Now your dealer can quickly inspect and protect your car's cooling system when it's convenient for you. Later this fall, you may have to take your turn in line waiting for him. September is Winterization Month — winterize *now*, and relax.

Dow Chemical of Canada, Limited is a major supplier of ethylene glycol to Canadian manufacturers of antifreeze. Remember, the antifreeze *your dealer recommends* has all the built-in protective features your car's cooling system requires.



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## 4 out of 10 non-starters have faulty ignition —often caused by worn spark plugs

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—have your spark plugs checked today!**

In cold winter weather even a few worn or fouled spark plugs are enough to stop your car from starting.

Non-starting—and other winter driving troubles such as high gas consumption, jerky acceleration—can be prevented by a 3 minute Champion plug test. That's all the time it takes to check the entire set of plugs and tell whether they or the ignition system need attention.

Don't risk a dead battery and a long, cold wait for the sake of a few minutes of your time now. A spark plug check in the fall will

save your time, temper and money in the long winter driving months ahead.

Beat the rush and have your plugs checked today. And be sure to install new Champions every 10,000 miles.



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**For safety's sake—be wise... WINTERIZE... IN SEPTEMBER!**

MACLEAN'S





## Chisholm's bogey-men: the old people, the elders, the shamans and the priests

parent-teacher association. It was dangerous, he said, to make children believe in Santa Claus or any other known falsehood because, on learning the truth, they might disbelieve reality and lose faith in their parents, their teachers and society. Chisholm was appalled to find that this innocuous illustration of a general theory had engulfed his real purposes in a tide of notoriety.

There was more in the incident, however, than the chortling headline writers supposed. As a psychiatrist practising at the Yale Institute of Human Relations in the early thirties, Chisholm had treated a boy of seven years who was wasting away and near death from some secret horror. The child admitted, after months of stubborn silence, that he was menaced by a big black bear which tried every night to enter his bedroom. How, asked Chisholm, could a bear penetrate a window opened only six inches? The boy pointed to the fireplace of his home. If, he said, Santa Claus could slide down that narrow flue, a bear could crawl through the window. The psychiatrist was too wise to say that Santa Claus did not exist, since sick minds must cure themselves, but the boy figured it out for himself, lost his fear of the bear, recovered his health and hated his parents for deceiving him in the first place.

Chisholm never forgot that lesson. But to him Santa Claus is only a minor, convenient example of those countless lies, apparently innocent, that in combination threaten to destroy the human species. According to his diagnosis, the world is hurrying to destruction on a torrent of deception, and has little time left to reverse it.

"In earlier times," he told me, "the world could get along, or at least survive, even with all its superstitions. It can't any longer when it has the power to exterminate itself. Its present state of mind, its hates, its fears, its sense of sin, and its refusal to face reality, turn man against man, nation against nation and in the end produce a kind of suicidal complex. That's what's driving all of us inevitably to war."

These ideas are not new with Chisholm. Only six months after the end of the last war, he predicted the next one. In the Washington speech, the watershed of his career, he said the free peoples had three clear choices — to resume their old easy ways and become, within twenty years, the slaves of a new master race; to train themselves as "ruthless killers" and exterminate

all their enemies; or to attempt the cure of the sick human mind.

He knew that the cure, man's only hope, would take a long time but "there should be enough people in the world, in all countries, who are not as we are and always have been, and who will not show the neurotic necessities which we and every generation of our ancestors have shown."

This healthy yeast, he thought, might leaven the loaf, once humanity realized what was wrong with it. And what precisely was wrong with it? He answered:

"The only lowest common denominator of all civilizations, and the only psychological force capable of producing these perversions, is morality, the concept of right and wrong . . . the unnecessary and artificially imposed inferiority, guilt and fear, commonly known as sin . . . which produces so much of the social maladjustment and unhappiness in the world."

"For many years we have bowed our necks to the yoke of the conviction of sin. We have swallowed all manner of poisonous certainties fed us by our parents, our Sunday and day school teachers, politicians, priests, newspapers and others with a vested interest in controlling us."

Man must be freed from the "crippling burden of good and evil," from domination by "the old people, the elders, the shamans and the priests" to live intelligently, healthily and happily. Psychiatrists, he argued, had been able to cure many individuals of these evils and, contrary to the moralists' warnings, these people had not been corrupted by their new freedom. "They show no sign of social or personal degeneration, no lack of social responsibility, no tendency toward social anarchy. 'This bugbear,' Chisholm concluded, 'has no basis in fact whatever.'"

Such were the heresies so shocking to the Canadian cabinet, and they suddenly launched Chisholm on his crusade. But he had been brooding on them for more than thirty years. As a youth in the first world war (where he rose from the ranks to become a captain on the battlefield) he began to see the human dilemma as illustrated by drunken soldiers. Why did they get drunk every night and swear off every morning? The boy, who had been brought up in a strictly conventional home at Oakville, Ont., and in a family of Scottish Presbyterians, suspected that everything he had been taught about human nature was wrong.

The discovery of alcoholism turned his



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## HE'S STILL PAYING FOR HIS MUFFLER AT THE GAS PUMP!



## WALKER SILENCERS never steal gas...or rob engines of full built-in power

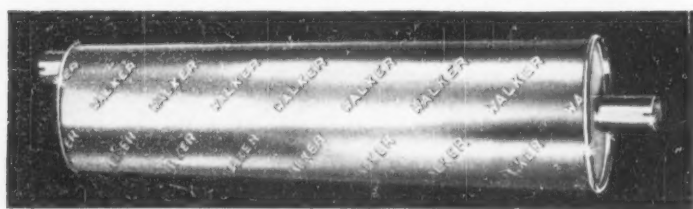
Often the original price of a muffler is only the down payment... the unsuspecting car owner keeps on "paying through the nozzle" every time he stops at the gas pump. Mufflers not scientifically designed for the specific engine on which they are installed create "back pressure drag" that wastes gas (up to 10%)... robs power (up to 45 hp)... slows down pick-up (up to 50%).

Walker Silencers are "Precision Tuned" to the exact requirements of each individual engine. Walker Silencers never cause back pressure drag... never steal gas... never rob engines of full built-in power.

When you need a muffler... be firm about the brand. See your neighborhood service man with the Walker sign. He will give you quick service on a Walker "Precision Tuned" Silencer that will save you money in the long run... and last as long or longer than any replacement muffler made.



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WALKER MARKETING OF CANADA LIMITED; GALT, ONTARIO

46 For safety's sake—be wise... **WINTERIZE... IN SEPTEMBER!**

thoughts to medicine. He remembered his great-uncle, a country doctor who had often taken him on his daily rounds. That old man had known a good deal about the body but evidently not enough about the mind. Young Chisholm resolved to be a psychiatrist when even the word was hardly known.

By the time he had earned his medical degree at the University of Toronto, studied psychiatry at Yale and London, practised in Oakville and accepted command of the Lorne Scots 25th Infantry Brigade of militia, he foresaw another war. As it approached he prepared to take the first Canadian brigade to England but at the last moment that command went to a professional soldier. Chisholm found himself in charge of a training area, with headquarters at North Bay. Then, in Ottawa, he supervised the training of reinforcements all over Canada as director of personnel selection until he was appointed deputy adjutant-general and finally, against his will, director general of army medical services. His move into the new peacetime health and welfare department was a brief stop on the way to Geneva and the World Health Organization.

The thoughts nagging Chisholm during those busy years finally issued in his declaration at Washington. Since then he has seen no reason to change them. The perfection of nuclear weapons, the rise of Russia and China, the failures of the West, have only confirmed to him his original diagnosis of world-wide social insanity. In hundreds of speeches he has tried to make his diagnosis intelligible to laymen, with the psychiatrist's jargon reduced to the language of the street. Often his speeches sound horrendous and sensational in print, as if he deliberately contrived his headlines and rehearsed his shattering phrases. Actually, he never writes a speech, talks straight off the cuff and has long since given up hope of accurate reporting. In private, however, the angry oracle of the public platform speaks surprisingly quietly, almost deferentially, always cheerfully. And, rejecting all miracles as false, he expects no miracles in his own work.

"There's no chance of much improvement in our generation," he admits. "We're

far too set in our ways to be changed. The only chance is in the next generation, the child. If we can train him properly we may avoid the last war — a fifty-fifty gamble, no better. It's a race between the war and a new generation, a mighty close race."

How, I asked, should the new generation be trained?

"In reality," he said. "For thousands of years man has been systematically trained in unreality. Among the backward countries he's been taught to believe in the ruder sorts of magic, in dozens of dark gods and demons. Among the more advanced countries, like ours, the magic isn't so crude, the gods are more respectable, but the fears of sin and damnation, the hates and prejudices are there all the same, driving us to the same suicide."

"We teach the child a false world, we teach him things we know to be untrue, and thus we teach him to distrust everything he's taught. Then he teaches his child the same thing, with the same results. The only difference in our time is that these things are no longer harmless nonsense, they're the makings of the final blowup."

The child, says Chisholm, should be taught from infancy — in a general way, of course, to be elaborated in high school and university — the true facts of life. The world should be painted for him, warts and all. He must learn about the origins of our planet, the evolution of man from the primordial swamps, the evolution of society, its management and mismanagement, the rise of the great religions, their truths and their errors — in short, an accurate anatomy of the human situation instead of a fairy tale.

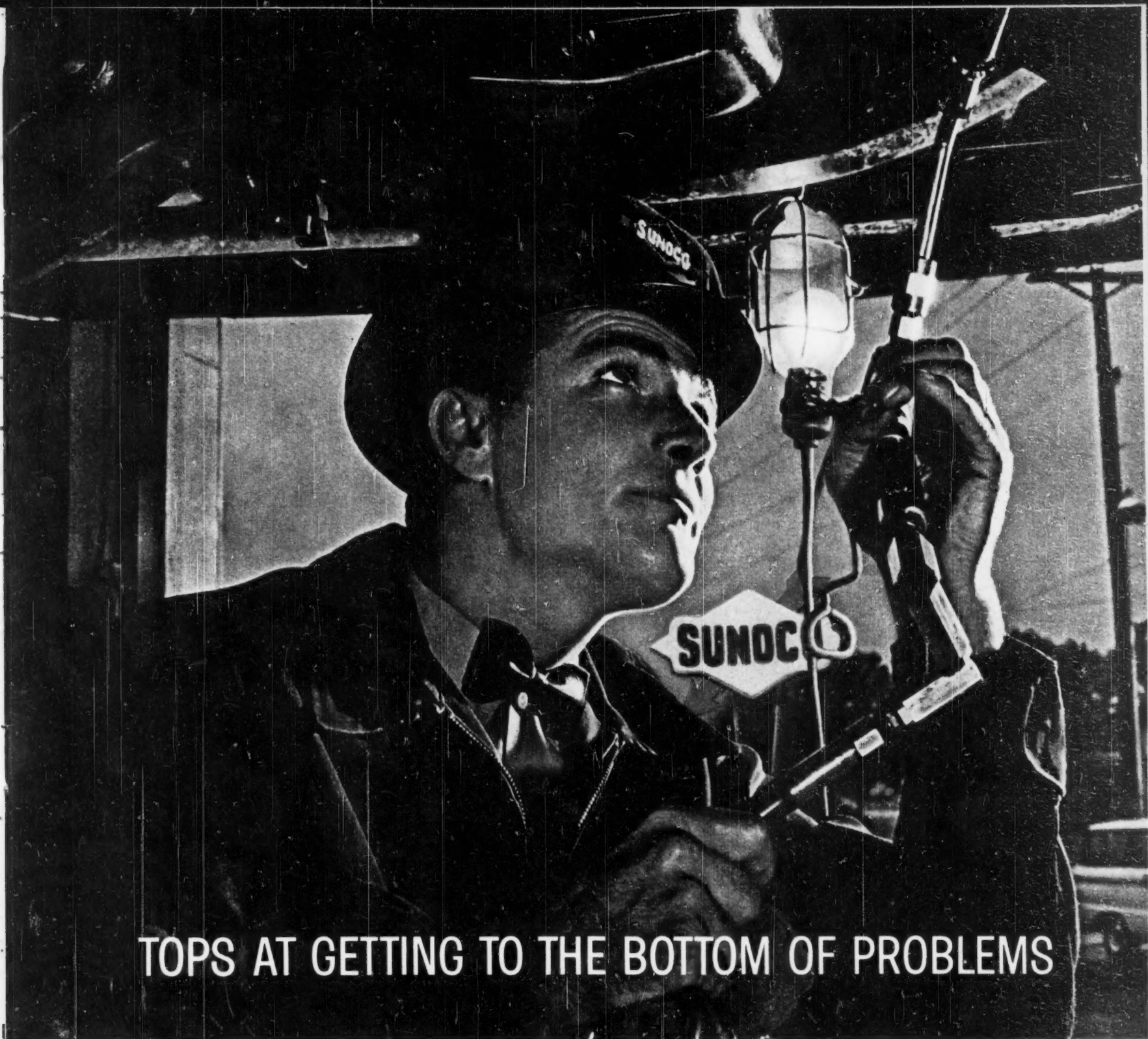
"To begin with," Chisholm said, "the child must be trained in self-discipline, he must conform to social laws, but only up to a point. Beyond that, conformity destroys social development. Freedom to think and imagine is essential to man's progress, indeed to his survival. We must give the child such a hold on reality in place of superstition that he won't grow up with a narrow, unchangeable religion, or racist, nationalistic faiths that make for war. All the world's problems are in the minds of men, but they start in the mind of the child. There's no evidence



"Just say we're terribly busy, not, 'It's a madhouse'."

MACLEAN'S





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For safety's sake—be wise... **WINTERIZE... IN SEPTEMBER!**

but the barriers to world cooperation are inborn or inherited, or are anything more than the result of false training in childhood."

Would Chisholm dethrone all the authority of religion, all the fears of sin and punishment, all the sanctions governing human societies for ages?

Yes, he would, as fast as possible but not, as his critics suppose, for the purpose of destroying morality. His whole objective is a new morality based on facts in place of legends, a new ethic entirely free of the miraculous and therefore workable in the modern world.

Wouldn't it be dangerous, I suggested, to remove the only rules that have kept mankind more or less in order?

"Sure it would," he replied, "but not half so dangerous as the rules themselves. They make destruction absolutely certain. They can't be changed in a hurry, especially in the backward countries, but in more advanced countries you can make a beginning, and that's all I'm talking about."

Since his attack is mainly on organized religion as the propagator of harmful myths, I asked Chisholm if he regarded himself as an atheist.

"Oh, no," he chuckled. "I'm not educated enough to be an atheist. I'd call myself an agnostic. If other men see any evidence of God in human affairs, by all means let them see and follow Him, so long as they don't harm their fellow men. For myself, I see no such evidence."

His agnosticism does not come from ignorance. To understand the mind of the world, Chisholm has studied all the great religions, ancient and modern, and probably knows more about Christianity, for instance, than many ministers of the gospel.

Yet surely, I protested, the religions that he is always deploring gave the world the very ethic he is now preaching.

"Not at all," he said. "The great ethics, like the Christian ethic itself, never came out of organized religion but succeeded in spite of it. They came from the heretics, the rebels against the existing church, invariably. Organized religions by their nature insist on a limited loyalty. They're confined to the believers only. Everyone beyond the magic circle is an outcast to be hated, condemned and destroyed."

"No nation, Christian or pagan," he added with another twinkle, "ever went to war without the full assurance that God was on its side and against the enemy. For the uses of this magic, God is conveniently divided and parcelled out, as required. An odd compromise to Him."

Our general dialogue beside the evening sea had raised serious doubts in my mind, and I detected a certain paradox in Chisholm's. Here was a man whose attacking established religions was expounding a kind of underground, secular religion of his own. If he dismissed every all evidence of the supernatural and all the old definitions, where did he find his new criterion of right and wrong? What was sin, what morality? With no higher power to guide him, how could man ever know where he was going?

Answering the central question of philosophy through the ages, Chisholm said he was solely concerned with practical ideas that would work in the actual world he stood. I gathered, for the ancient doctrine of happiness. Whatever made for happiness, for a sane, healthy, peaceful human order, was good. Whatever made for unhappiness, sickness, poverty and war was bad.

The same pragmatic humanism shapes Chisholm's political ideas. He is not for one ideology or another, for this form of government or that, for capitalism or socialism, but for any system which

## What the Scallop Shell meant to the fountain builders of Rome

Bernini's Bee Fountain, Rome ▶

● Rome was an inland city that dreamed of the sea.

So its fountain builders turned for inspiration to the universal symbol of the ocean voyage—the scallop shell. Bernini, whose work you see here, was one of the many 17th century sculptors who made lavish use of the shell.

From the symbol of the sea, the scallop shell later became the badge of those who go on a quest; for example, the medieval pilgrims who travelled to the shrine of St. James in Spain. The Crusaders, too, adopted the shell as their symbol.

Symbol of the voyage, the search, the quest—the shell, in modern times, supplies both the name and the trademark of one of Canada's most enterprising companies—Shell Oil Company of Canada, Limited.

For Shell, the quest has meant, among other things, exploring in the muskeg and the Arctic snows to enrich Canada's oil supplies. It has meant building plants to produce new and better chemicals from petroleum. It has meant the production of finer gasoline and motor oils.

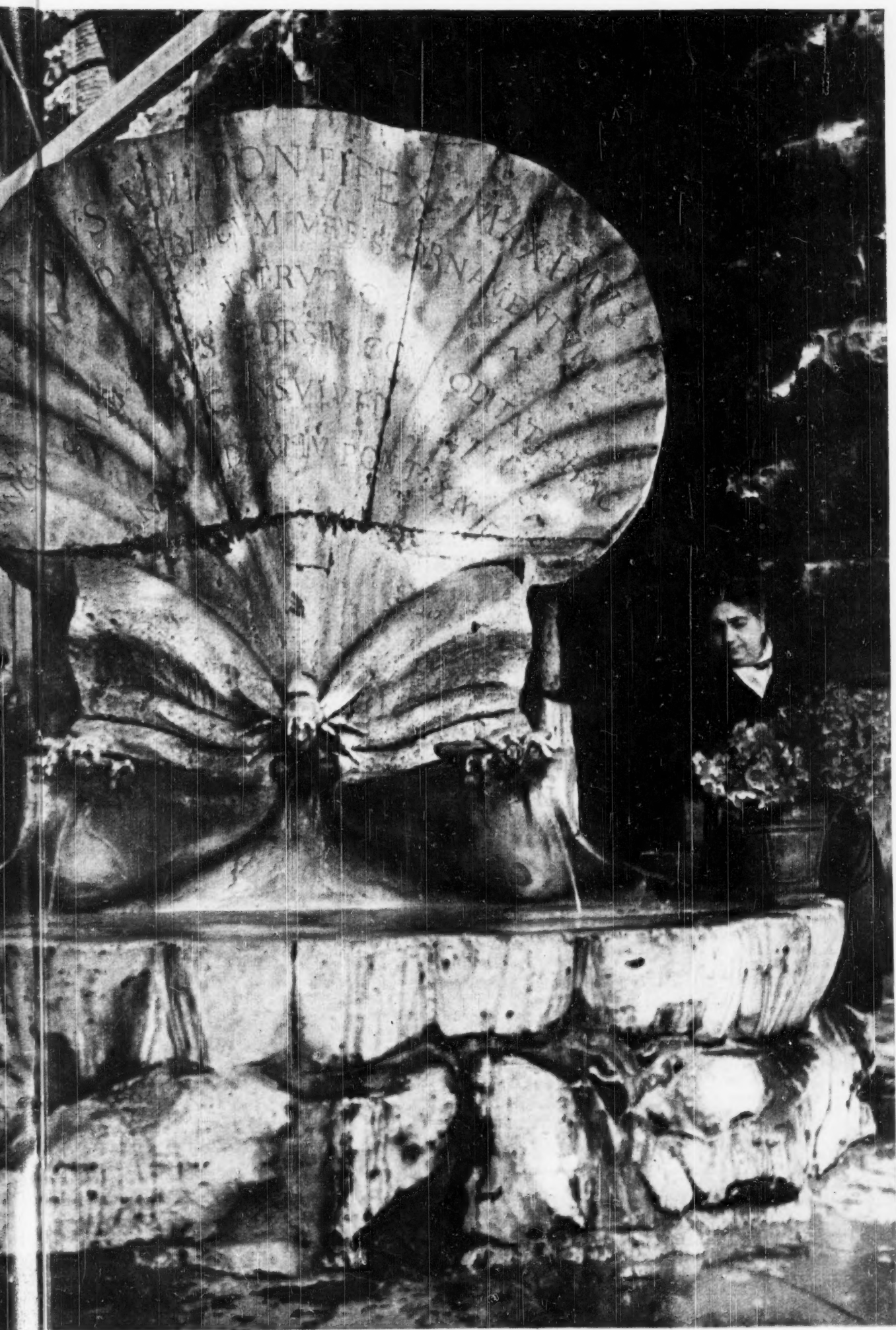
When you see the sign of the shell, we trust it will remind you of our never-ending search for new and better products from petroleum and ever higher standards of quality. *Shell Oil Company of Canada, Limited. 1961—Our 50th Anniversary in Canada.*



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its name, that improves the human condition.

Any viable system, he thinks, will be a combination of opposites — some capitalism, some socialism, some economic freedom, some state controls — but he is sure about one thing: Man must eventually achieve a world government or perish, for the national state is obviously unworkable in our time, the magic of unlimited sovereignty the most dangerous magic of all. In that belief Chisholm is an ardent supporter of the United Nations as the weak, small but growing embryo of a world state.

"Sure," he admitted, "the UN is growing slowly, but faster than many people think. At least we've discovered in the UN that the world doesn't belong by some divine right to the white man. The UN is teaching us the facts of life quite quickly. To the white man they may not be pleasant, but they're the facts."

Is Chisholm just a dewy-eyed do-gooder who expects the white races to pour their treasure into the poorer, colored continents? On the contrary, he is realistic and hard-boiled about foreign aid.

"Most of it," he said, "is wasted because it's so badly managed. A million dollars can be usefully spent in some poor country to improve its medicine, for example, where fifteen millions may do positive harm because it's used to breed corruption, graft and bad government."

#### MAN AGAINST NATURE

*I develop, striding along  
in the rain,  
A sense of power  
as well as disdain  
For forces bent  
on fighting me back —  
I also develop  
a sinus attack.*

THOMAS USK

"The backward peoples are bound to be disappointed with us in any case. Believing in magic of all varieties, they expect us to deliver a new magic and we can't supply it. At the moment they're obsessed with nuclear power. If they could only get it, they think, they'd have prosperity almost next morning. Of course they won't. They're doomed to poverty for generations and when they realize that, a little later on, they'll blame the white man. We've hardly begun to see our trouble with the poor peoples yet."

What, then, can we do?

"We can begin," Chisholm explained, "to reach the elite of those countries — though I detest the word — and gradually educate the men who will run them. Don't imagine they're suddenly going to erect free democratic governments. The best we can hope for is that the strong-man governments they are bound to erect will be more or less reasonable, capable of learning. Some won't be, but that mustn't deter us. We can't save these peoples from the risks of independence. Besides, all the old methods of magic and tyranny have plenty of adherents now, and there's no likelihood that independence will increase their numbers. And there's no use just preaching anticommunism either. These peoples are equally terrified of Russia and the United States."

A practical man of Scottish thrift, Chisholm thinks the West must deal with such governments as happen to appear, whether it likes them or not, must help them to help their own people, mostly by education.

"I sometimes feel," he mused, "that if

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we exported some bicycles to a jungle country and let the kids learn the first rudiments of machinery, we'd do more good than if we gave them complicated equipment that they don't know how to use and will only smash. We have to start from the bottom. And above all, we've got to control the population explosion by systematic birth control, or else there's no hope at all."

Chisholm is not without hope, or even some cautious optimism. The western world's mental climate, he thinks, is changing for the better.

"It's respectable now," he said, "to talk about world government, for example. That in itself is a great gain. People are saying things that I was considered crazy for saying fifteen years ago. Everywhere you see a reaction to conformity, and what does this reaction mean? It means that nonconformity is gaining ground, and that it has to be resisted. Yes, I'm still an optimist about civilization's chances — over a period of time. Whether we'll get the time we need will depend on whether we are able to avoid the bomb, and that will depend on how many people can learn to think in the actual terms of a new world."

One of our worst mistakes, he added, was to expect too much, too fast, from the Russians. His thinking about them was illuminated by a candid talk with a Russian scientist whom he learned to know well.

"This man," he recalled, "was the son of a serf. He saw his father beaten to death for the amusement of a week-end house party of aristocrats. How can you expect such a man, or such a country, to have our regard for the sanctity of human life? After all, it's only a century since the western world abolished slavery. As that man said, the West is seven centuries from Magna Carta and Russia only forty-four years from its revolution. Give us a reasonable time, he said, to catch up. That's something we should remember when we talk about Russia."

A lifetime of constructive heresy has left surprisingly few scars on the heretic. Few men feel more keenly the tragedy of man but Chisholm is too well adjusted, too good a proof of his own theories, to become neurotic himself. As he faces the human crisis he is the picture of serenity and good cheer, apparently the paragon of all those conventional virtues disparaged in his speeches.

Again I detected his paradox. The scientist who advocates a scientific approach to life, the medical doctor who follows all the advances of his profession, hates the institutional spirit. One of his chief abominations is the theory that babies should be separated from their mothers in the interests of sanitation, education or discipline, as in China. He believes that a baby is usually safer with its mother under the worst of physical conditions than in some institution, under the best. His compassion is much deeper than his science. He would change human beings only to make them more human, and happier.

At any rate, Chisholm is a happy man, with his books, his speeches, his woodpile on the beach, his expert carpentry, stone masonry and shrubs. But when I left him in his green cathedral he was momentarily depressed. The raccoons were devastating his garden again and he had rigged up a painless trap for them. Tomorrow morning he expected to find at least one raccoon in the trap and it would have to be executed, mercifully, with the fumes from an automobile engine.

That prospect made Chisholm, the ferocious heretic, iconoclast and agnostic, almost physically sick. ★

## SWEEPSTAKE LOSER *continued from page 30*

**A three-dollar gamble bought a hundred hand-shakes — and a week of anguish**

man who labors for a living, and whose first concern is the welfare of his children. By now the news had appeared in the Vancouver papers, along with Tom's picture on the front page of the Sun, smiling at his ticket. "Father of three, Tom Marsh of Squamish, holds Irish ticket on Dandy Scott," the caption said. The odds were quoted as ten-to-one. Knowing nothing whatsoever of betting, I was silly enough to believe we had a ten to one chance of winning, until someone enlightened me.

The phone started ringing in earnest. Long distance calls came one after the other. Letters arrived from friends we had not seen for years. Everywhere my husband went, people stopped to shake his hand, and always the message was the same. "We're keeping our fingers crossed for you, Tom, wishing you luck." At the bank, the post office, the barber shop the story was repeated day after day. Once a waitress, always before reserved to the point of haughtiness, said to him, "Get me a touch up, and see if you are real!"

At school our daughter Margaret went through a series of questions. "What are you going to do if you win, Margaret?" "Get him a trip to Hawaii!" "Will you and your husband go?" "No, you going to move away?" She and her mother were the ones to cry at the moment. Unfortunately, the day after her father's picture appeared in the paper, she forgot her lunch money, and in spite of her impending wealth had to go scrambling among the boys in her class to borrow for lunch.

It was she who accompanied the wife, springing into the chaos of well-wishers. One girl, weary of hearing to winning announcements about Margaret, said snidely, "Congratulations are in order. Besides, if you win, you'll have to pay an awful amount."

She was laughing at that. Then a large crowd of people in Canada City went by. Margaret had been in luck. A crowd of people on the street, when they were stopped by a policeman, were waiting about the bus. Margaret, smiling in a modest way, asked the captain (quite to himself) why women don't pay more for their hair. Other people, some right there in the line, started to applaud. It was not her hair, but her winning over a million dollars in a single sweepstake in the mail. In

fact, there are so many winners here and in the U. S. that the Hospitals' Trust, Ltd., in Dublin, which runs the sweeps, keeps some permanent officials in both countries. They work for a big business. Even after giving the Irish government and hospitals almost half the money, it takes in the company lately has been able to pay more than \$5,000,000 in prizes after each race. Long before the race is run, the sweep employees in Canada send out twelve ticket books to distributors across the country who hire "pushers" to place the books in cigar stores, beauty parlors, restaurants, bars — almost anywhere people gather. A ticket costs three dollars, and I'd never dreamed you could buy so much fun for such a low price.

As I was home most of the time, I was

## PUT HIM DOWN AS A CHARACTER

This well-known Tucson, Arizona, C. Markdale, seems to be a unique person. If the following comments attributed to him are accurate:

ON KIDNEY STONES:

"They might ruin some businessmen, but not me. They are made of simple ingredients."

ON HIS INSULIN:

"Never insulins. It's not the brains and good looks you make — it's the insulin. Insulin is not pick up in the arteries."

ON HIS OWN WIFE (PAUSE):

"Think something to watch you for. Put the much emphasis on getting along with the other sex, and the best thing you know, then looked out in a day."

ON HIS OWN MOUTH:

"Master of the tongue. The greatest thing in the world is the tongue. It's the tongue of a politician, and it's the tongue of a politician."

ON HIS OWN MOUTH (PAUSE):

"I don't know. Things change so fast these days. I wouldn't have the slightest idea what to tell you."

MARK DAVIDSON

less exposed than Tom to the public eye, though once when I ventured out the grocer asked if I were giving out cigars yet, and a passing driver bellowed from his truck, "I'm pulling for you." Old friends called one afternoon, and were astonished to find me cleaning out the bookcase.

"We thought you'd be celebrating," they said.

It was hard to explain why I had the sudden urge to clean the bookcase, but the drive was there to have the house shining clean, if we became suddenly rich. I didn't want to be caught with dusty bookcases.

Our sole topic of conversation was the approaching race. "I wish your mother could have known about your ticket," I said one mealtime to my husband. (Both his parents have been dead for some years.) "She would have been so delighted." An odd look crossed Tom's face. "I'm glad she and Dad don't know," he said in an almost shamefaced way. "Dad being a clergyman, they never approved of betting. Notice we haven't heard from any of my relatives at all? I guess they think I'm terrible."

He later received a letter from his sister in Montreal, with the warmest of wishes. For the first time in her life she had read a list of ticket holders in the Irish sweeps and been startled to see her brother's name leap out at her from the newspaper. Her husband had bought a ticket and so had several other relatives, so Tom ceased to worry about the family's scruples. He had other things to worry about, anyway. High-strung and nervous, it bothered him to have people pursuing him, though all they wanted was to shake his hand and wish him luck. He hated to leave his office at the bank, but he had to do his banking and pick up the mail. It was impossible for him to avoid well-wishers. Even at home he was under a terrible strain, as ordered I was too. And our viewpoints often clashed.

"What are you going to do with the money if you lose places?" I asked him at last, because he had never discussed this with me.

"I don't think I'd keep on long with this job," he said.

"What would you do?" "You could!"



just loaf around the rest of your life and do nothing."

"Who said I'd do nothing?" he said irritably. "I'd get more education. I always wanted to be a lawyer. Maybe I'd study law."

"At your age?" I questioned with a wifely lack of tact.

"Well, why not? Other men have done it."

"You've been too long away from school," I cried out inwardly. "It's too late for you to start over now."

Aloud I said: "Wouldn't we travel? Do something interesting? I always wanted to see Europe."

"Why daydream about something that may not happen, and then be disappointed?"

"But daydreams are all I have," I cried out in passionate protest. "If I can't dream, then I get no fun out of it at all."

"You and Dad are quarreling already."

## PARADE

### Pnu boy

School teachers are bracing themselves for the start of a new term, including one supply teacher in Hamilton, Ont., who has still barely recovered from the experience last spring of having a hulking lad sitting directly in front of her desk whoomp three gigantic sneezes right at her.



"Young man," she said from behind the shield of her raised hands, "I admit I'm terrified of cold germs. Would you mind taking an empty seat at the back?"

The big lad rose to full height, gathered up his books, and loftily advised, "You should accept a thing like this as an occupational hazard."

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and we haven't even won anything yet," our daughter observed unhappily. "And I hope we don't win, if I have to leave Squamish. I like it here and I don't want to move."

I wasn't at all sure that I wanted to move either. I liked our house that we had moved into nine years ago when it was just a skeleton of two-by-fours under a blue roof, with no inner walls or flooring or ceiling; all these things we had added, and now we had an attractive white bungalow set in green lawns. No, I didn't want to leave it even for one on a much grander scale. I liked our friends and neighbors too, and our simple small-town life. I did not really relish the idea of change.

I began to lie awake at night, to doze fitfully only to waken again.

"What will we do with all that money?" I fretted in the small morning hours. "It will change everything. We'll have to entertain, not just friends in for coffee, but real parties. Will it be good for the children to have so much money, to be handed an expensive education? Of course it would be nice for our son to have his own car, and the girls could share a car while they were both in college —" (My daughters have yet to forgive me for not allowing them a car apiece.)

When I mentioned the children's cars to my husband, he snorted. "Last week you were saying the Jones boy would



This Fall, why not bag a *chevreuil*? Deer, that is, in friendly

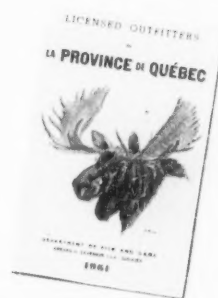
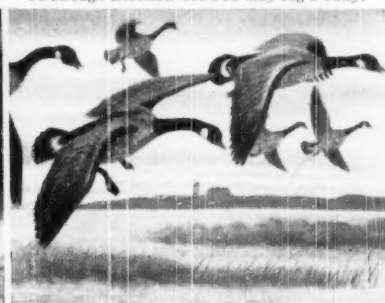
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Hyndman

"Guess who I ran into?"

never amount to a hill of beans because his father gave him a new car of his own. Now you want our own kids to have cars. Why don't you stop dreaming?"

But it wasn't so easy. When I did my cleaning I'd think: "I hate the color of this rug. If Tom wins, I'll get a new one, a soft Indian rug, all blue and rose tones." Arranging my shoes in the shoe bag, it occurred to me that I could give away all my old pairs, especially those that were two-for-the-price-of-one and had never fit properly. I'd buy a pair of Cinderella slippers in transparent plastic with rhinestone heels, like the ones my daughter had for graduation. (No mother of teen-aged daughters can afford frivolous clothes for herself.)

One thought rankled a little. The money, if any, would be all Tom's. He had bought the ticket with no encouragement from me. A wife earns a share in her husband's regular income through the encouragement she gives him over the years, through the dinners she keeps hot when he comes home late, through the thousand sacrifices she makes of her time and wishes. But I had not earned the slightest share in his sweepstake ticket, so I would not be able to say, "We'll buy this or that." Tom had never even hinted this was so, but I knew in all fairness it was the truth, and it rankled. Our innermost thoughts are not always noble.

The week was rushing on. The dream — or was it a nightmare? — of winning was always in our minds. I wrote our daughter Jeannie at college a serious letter, saying: "We may come into a large sum of money." My elderly aunt wrote to suggest we buy an annuity for each member of the family. My husband wondered what the town would expect of him if his horse came first. Open house? No, we didn't want to entertain scores of people we hardly knew who were looking for excitement and free drinks. Yet he must make some gesture of good fellowship. The barber, a kindly man with his finger always on the town's pulse, suggested he celebrate by telling the local hotels to open a keg of beer with free drinks to all comers.

And the churches. Should you give gifts to the churches out of sweepstake win-

nings? Well, why not? Surely that's a cause to be remembered, and after all, money is money.

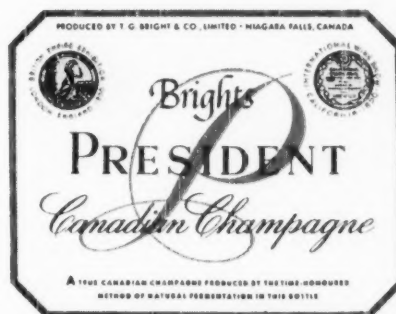
By now the early exhilaration that had carried us all along on a high tide of expectation was beginning to wear thin. The odds of ten to one had seemed remarkably good at first, but now other ticket holders held horses with even better odds, eight to one at first, then seven and a half to one.

"You can't tell a thing," an oldtimer said to Tom. "Any other kind of race, your horse would be sure to place with the name and the odds he's got. But in the Grand National it don't mean a thing. The best horse may fall over a barrier or into a ditch, and a rank outsider may win."

A sketch of the race track and a description of its hazards had appeared in the Vancouver Sun. I studied both carefully because my ignorance about the whole business was abysmal, and now that we had a stake in its outcome I wanted to have an intelligent understanding of its operation. I learned a few things: the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes are based on the English Grand National Steeplechase, which is run at Aintree, Liverpool. At four and a half miles, it's the longest race run in Britain, with the horses going twice around a triangular course containing thirty obstacles, including thorn fences, ditches and a treacherous-looking water-jump entailing a leap of more than fifteen feet. In spite of recent alterations, the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals claims that Aintree is still too tough even for the fittest horses. There is seldom a year when horses are not killed in the race, and in 1928 one horse, Tipperary Tim, a 100-1 outsider, finished the race alone.

Though we told ourselves repeatedly that we must not count on our horse winning or even placing, the atmosphere at home was tense and by no means harmonious. My husband definitely wanted to win first prize of \$140,000. Although I felt disloyal toward him because of it, I just as definitely did not want to win the grand prize; it involved too much upheaval, too many problems I was not prepared to face. Yet I wanted to win some-

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thing substantial, second prize of \$58,000, or third of \$24,000 would suit me perfectly. It would be wonderful to know that my husband did not have to work so hard, that the children could have the best education they could absorb, that our future would be secure.

By Friday evening the world had become a stage for a stirring theatrical performance that would reach its climax in ten swift minutes on Saturday morning, changing how many lives in its unpredictable outcome? In so swift a time we would be hurtled willy-nilly into fame and for-

tune, or tumbled back into the old routine, our one chance of riches snatched away almost as soon as we had glimpsed it.

"How can you stand the waiting?" a friend asked, "How can you possibly stand it?"

Strangely, after four nights of tossing and turning, worrying because we might win the money, or worrying because we might not win it, Tom and I both slept soundly through that last night, like children worn out waiting for Santa Claus.

The alarm woke us next morning at seven, and the rest of the family put on

dressing gowns and gathered round the radio, listening to the commentary before the broadcast of the actual race began at 7:30 a.m. However, I dressed completely, combed my hair, and applied lipstick, which I seldom put on before breakfast. We had all agreed that we did not expect to win; then why in the world did I doll up, if it were not to be ready for the friends who would soon arrive to congratulate us?

I had just joined the group around the radio when the phone rang. Supposing it was a customer wanting service, my husband said tersely, "Tell them I'm busy." Our son answered. It was a thoughtful call from a friend, a woman who keeps horses, to make sure we knew the race was on the air. Our last call the night before had been from a man with the incredible name of Pat O'Mahoney, wishing us the luck of the Irish! A good omen, surely.

It was 7:30. There was some confusion at the starting line. Then the horses were off. The comments were brief, terse, and rapid. The accent of the commentator, added to touches of trans-Atlantic static, made it hard for me, with a hearing loss, to follow accurately the progress of the horses, but I hung my head over the radio and made of it what sense I could.

Our horse, Dandy Scott, was on the announcer's lips. From fifth in the running, he soon worked up to fourth, then third. Second. First!

"My God! We're going to win!"

And all of a sudden I wanted like mad to win. Forgotten were all doubts and worries; the horse-racing fever got me at the very end; we were going to win and it was wonderful.

Then, suddenly, Dandy Scott was no longer in the lead. I was listening so hard it hurt. Merryman II, Team Spirit, they said, and then Dandy Scott's name again. What were they saying about him?

"He's still winning, isn't he?" I cried out, raising my head at last to look at the others. Their faces looked subtly different as they stared back at me.

"He fell over the last jump," my husband said tonelessly.

He left the room, got himself a drink, and returned to listen out the race. But our hearts were no longer in it, and it made no difference to us now who won.

The rejoicing and the \$140,000 went, among others, to a Vancouver housewife with a ticket on Merryman II.

Dandy Scott had fallen at the Canal Turn, half way round the track on the first time round. Next evening we watched the race on television and saw him fall; we could only pick him out because we knew where he fell. Others had fallen before him, many others fell after him. Some of the horses kept running long after they had thrown their riders. Out of twenty-six starters, only eight horses finished the race, and one horse that had crashed into a fence had to be destroyed.

Afterward we laughed at my asking, "He's still winning, isn't he?" and my husband's flat reply: "He fell over the last jump." But it wasn't very funny at the time. We felt lifeless and dispirited. The phone rang once, a kindly call of condolence, and then fell strangely silent. Next door, our friend the milkman started his daily round with his usual cheery spirits smothered in a fog of gloom. Everyone had told us if we won we should leave town in a hurry, as all kinds of people would pester us. We decided to leave anyway, and Tom, Margaret, and I took the car and ferry across to Vancouver Island. For three days we drove up and down the island; the weather was cold and wet, and Margaret caught a wretched cold. But we sat, the three of us cosy in the front seat, watching the rain pour down on the beautiful island forests, laughing because I mistook some cows in a field for people playing golf, singing sometimes, thoroughly relaxed and happy.

Then we went back home, to the old round of work. Tom's disappointment was abiding. Mine was transient. A thousand times since, we have discussed the race and its outcome. It fascinates everyone we know. All the men think it would be a fine thing to have won first prize. All the women think \$140,000 is too much money to win all at once in a glare of publicity. Over and over they have assured me, "You're better off without it." They don't need to tell me that. I knew it all along.

We went to church one Sunday several weeks after the race was over. The minister shook our hands with extra warmth and said, incredibly, "Better luck next time!" ★

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## A boys' prank with railway flares started a \$50,000 warehouse fire. The owner couldn't collect a cent.

decision. A juvenile may have his case adjourned without disposition, as about twelve percent are each year. But because he is nonetheless a delinquent he can be recalled to court anytime until he is 21, and treated or sentenced without a chance to give evidence on his own behalf.

Under Section 9 of the Act, a juvenile over fourteen accused of committing an indictable offense can have his case transferred to adult court, but there is no clear stipulation as to when this should be done. Depending on the discretion of the judge, one 15-year-old accused of murder may be tried in juvenile court and sent to training school; another, up for breaking and entering, may go to adult court, thence to jail or a reformatory.

It isn't only juveniles who are affected by loopholes in the Act. One section, for instance, deals with contributing to juvenile delinquency, an indictable offense which can be charged against an adult. It carries a maximum penalty of a \$500 fine and two years in jail, and cases are

parade stories is true; calm outraged complainants and distraught parents; try to see that legal rules of evidence are followed; yet treat each child as an individual needing his own kind of treatment. The judge knows that, no matter what he does, about

ten percent of the children will be back in court within a year. Up to half will return at least once while they are still juveniles, some fifteen times. One third will violate probation, and, in some provinces, about forty-five percent of those sent to train-

ing school will get into trouble later.

A. M. Kirkpatrick, of Toronto, chairman of the Canadian Corrections Association, says, "the weaknesses in our methods of dealing with delinquents are often se-

Continued on page 58

### RESOLUTION FOR LAST YEAR

*Now that Leap Year's over,  
Some girls who got their men  
Are certain if they had the chance  
They wouldn't leap again.*

F. G. KERNAN

usually heard in juvenile court. Because — except in Quebec — juvenile court judges need not be lawyers, and the Act makes no mandatory provision for prosecutor or defense lawyers it is quite possible for an adult to be tried, convicted and sentenced on this serious charge, with no one with any legal training present. This would be unheard of in an ordinary criminal court. (A juvenile court ruling can be appealed but seldom is, perhaps because most people aren't fully aware of their rights.)

On the other side of the ledger, an adult who has suffered damage by juveniles isn't likely to get compensation. Juveniles can't be fined more than \$25 under the Act, and their parents can't be ordered to pay unless it is proven the parents contributed to the offense by neglect or some other established fact. A warehouse-owner in Wentworth County, Ont., recently saw his shed and contents burned to the ground after some youngsters planted railway flares along the warehouse ledge. He couldn't collect a cent from the boys or their families, although the damage was \$50,000.

In twenty-five full-time juvenile courts and scores of part-time courts across the country, hard-working juvenile court judges also bear the onus of both prosecutor and defense lawyer. About thirty percent of all juvenile cases are heard in small towns where a regular magistrate may double as juvenile judge, or a part-time judge (he may be a retired school teacher or clergyman) hears a few juvenile cases a week. Court facilities are often "non-existent or woefully inadequate," in the words of one judge, who surveyed the situation in Ontario, and court itself is liable to be held in any vacant room the municipality can get rent-free.

Within a few minutes, the judge in many cases must decide which of several dis-



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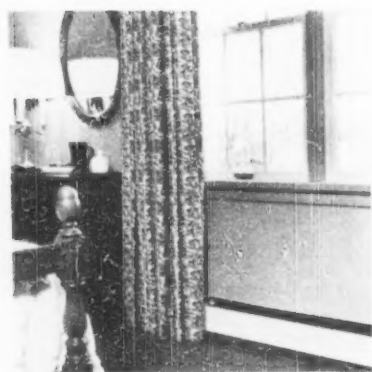
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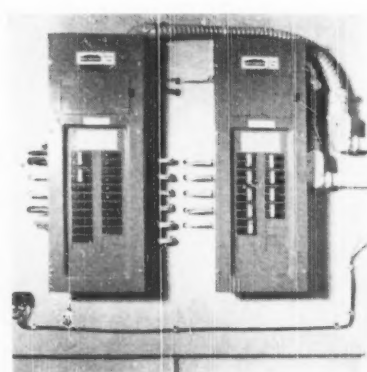
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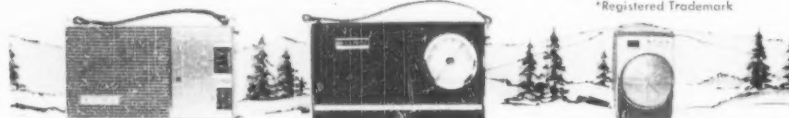
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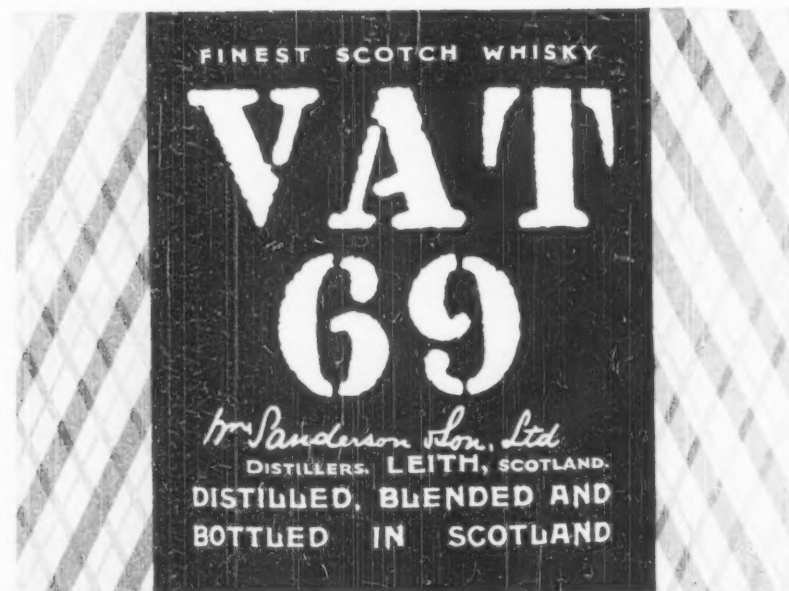
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## ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT



rious. Many police officers are interested only in apprehending, rather than handling juveniles. In many places there is inadequate provision for custody, study and treatment. Probation services are frequently understaffed and probation officers sometimes untrained in child behavior."

British Columbia corrections director E. G. B. Stevens says that "far too large a proportion of adult criminals have passed at an earlier age through juvenile court." A series of articles in the Winnipeg Free Press early this summer called Manitoba's policies and programs for juvenile offenders "medieval," the Winnipeg detention home "disgracefully inadequate," and Manitoba juvenile court judges "political appointees who regularly try to treat emotionally disturbed children with an eight-minute lecture from the bench."

Though only about one case of juvenile delinquency in five ever gets to juvenile court, many experts believe far more juvenile offenders should be dealt with informally, by police juvenile bureaus, probation officers, and foster homes, instead of by courts. "We don't do this, simply because we haven't the staff," according to a probation officer. "After all, it's much easier to put a kid in a detention home and let the court deal with him, whether or not this is best for the kid."

The average Ontario probation officer has about sixty children to keep tab on, although the efficient maximum has been set at thirty-five. W. T. Little, social services director of the Toronto Juvenile and Family Court, says about twice as many children could benefit from foster homes, "but hardly anybody wants to take a chance on a delinquent youngster."

Lacking such a chance, a delinquent youngster's future may parallel that of an habitual criminal named, for this article, Ned Malone. Malone was picked up in British Columbia and charged with theft and truancy when he was eight years old. He was put on probation. He turned to breaking and entering and was sent to training school. On his release he became involved in a series of car thefts, was sent back to training school, released, turned to housebreaking, appeared in magistrate's court, and was put on probation again. He wasn't yet 16. Later he turned to drugs, and was sent to Oakalla prison farm for robbery. On his release he took part in an armed robbery and is now in penitentiary.

"This man should have been sent to a home for disturbed children," says Harry Robson, a Vancouver probation officer. "But there is no public institution of this kind in the province, and private ones are far too expensive."

Unlike an adult court, few people not intimately connected with juvenile court know what goes on there, and they haven't much chance to find out. In a sweeping interpretation of the Juvenile Delinquents Act, which seeks to protect children from publicity by providing that hearing be held in camera, the majority of juvenile courts prohibit not only the public but all outsiders, and all reporters, from juvenile cases. Thus, breaches in legal procedure, cases of slipshod handling or inadequate disposition of juveniles are seldom, if ever reported, unless some court official talks out of turn — at the risk of losing his job. (To sit in on the Toronto juvenile court, in assembling the facts for this article, it was necessary to get permission from the Ontario attorney-general, which was given only on the understanding that the judge would be shown relevant parts of the article before it was printed. Judge Hugh Arrell, of the Juvenile and Family Court of Wentworth County, Ont., on the other hand, maintains a reasonably open court, admits reporters from what he considers

"reputable" newspapers on certain cases, and some others with a special interest in social work. But this court is the exception rather than the rule.)

The Juvenile Delinquents Act wrote in a safeguard against excessive secrecy by providing for a juvenile court committee of interested citizens, appointed by the court, to attend hearings and advise the court on its methods of handling delinquents. In fact, not many courts have such committees.

Nor is there as complete information on juvenile delinquency as the courts, enforcement officers, and even the public really need. There are only estimates, for instance, of the number of children held in jails before trial instead of in regular detention homes. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics, in its latest report, had no information at all on about a third of all juvenile cases, and labeled them simply "informal" cases. The same sketchiness extends to research on delinquent behavior. Depending on whether the crime rate stays steady or keeps rising, there will likely be between 14,000 and 18,000 juvenile convictions in 1966. "Yet in Canada," says D. W. F. Coughlan, Ontario's direc-

## PARADE

### Pair of kings

A Vancouver tourist in Mexico discovered that the busy streets of Mazatlan were dusty but no problem, as hordes of young shoe-shine muchachos were always eager to shine his shoes for one Mexican peso—eight cents. One urchin whose smiling persistence finally won the Canadian from all other com-



petitors, grandly waved him to place his foot on a well-worn stand—then rolled his eyes in horror at sight of the size-12 brogans. "Grande! Grande! Mucho grande!" he wailed. "Dos pesos, Señor, dos pesos!" So the big Vancouverite doled out eight cents per shoe, instead of per pair.

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tor of probation services. "We've done no research into the causes of delinquency. It's the most important lack in all our services for juveniles."

Probably the chief bar to any kind of consistent handling of juvenile delinquents over the years, however, has been the constitutional division of provincial and federal responsibility in making and enforcing laws. Here, the law relating to juveniles is unique.

Although the federal Act deals with delinquency as a crime, it isn't part of the Criminal Code, and thus can't become law in any province unless that province first proclaims it — either provincially or for a particular district — then passes a provincial act setting up juvenile courts to administer it.

In parts of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the federal Act is still not in force. Juveniles in these areas can be, and are, tried in adult courts and sentenced to jail, a situation termed "astounding," by the Fauteux Committee inquiring into Canada's remission services in





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1956. Some provinces also skirt some of the requirements of the federal Act by writing overriding clauses into their own laws. In this way they can avoid providing special detention homes for children, for instance, by allowing the provincial attorney-general to name any place — such as a cell of the county jail — a detention home. In Ontario, British Columbia and New Brunswick, the juvenile court setup is even more complex because municipalities there must pay the costs directly. No town gets a court unless it asks for it, and the task of overcoming public apathy is often long and discouraging.

The provinces haven't even agreed on what a juvenile is. The Act sets no minimum age, and while most judges don't hold hearings on children under eight, it's possible to be found delinquent, and even sent to training school, at seven or under. There were 19 seven-year-olds declared delinquent in 1959, according to DBS.

In British Columbia, Manitoba and Quebec, the maximum age for a juvenile is 17. In Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland it's 16. In Alberta girls under 18 and boys under 16 are juveniles, while in the rest of the country no one is a juvenile unless he's under 16.

This is what can happen to a 16-year-old in a province where 15 is the maximum juvenile age. At 15, a boy from an "extremely troubled" home in Ontario, came up in juvenile court for a minor misdemeanor, and was put on probation. Some time later, in an accident at home, he was severely burned and went to hospital. Chafing under hospital routine, he stole some clothes and walked out. "Because he was by now 16 he was charged in adult court, convicted, and sentenced to six months in jail," the boy's probation officer says. "Yet, in everything except calendar age, he was still a child. His

mental age was about 11. As a juvenile, he'd probably have been given a renewed term on probation, which would have been far better treatment for him."

On the other hand, B.C., Manitoba and Quebec courts, staggering under a load of juvenile highway infractions, armed robberies and drunkenness, would like to be

## PARADE

**LSMFT: Loud slogans mean fresh teen-agers**

A store keeper in the Port Elgin, Ont., resort area has ample opportunity for research into teen-age social customs during the summers, and he reports with suppressed alarm on the unfolding of a whole new behaviour pattern. Some innocent pedestrian is sauntering down the street when suddenly an old jalopy screeches to a stop and the driver shouts, "Are you smoking more now but enjoying it less?" Or a bike narrowly misses a parcel-loaded housewife as she steps off the curb, and she's told in a vanishing shout, "Fling your old flour sifter in the trash can!" So if you are suddenly shaken from your middle-aged dreams at some crossroads by "Don't be half safe!" don't say we didn't warn you.

*Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.*

able to transfer more cases of 16- and 17-year-olds to adult courts. "Some juveniles of 16 and 17 must learn to accept their responsibilities," says B. C. corrections director Stevens.

Saskatchewan has probably traveled farthest toward the welfare approach to juvenile crime. A report on every juvenile

charged by police goes to the provincial child welfare branch before the court hearing. Court is generally held on branch premises and, if a child is found delinquent, the case is adjourned while a branch social worker prepares a report on the child's background. This becomes the basis of treatment or punishment when the case is reopened. Saskatchewan doesn't charge juvenile girls, except in extremely serious cases handled in adult courts, but turns them over to child welfare authorities directly, where they may be declared neglected and made wards of the province.

In Ontario about forty percent of all cases come before the Juvenile and Family Court of Metropolitan Toronto, which began operating in a gleaming new \$2,000,000 building four years ago with five judges, a 130-member staff including psychiatric specialists, and high hopes for the future. Last year it handled 2,700 children. One of them was a 12-year-old named, for the purposes of this report, Frederick Small. A few months ago police in Fred Small's district began catching him with small articles which had been reported missing by neighborhood shops. They warned him that more thefts would mean juvenile court. A few days ago, a neighbor reported his car broken into and several articles missing from the glove compartment.

Police traced the theft to Fred Small. They charged him formally and notified his parents. Because they weren't sure whether they could count on him showing up in court next morning, they brought him to the court detention wing, a reasonably attractive, maximum-security children's lockup in the court building. Fred was shown to a small, brick-walled room with a high window, a bed and small chest, where he spent the night.

In the morning he was examined by a

medical doctor (on part-time service to the court) and just after 10 a.m. was taken to the courtroom. There were few people in the sombre, wood-paneled room: only the judge (a kind-looking man in a business suit), a policewoman, the clerk of the court, a probation officer, one or two welfare workers who were involved in cases still to be heard, and Fred's mother. The youngster walked to the foot of the raised desk behind which sat Senior Judge Lorne Stewart, who is considered by his colleagues to be one of the country's best juvenile court judges. The policewoman stepped into the witness box, was sworn, and began reading the police evidence against the boy.

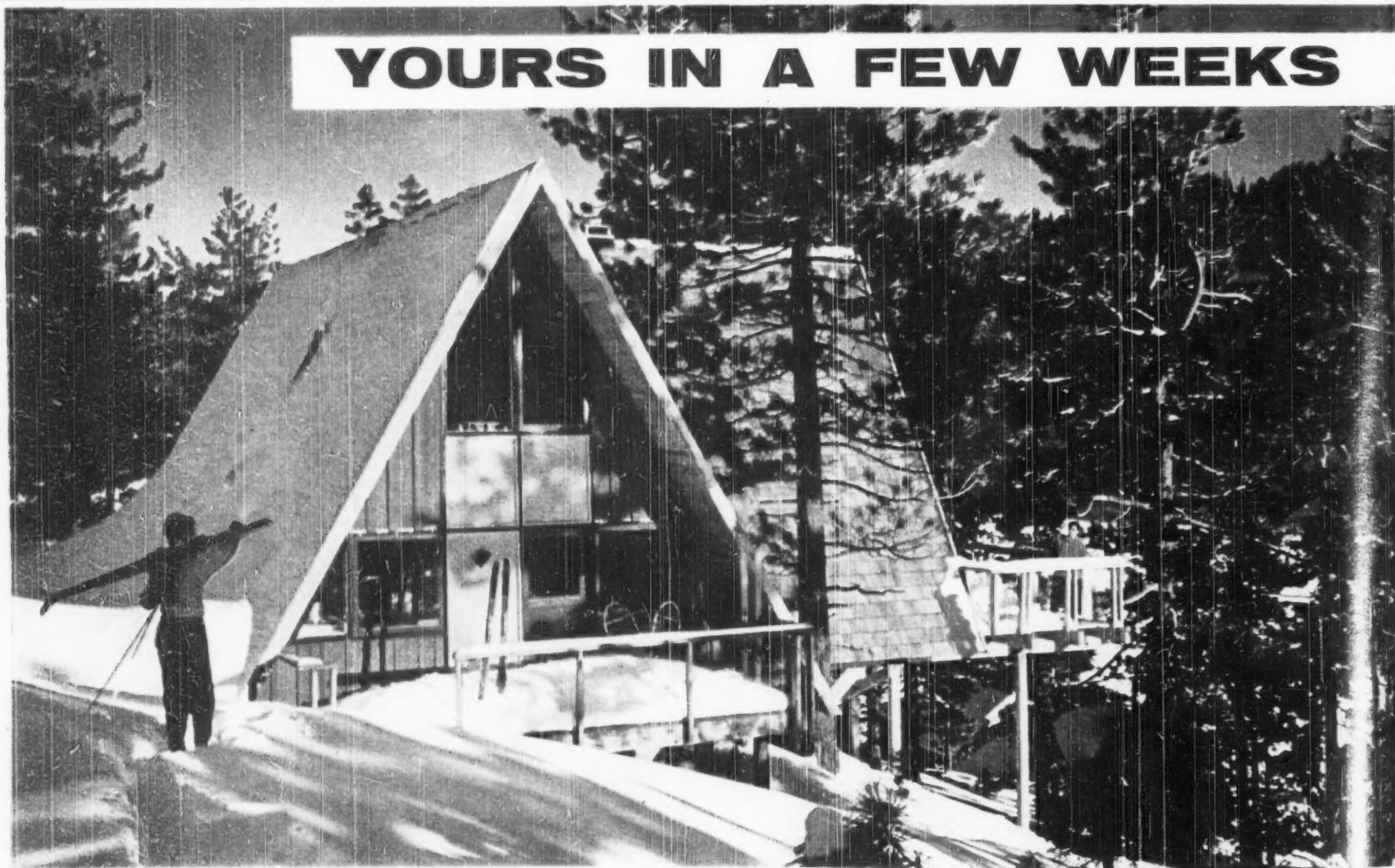
"Is this right, Freddie? Did you do these things?" the judge asked when she had finished. (Children are seldom put on oath, although all evidence against them must be sworn.)

Fred said he had. In the part of town where he lives a lot of boys do the same kind of thing. He hadn't realized there was much wrong in it. The judge asked Freddie a few more questions. Then he asked Mrs. Small if she could help. She said this was the first she'd heard of her son's stealing.

Since there was no doubt about the thefts, the judge decided Fred was a juvenile delinquent within the meaning of the law, though he didn't say this. He remanded the boy to the detention wing for a week, to give court social workers a chance to try to find some clues to his trouble.

For the next several days Fred played games with the other boys in the wing, sometimes outside in the walled courtyard. He read comics, watched television at specified times, and did craft work in the detention workroom. Here the craft teacher kept a close watch to observe how he

## YOURS IN A FEW WEEKS





worked and how he got along with the other boys. She reported her findings to the supervisor. Fred was tested by the clinic's psychologist, and had several counseling sessions with the detention wing supervisor. Meanwhile a probation officer called on Fred's parents and talked to his school teachers.

The next week Fred came back to court. The judge now had reports from the probation officer and the court clinic staff in front of him. Fred's father, the judge learned, isn't home much and his mother, with four smaller children to look after, hasn't much time for the boy. But the judge saw no sign of serious trouble, either in Fred's personality or in his environment. He decided to dispose of the boy the same way he disposes of the majority of his cases, by putting him on probation and assigning him to a probation officer. Fred went back to the detention wing to pick up his things, and the probation officer made a date for their first meeting.

How will it work? No one can be sure. Though this one juvenile court spends more than \$600,000 a year in an effort to help Fred and families with other domestic problems, the Toronto court doesn't pretend to have all the answers. It's already met, and hopes it has solved, one serious situation involving the whole philosophy of handling delinquent youngsters.

When the Metro court was set up in 1954, a full psychiatric clinic was one of its aims. It hasn't yet been able to keep one long. In the last three years two clinic directors and six assistants have resigned. The court is now convinced that the reasons for their dissatisfaction — which were largely bureaucratic — have been overcome.

Dr. William Blatz, a Toronto child specialist, serves the court as consulting psychiatrist. He estimates about 300 children

get intensive psychiatric investigation each year. "There is ample room for more psychiatric help," he says. Dr. Elizabeth Govan, a lecturer in social work at the University of Toronto and one of a two-member team which in 1959 reported on Toronto juvenile court services for the attorney-general, is more vehement. "If a judge uses a court clinic's knowledge only to make his own decision on a child's future, the clinic in fact is only being used for diagnosis, not treatment," she says.

Police forces in several metropolitan areas have formed youth bureaus to deal with troublesome youngsters before they reach the courts. Special officers are assigned to juvenile work, and detailed records on all juveniles who come to notice kept. "Now we can tell at a glance if a kid has been in trouble before and can do something with him before it's too late," explains Det.-Sgt. James Patterson of the Hamilton Youth Bureau.

Alberta now deals with juveniles through a special branch of the attorney-general's department. Ottawa has begun working with pre-delinquents in antisocial street gangs. Montreal's Police Boys Club, modeled on the New York Police Athletic League, organizes games and tournaments for delinquent and potentially delinquent youngsters.

We are building some new training schools, with some separation of incorrigible youngsters from the others, and specialized treatment for them. Montreal will open its new maximum security institution, Le Centre Ferme, next year to funnel off some of the 400-odd boys now in jail or penitentiary because no juvenile institution is adequate for them.

At its national congress this spring the Canadian Corrections Association resolved to make a fresh approach to the department of justice on its long-ignored brief to



revise the Juvenile Delinquents Act, and asked the department to help with a nation-wide survey of juvenile facilities. The Ontario Juvenile Court Judges Association is also considering submitting its own revision of the Act.

Court reformers are pressing for area courts in rural districts, each with a full-time staff, detention home, and some of the other facilities of city courts. The idea is getting a sympathetic hearing, though how soon anything will be done is an open question.

Most realists don't expect that crime, adult or juvenile, will ever be wiped out. "But," says the Corrections Association's president Kirkpatrick, "We are at last

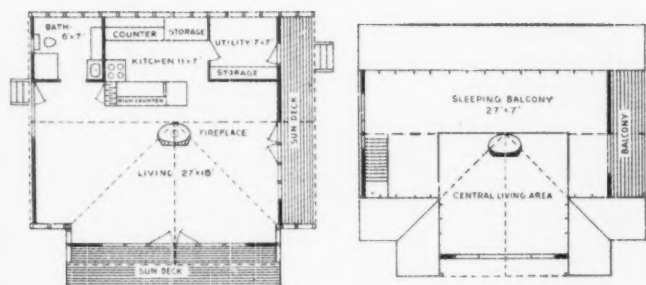
waking up to the fact that we can do something to control lawlessness among youngsters. It will mean more tax money to improve public facilities, more private donations to organizations already working with children, and more effort by everyone in giving constructive leadership to the sort of child who breaks a window or steals a car in order to get attention from a largely indifferent world."

It should be worth our while, he adds, for delinquency is fast becoming one of the major social problems of the day — "the kind of problem that has a habit of walking out of the text books or the newspapers and down our alley into the house next door." ★

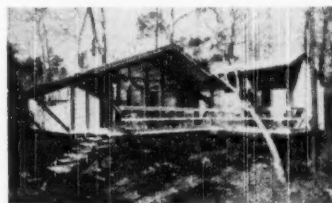
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HOPE OF THE WORLD continued from page 24

**UNESCO in Africa: save the temples  
and educate seventeen million kids**

summer. Like others before me, I wanted a simple unemotional answer to the question: What does UNESCO achieve? After some days in the cluttered offices and vaulted foyers of the secretariat building, and some hours listening on the English headset to the 24-nation executive board in regular session, I went home, and, risking my sanity, read through a suitcase full of UNESCO documents. I didn't come up with a simple unemotional answer to my question. I think that any ten honest reporters could come up with ten honest but different answers. For instance, a man who believes illiteracy to be the world's greatest sin applauds UNESCO's current efforts in this field but deplores as criminal waste dollars spent on trying to rescue crumbling Egyptian statuary from the Nile. For what one man's opinion is worth, I finally decided I agreed with a young Italian TV director who had asserted casually at the Cannes Film Festival a few weeks earlier that UNESCO is the perfect example of Parkinson's Law, but it's a hundred times better than nothing.

Certainly most of the UNESCO staffers I questioned were courteously impatient when pressed for concrete details of actual results; such demands, they indicate, reveal a misunderstanding of UNESCO's purpose. They quote the remarks of Vittorino Veronese, the Italian lawyer who is UNESCO's director-general, at the last biennial general conference. "Without in any way abandoning the organization's principal duty, which is to serve as a permanent centre for planning documentation, study, and research, we have made substantial and fairly striking progress toward practical action and direct aid of countries." On a larger scale, practical action, that is action with concrete results, remains a deliberate second to the proliferating paper work.

#### "The important thing is ideas"

René Maheu, the fifty-six-year-old deputy director-general, says the reason much of UNESCO's work cannot be measured in terms satisfying to those of practical mind is simply because it is concerned with the mind and not with the machine. Maheu is himself a creature of both worlds. He was head of a French news and feature agency before he became a professor of philosophy. "For UNESCO," he says airily, "the important thing is the stimulation of ideas. Okay?" Okay. But in that case, what ideas?

While I was in Paris two of UNESCO's main preoccupations were with a major plan to attack black Africa's eighty-five percent illiteracy, and a scheme to save a cluster of Egyptian temples which would otherwise be covered by water when the high dam on the Nile is complete. The education project grew out of a decision taken at the general conference last December. UNESCO studies had revealed that in the large area loosely called tropical Africa, from Ethiopia to the Congo, from Senegal to Madagascar, about seventeen million children have no opportunity to go to school at all. Another eight million children get some primary education, but only 260,000 go on to secondary schools and not more than 10,000 rise to university or high technical levels. Africa's over-all illiteracy rate is nearly double the average world figure.

UNESCO's first move was to contact all the states and territories directly involved, and the European powers who still

hold interests in the area, and ask them to begin an inventory of educational needs. Then, in the middle of last May, UNESCO in conjunction with the UN Economic Commission for Africa called a conference in Addis Ababa to co-ordinate all the individual requests into a large-scale plan.

After ten days of meetings all thirty-one of the African delegations who attended the conference, plus four European powers with interests in Africa, unanimously adopted two ambitious schemes — a five-year plan and a twenty-year plan. The first seeks to raise the primary school enrolment in Africa to sixteen percent by 1965 and the secondary school enrolment to nine percent. The long-term scheme aims at universal primary education by 1980 and for thirty percent of all children to go on to secondary schools. It's hoped that a modest two percent will reach university. The over-all cost of the five-year plan alone is estimated at more than four billion dollars, of which one-and-a-half billions would have to come from outside sources. Cost of the long-term plan would reach a peak in 1970 when the annual deficit would be one billion dollars. At the end of the project period in 1980 the deficit would still be running at 400 million dollars a year.

The conclusions were inscribed on parchment as the Addis Ababa Plan, and the delegates went home content. In fact, though, they had committed their various governments to nothing but approval of an inspiring proposal. Again UNESCO's critics ask, was anything really achieved? Any problem actually solved? Haven't we taxpayers, as contributors to UNESCO's budget, simply paid for yet another far-flung conference for yet another ribbon-bound report? By rough arithmetic the total outside contribution could run as high as six billion dollars. How can UNESCO hope to raise this fantastic sum?

Consider UNESCO's basic two-year budget. The biggest single item in it will cost only three-and-a-half million dollars. Special grants from UN funds under the Technical Assistance Program, EPTA, and from the UN money pool for sparking economic development in underdeveloped countries, were already committed before the Addis Ababa Plan was written. UNESCO can, of course, through its UN parent the Economic and Social Council, ask the General Assembly to cough up, but Dag Hammarskjöld's purse is notoriously thin. UNESCO seems to be pinning its hopes on individual donations from sympathetic rich governments and private foundations. At the end of July it had \$1,400,000 in the kitty plus promises of about a hundred fellowships for training teachers from small countries. The big spenders, the U.S., U.K., West Germany, Russia, France, and Canada had yet to be heard from. Construction of a textbook centre in Yaoundé, Cameroons, has been authorized at a cost of \$400,000 and more detailed surveys of education needs are already under way in Upper Volta and Sierra Leone.

The observer must conclude, however, that UNESCO is a long country mile from even the one-and-a-half billion dollars required for the five-year plan, and some light years away from the twenty-year target.

Another contemporary example of UNESCO at work is offered by the controversial scheme to stir the world into saving at least some of the ancient Nubian

D 61-10



temples. It's an example, too, of the serene breadth of UNESCO vision. At the same time that it is nagging the world to help pull Africa out of the Dark Ages, it's appealing for millions to preserve the relics of antiquity. Thirty-two hundred years ago Rameses, the legendary oppressor of the Hebrews, caused two temples to be cut into the rock on the Nile bank at Abu Simbel, fronted by seven-foot statues of himself. When the high dam is completed in 1968 Abu Simbel will lie under 190 feet of water. A UNESCO committee came up with two plans, one for a semi-circular dam to keep the Nile at bay, the other a seemingly fantastic plan to jack the temple up to dry ground. The second plan was approved. It calls for the main temple, which is estimated to weigh about 300,000 tons, to be cut out of the rock and encased in a concrete box. The box will then be raised millimetre by millimetre by huge jacks one-hundred-and-

buzzing like a multilingual beehive. The worker bees and the drones pack six floors of small offices in the secretariat building fronting the Place de Fontenoy. Two and even three experts share these offices with encroaching stacks of documents. The fire-alarm bell would instantly fill the corridors with a stream of men and women from half a hundred nations. An old UNESCO hand draws this picture: half of them would be clutching the last pile of paper to reach them; the other half would be hoping their in-baskets would be the first to burn. After a few days around this

bureaucratic beehive an outsider is tempted to put a bare third in the second category.

An apocryphal story is told of the egg-head sent by UNESCO to a pocket-handkerchief country to draw up a report. He returned and holed-up in the office. Weeks, months and then years passed while he typed, dictated, reflected, revised and started over. One day the awful news filtered through that the subject country had ceased to exist; a neighboring dictator had snapped it up. With fastidious ceremony the expert tidied his moraine of papers, aligned his pencils neatly on his

blotter, then shot himself. He left one simple request: that his report be buried with him.

Messengers ceaselessly walk the UNESCO corridors, take elevators up and elevators down, depositing an armful of papers on a desk and picking up a seemingly identical armful in exchange. They remind one of Kafka's prisoners.

What on earth are all the papers about? A department chief has a report prepared on his specialty, which is perhaps the education of defectives. He orders ten copies for his associates. They don't read them,



### How Saskatoon got its name

Saskatoon got its strange and lovely name from the bright red serviceberry, known to the Cree as Missaskatoomina, that flourishes in that part of Saskatchewan. John Lake of the Temperance Colonization Society of Toronto, which established a community on the site, has recorded the story. His diary entry for August 19, 1883, reads: "I was lying in my tent when a young man came in with a handful of red berries, which we both enjoyed. I asked him what the berries were called, and he told me the natives called them Saskatoon berries. I exclaimed, 'You have found the name for our town'."

ninety feet during a period of three years. The cost of the whole salvage campaign will run around 75 million dollars. It is slated to get under way in January, but the money is far from being in the till.

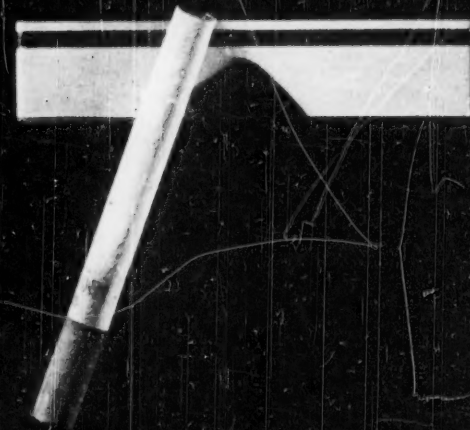
Other dozens of UNESCO schemes fill a two-pound book called the Approved Program and Budget that reads with all the zip and style of the Montreal phone book. It lists teacher training studies in Latin America, studies on trying to bring East and West into better understanding of each other's culture, on trying to solve problems of perpetual drought, on fostering international co-operation among specialists, on increasing the exchange of information. It also lists 1,700 men and women traveling and studying this year on UNESCO fellowships. A Cambodian was recently in the Canadian Maritimes studying fishing co-ops.

All these projects keep UNESCO House

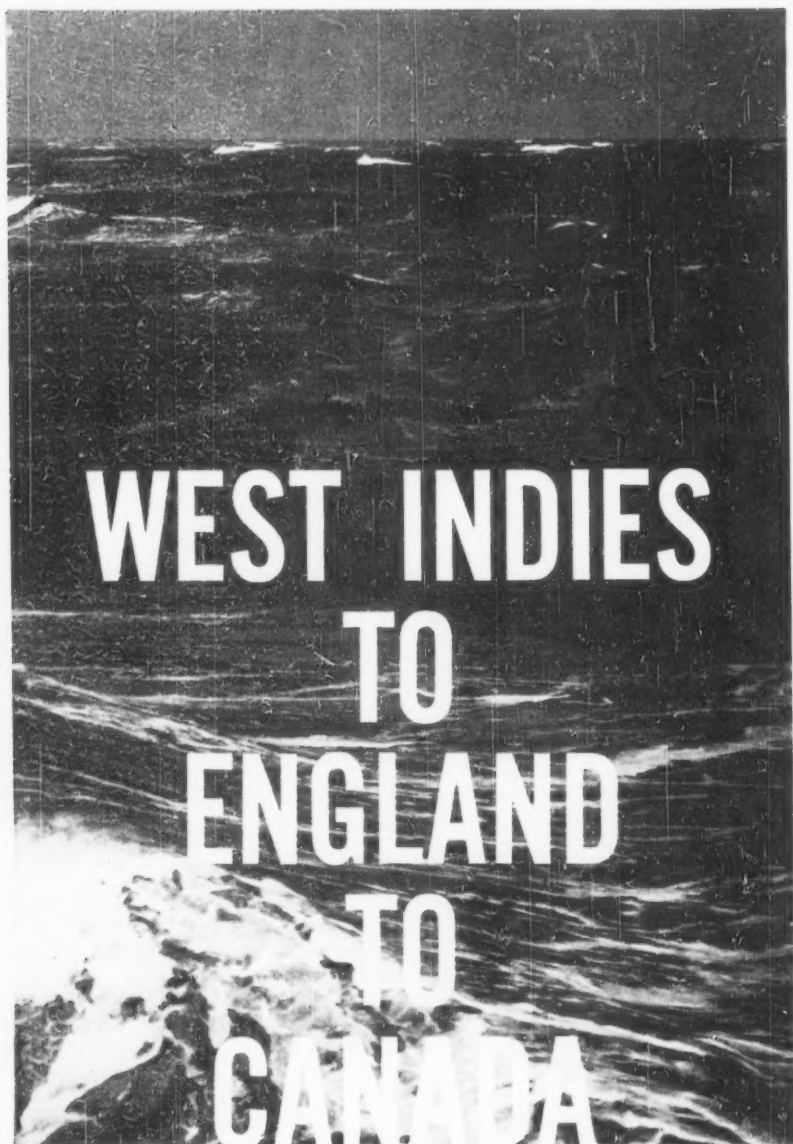
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but keep them for a polite few days before in turn routing them on to someone else. UNESCO's worker bees do their best to thin out the paper jungle. "If an expert spends two or three years here he becomes a bureaucrat," says Vladimir Martynovsky, a Moscow-born mechanical engineer who is deputy-director of the technical education department. "It is of course necessary to learn the problems of administration, but then a man must get out. Some people justify their existence with reports." Martynovsky spent most of the last five years establishing technological institutes at Calcutta and Bombay. Soon he will be returning to his alma mater at Odessa, where he hopes to continue a personal quest to develop a cheap, simplified refrigerator, one that would require no more power than a transistor radio. He runs a hand through gray-flecked hair. "Think how such a machine could raise living standards in the hot countries."

Pierre Taltasse, a thirty-nine-year-old French hydrogeologist with all the zest and energy of a rising corporation executive, is penned in an office learning about the organization of missions. On a UNESCO contract he spent five years studying the scant water resources of the north-eastern shoulder of Brazil. He and others, at UNESCO expense, trained a cadre of young Brazilians in hydrogeology, a science that simply didn't exist in Brazil. His reports and suggestions on how what slight rainfall there is could be conserved to grow more cotton, maize, and rice were usually pigeonholed by the Brazilian authorities in Rio, where the enormously wealthy absentee landlords lived. "For years I carried a cross," the hydrogeologist says, clutching a shoulder in mock woe. Lately Taltasse is hopeful that President Jânio Quadros can break through and put the UNESCO recommendation to work. Taltasse himself is counting the days before he leaves on a new field assignment to the desert hinterland of Peru.

The intellectual and cultural nature of most UNESCO endeavors is almost a guarantee that UNESCO will seldom hit the headlines in the popular press. It's a fair bet that most people would falter if asked to spell out its full titles, as perhaps they would with the IFC, the FAO, the WMO, the IMF, all of the United Nations agencies. This was foreseen by the UNESCO founders, and they widened the organization's constitution to encourage the formation in the homelands of the member states of separate national commissions for UNESCO. Most member states, including Canada, have established commissions. Some are very active, others practically dormant. Apart from trying to enlist popular support for UNESCO, the commissions are supposed to associate interested national bodies with UNESCO's work, to advise their respective governments and delegations to the General UN Conference on pertinent matters, and to function as liaison agencies and information outlets.

Canada's commission, currently headed by J. F. Leddy, dean of arts and sciences at the University of Saskatchewan, maintains a permanent secretariat in Ottawa under secretary Eugene Bussiere. Both Bussiere and his associate secretary, Lewis Perinbam, visited Paris on UNESCO business in the last year, and other Canadian delegates traveled to UNESCO meetings in Geneva, Copenhagen, Zagreb, Moscow, Tokyo, and Manila. The Canadian commission's current budget totals ninety thousand dollars of which thirty-five thousand is provided by the Canada Council specifically for staff salaries and office overhead. Where does the rest of the money go? Fifteen hundred dollars went last year to pay part of the cost of producing a film

dealing with UNESCO projects in South-east Asia. The National Museum collected two hundred to help pay for a lecturer to accompany an Indonesian orchestra on a visit to Canada. The United Nations Association provided twenty-five hundred to distribute UNESCO publications. Just how these activities help construct the defenses of peace in the minds of men is anybody's guess.

With its current emphasis on education and technical assistance for the backward nations, UNESCO seems to have left a lot of its teething problems behind. Those Huxley years, as a UNESCO executive labeled them — Julian Huxley, the first UNESCO director-general, and poet T. S. Eliot once staged a courteously acrimonious debate on the meaning of the word culture — are gone. Gone, too, are plans to search out an international philosophy and to establish a garden of Eden in the Amazon basin. Nothing has been heard for years of the harlots of the Lebanon. The once routine scoffing articles in the popular press are rarer today. UNESCO is more exacerbated, though never publicly, by the determination of some countries to go it alone with their foreign aid programs in the cultural field. The UNESCO

### MISSING PERSONS BUREAU



MACLEAN'S

"Hasn't anybody bothered to ask about me yet?"

experts would rather see the money spent in individual ventures than not at all, but experienced administrators bleed inwardly at the thought of duplicate organizations being set up in needy areas, of inexperienced men wasting time and cash trying to unravel foreign situations that are simply beyond their experience or competence. Britain often prefers to act unilaterally, perhaps for prestige reasons. In Africa she allotted fourteen million dollars for colleges in Nigeria a week after UNESCO's Addis Ababa plan was published.

Canada's recent government program to spend three hundred thousand dollars to help the French-speaking republics in Africa was regarded here unofficially as a payoff to internal French-Canadian opinion. The remarks of H. O. Moran, director of Canada's external aid office, that our present appropriation of three and a half million dollars for aid to Commonwealth countries in Africa was too large were read by the experts at the Place de Fontenoy with a mixture of shock and awe. Then they turned with a deep sigh to the latest pile of documents. ★



The pilot yelled over his radio: "Here she comes. Get out of there"

recruited. They are, of course, more competent in the bush than most white men; when they are treated — as Fenelon is especially good at treating them — with a sort of jolly respect, they work hard and constantly and without supervision, as if glad of the opportunity to do what they are good at. My first impression of Fenelon's lakeside camp was of the Ernest Thompson Seton-like comfort the Indians' skills had provided: a sturdy log wharf for seaplanes; a shipshape log-and-canvas housing for maps and radios; a flat-topped table-and-bench construction where we were served steak and onions and a potage of boloney and vegetables from a campfire straight out of Two Little Savages. A ranger who had come in with us from Sioux Lookout managed to get a rise out of the usually phlegmatic Fenelon by announcing that the plane-load of new men he was expecting would include a few rubbies — itinerant, white alcoholics who are sometimes caught in one of the rangers' talent hunts through the local beer parlors. These men are flown in to the fires, and, usually, found unable to handle a pump; flown out; and paid off. An emergency fire fighter draws about ninety cents an hour (the pay varies slightly according to duties) and when the fires are rolling he can often work sixteen or eighteen hours a day. Sioux Lookout, a town of 2,300, which lost its creosote plant to progress last year, has rarely had it so good as this summer, with Lands and Forests keeping the merchants in short supply and plenty of thirsty fire fighters in the pubs.

Fenelon soon regretted his decision to try to beat the smallest fire first. His first move had been to begin setting up camps on the perimeter of fire 13. Then, in early afternoon, the wind picked up to forty miles an hour and 13 went out of control. One of the small camps had to be evacuated by helicopter almost as soon as it was established. Fenelon moved the bulk of his force, now several dozen men, to fire 17 and held it at twenty acres through the night.

Next morning, the nineteenth, the wind was lighter and Fenelon began sending men to the biggest fire, 16, and back to 13, now a couple of hundred acres. They fought steadily for the next two days, holding 16 and 17 at bay, losing ground slowly to 13. By morning of the twenty-second, fire 13 was an eight-mile oblong and on that morning Fenelon's men faced the first real danger.

A forest fire is most menacing when it "crowns" — when the wind fans its flames so they shoot up hundreds of feet in the air, generating, in turn, their own updrafts, fierce enough to snatch burning limbs from the heart of the inferno and fling them hundreds of yards ahead. Leaping and twisting like this, a fire can cross water, jump the firelines cut across its path, and kill who or what is standing where the end of its moving blowtorch touches earth. As the wind picked up on the crystal-bright, hot morning of June 22, fire 13 began to crown.

Under Fenelon's command was a helicopter owned by Dominion Helicopters and normally based in Kenora. Like men and materials from all over the north, the chopper and its pilot, Pete Peterson, had been commandeered by the Sioux Lookout division of Lands and Forests. On the morning of the twenty-second, Peterson was landing the last of seventeen men Fenelon had sent to stop a new

arm that was moving south from the oblong of 13. His landing area was beside a "pothole," a small lake about a thousand feet across. From there, the men were to split into two crews, each running hoses from the pothole around one side of a hill that stood between the landing area

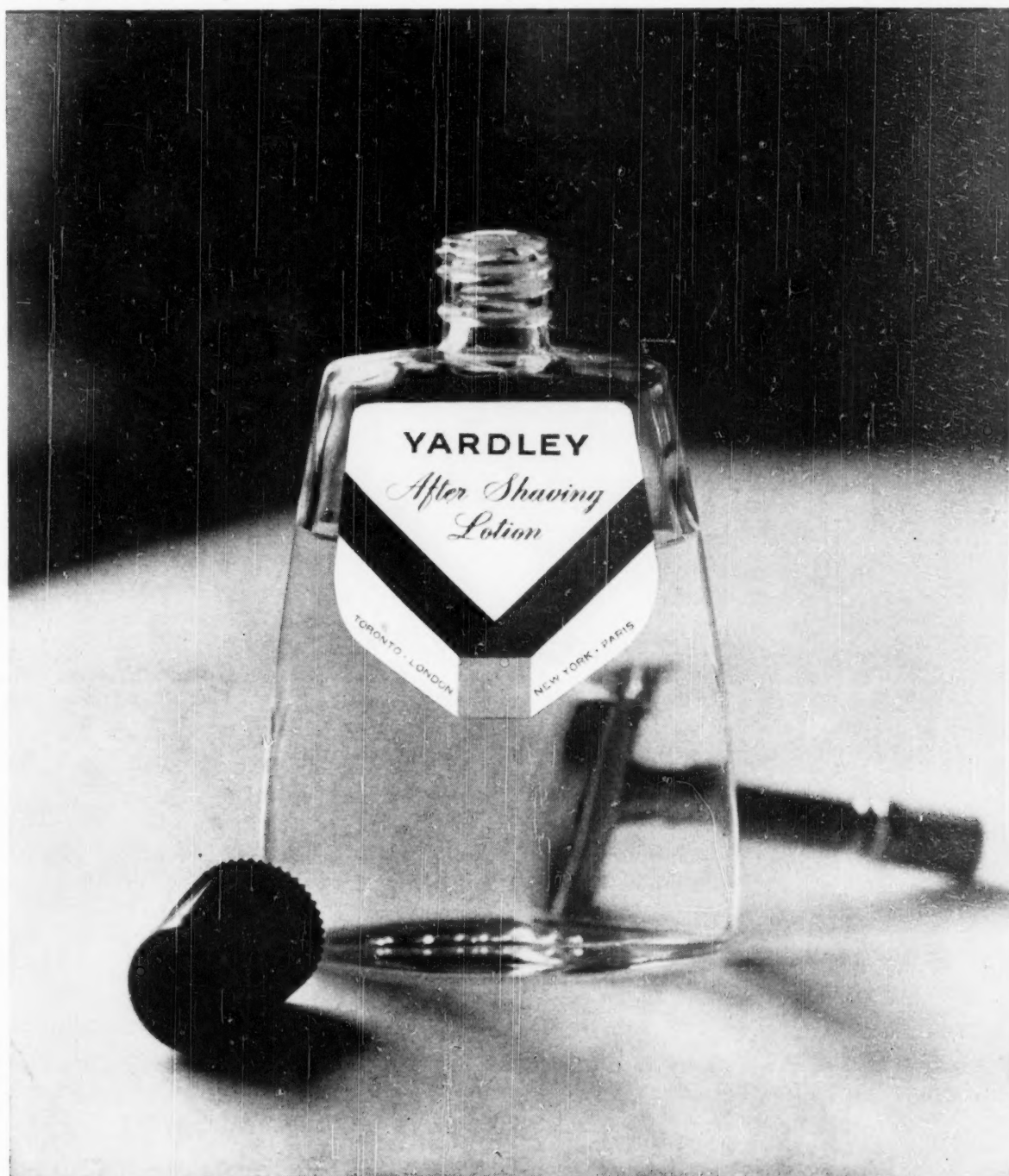
and the advancing fire. A Lands and Forests Otter was water-bombing the hot-spot at the crest of the hill. This is how Peterson recalls the next half hour.

"Just when I was going to touch down, I heard the Otter pilot yelling over the radio. I'm not sure now what he said, but

it was something like, 'Here she comes, you'd better get out of there,' and I told the two men I was dropping to run up that hill, one to each crew, and get the others out. My chopper has a payload of around seven hundred pounds but a lot of that must be strapped on the floats and I can only get two men in the bubble. I'd heard the stories of another fire this year where a chopper pilot with a smaller machine than mine had taken out five guys, one tied to each float, but I know that after he did it he wished he hadn't, because he figures it might have been

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more dangerous on that overloaded chopper than if they'd gone to the water.

"When the men came running back from the fire line I took them out two at a time. Some of them were really scared. One old Frenchman was shaking so badly he couldn't get the door of the bubble closed and I just tied the safety belt around him and took off. By the time we got the last pair out the fire had jumped that pothole and I was lucky to have a place to land. We were all lucky, I guess. We got the two Mark One pumps out, but none of the hose and when I went

back there later I could just see piles of ashes where it had been stacked."

Worse was to come.

While Fenelon had been battling his three fires, others had sprung up throughout the Sioux Lookout district, many of them started by the same dry electrical storm Fenelon saw on June 17. To the east of his campsites — at the peak of the fight he had 275 men in nineteen camps around fire 13 — were two major fires, numbered 15 and 28, where the rangers were having more or less the same successes and difficulties he was.

From the twenty-third till the end of June, men and fires held each other about even. Then came the night of July 1.

The fire fighters had been alerted that morning that the wind was threatening to blow up a sixty-mile-an-hour gale. There was no hint of moisture anywhere. Smoke hung everywhere in the northwest. At Slate Falls, a tiny Indian settlement a few score miles from Fenelon's camps, men were using flashlights and lanterns to move about at high noon. There, rangers tied the village children into a living line and shipped them onto a small island half a

mile from shore. One ranger piggy-backed to safety an Indian woman who told him she was 103 years old.

Everywhere, fires rose like sleeping giants and began to move. Few could be fought. Throughout the area, the concern was for human life.

From the west, Fenelon's men were warned that fires 15 and 28 were heading east. The wind began gusting to forty, where it stayed.

Fenelon's own fire, 13, moved five miles that afternoon, while 15 and 28 raced toward it. Scattered around the moving sections of 13 were about two hundred of Fenelon's 275 men. His orders to them: get out. Peterson and his helicopter went in close to the fire lines and took out a few men, but there was too much smoke to save them all.

One group of sixty walked down the bed of a creek through the night and were saved by helicopter in the morning. Near Slate Falls an Indian fire fighter put his teen-age son in a crotch of rock on a lake shore, then covered his head with wet moss and spent the night soaking him down with water ladled with a tea can. The father was singed bald and scorched across the shoulders; the son was unharmed. Rangers evacuated the settlement at the Madsen mine near Red Lake. Half a dozen fire camps were burned out. So were two hunting camps and a tower-man's cabin. (His tower, not burned, has been abandoned; nearly all the land it overlooked is now a burn.) "If the wind had gone as high as it was predicted," Fenelon has said since, "I don't know how many men we would have lost. I don't know how we escaped as it is."

Next morning, as the helicopter picked up the remaining men, fires 15 and 28 and 13 joined, to become one vast two-hundred-thousand-acre burn of smoke and angry flame. Fenelon, flying the perimeter, saw places where half-mile lakes had been jumped, where bulrushes a hundred yards from shore had had their tops burned neatly off.

Fenelon and his crews retreated to Sioux Lookout for a beer and a payday and a regrouping of forces.

Up till now, most of the timber burned by fires 13, 15, 16, 17 and 28 — now all lumped together by Lands and Forests as fire 15 — was spruce and jack pine and balsam in the limits of the Dryden Paper company. Dryden did not plan to cut it for at least twenty years. In early July, however, fire 15 was poised on the edge of the Lac Seul Land and Lumber company's limits, and Lac Seul crews were cutting within a few miles of the fire.

On the sixth of July, Fenelon moved back. He began to set his defences along a line between a bay of Lac Seul and a smaller lake called Wapesi about a dozen miles away. Then early in the second week of July, came the first rain. First a little, missing Fenelon's fire but checking others. But by mid-July, close to an inch.

Tensions eased. Though another dry spell might set the bush on fire again, Fenelon and the twenty-seven hundred men who had been fighting defensively for a month could now take the offensive. Fire lines could be cut; pump lines set out. Many of the emergency fire fighters went home.

Pulp timber in the Sioux Lookout division yields a rough average of ten cords to the acre. A cord of pulpwood, delivered to the railhead, is worth about twenty dollars.

Parts of Sioux Lookout division are so far north that the costs of fighting a fire exceed the value of the timber. But of the sixty thousand square miles of timber worth saving in the division, nearly two thousand square miles have, before and during the angry summer of '61, been burned over. ★



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**"Nobody in Canada who holds a political office or hopes to hold an office can ignore his benefactors"**

Yet there is no conclusive evidence that money alone can win elections. (Even if it can, spending certainly should be controlled to safeguard the democratic process.) In 1957, the Liberal party spent more than any Canadian party had ever spent on a general election; that was the first election the Liberals lost in twenty-two years. There is no good reason to assume that the same thing won't happen to the Conservatives who, it is alleged, spent eleven million dollars in 1958 and will probably spend more this time.

When one talks in terms of this kind of money, all the conventional gimmicks for publicly raising political dollars look piffling. Five, ten, fifty, or hundred-dollar-a-plate dinners bring only a drop in the bucket. So do voluntary memberships. And so do voluntary donations. In Ontario, the Liberal party has a Liberal Union to which individuals are asked to contribute a hundred dollars a year. The other national parties have similar groups.

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Rolling back on the lot the woman climbed out beaming. "Gee—I never realized it was so easy." The salesman asked if she meant easier than their old car, but she shook her head. "I've often watched my husband, but that's the first time I've ever driven myself."

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None of them comes even close to paying party maintenance costs.

There are only two major sources of campaign money in this country. These sources are (a) big business and (b) big unions.

In neither case is philanthropy the motive for a contribution to a political party. I have never heard of a benefactor setting up a trust fund or foundation for the no-strings-attached support of all the political parties in Canada. The nearest thing to it that I can recall was the gesture of a group who bought a house in Ottawa for the leader of the opposition when he was George Drew, and furnished it when he was Lester B. Pearson. That is quite a long way from the real problem.

However, the biggest corporate donors for the most part do not attempt to intervene directly in party policy. Generally speaking they contribute to both the Conservative and the Liberal parties. The traditional split is usually sixty percent to the party in power and forty percent to the party in opposition, but this is subject to many variations.

These contributors will say—and they

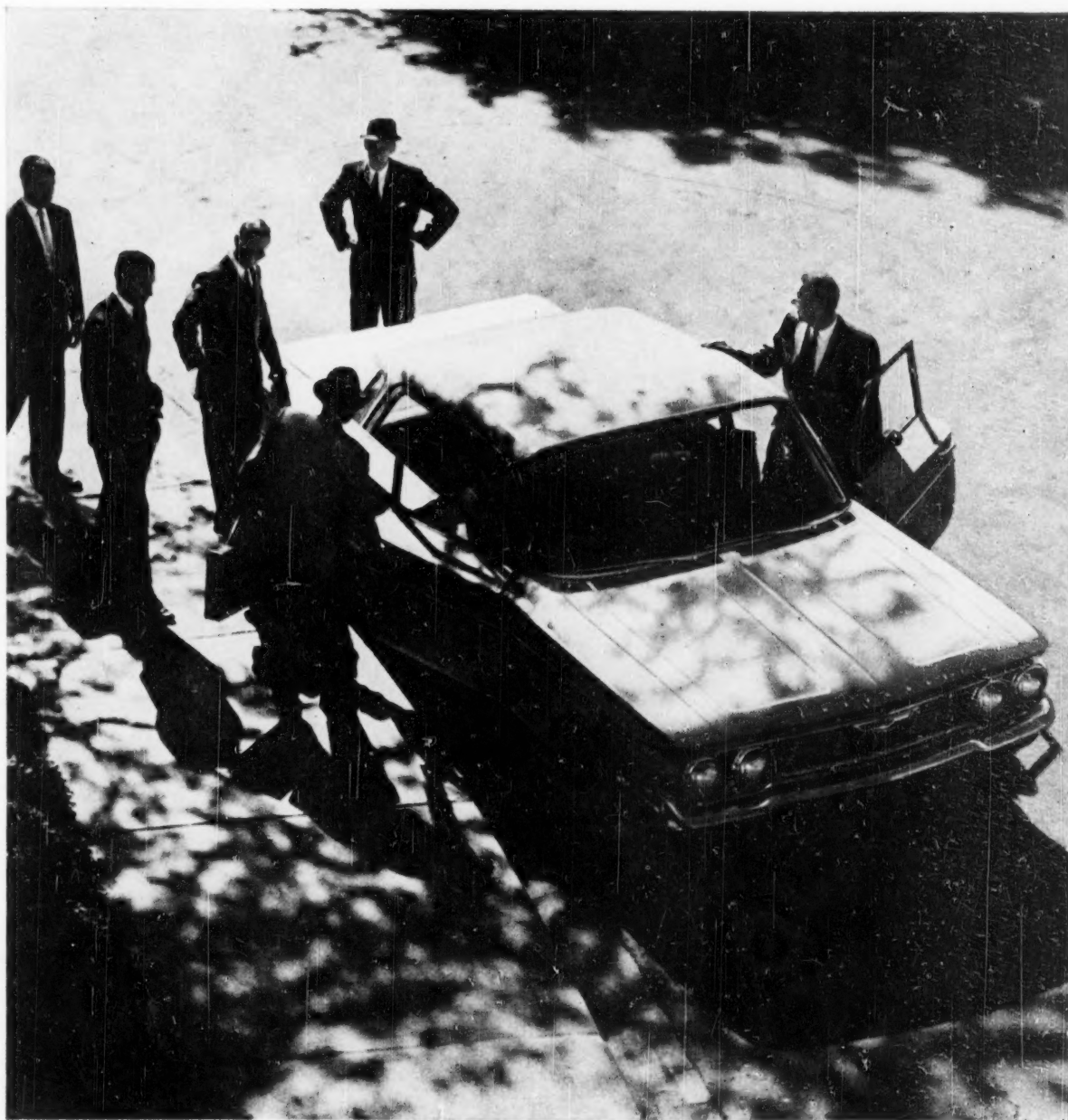
mean it—that they do not give their money to get contracts or special favors. They will contend that they support the two old parties because they believe the two-party system works best in a democracy such as ours. They will also frankly admit that they support parties that endorse the free enterprise system because they honestly believe (and have good ar-

guments to back their belief) that Canadians as a whole are happier, more vigorous and more prosperous under free enterprise than they would be under any system of socialism or state control.

Nevertheless, nobody who holds office or hopes to hold office can ignore his benefactors. Any citizen of Canada can lay his views before the prime minister or

the leader of the opposition but, human nature being what it is (and these men are human), a man whose firm donates \$25,000 or \$50,000 to a political party every election is likely to get through to the party leader a lot faster than somebody the party never heard of.

Before the Liberal rally last January, a rumor was circulated widely that the party



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## The tycoon was in a rage. He claimed the Liberals were "toadying to organized labor in the Commons"

was going to suggest curbs on the inflow of U.S. funds to Canada. Many strong representations were sent in from leading Canadian financiers whose business interests depended on a steady influx of U.S. investment dollars. There was no suggestion of intimidation but, coming from the people it did, the message was clear and a special section was inserted into the leader's first major statement to reassure this group. There was no change in party

policy on this matter, but it was thought worthwhile to underline and explain the policy to set uneasy minds at rest.

Occasionally, contributors are more aggressive. On one occasion I was asked to see the top executive of a corporation who not only could withhold a large donation from his own firm but also could influence other major donating corporations. My task was to convince him that our party was going to win the election, that we

had a common interest in the development of Canada and that the party had the right men and the right policies to do the job properly. It must have been all right because at the end of two hours he said, "Tell Mr. — (our collector in that province) to drop in to see me next week." But two days later he called me in a rage because in the interval our party had taken a stand in the House of Commons on a problem which, he said, showed we

were "toadying to organized labor." "There will be no need for Mr. — to call on me," he concluded.

In that instance, the party did not change its stand and the tycoon simmered down, but not before he had tried his best to change our policy.

All the political parties get this sort of thing from time to time from their contributors and rarely, if ever, do they make drastic changes of policy as a result. Actually, the contributors do not expect it, but they are good enough psychologists to know that if they keep bombarding the parties they support with their views on all political questions, the parties' attitudes cannot help but be colored and influenced by them.

This is equally true for the socialists who are supported by the big unions. Because no political party in Canada has to disclose its source of funds there is no way of telling how much unions have contributed—directly or indirectly—to the CCF in the past. The New Party, in its draft constitution, has introduced a new fund-raising gimmick which it hopes will make it appear that individual union members are supporting it. The bulk of the New Party membership will come from the trade unions that affiliate with the party. Each affiliated union will annually collect from its membership sixty cents per head, and turn it over to the New Party. To answer a possible charge of coercion the draft constitution provides that, "Any member of an affiliated organization may at any time officially notify his organization that he does not wish a per capita payment to be made to the party on his behalf, and the organization shall forthwith cease to do so."

Many political analysts have already pointed out the fallacy in this approach. To "contract out" is for the individual member to call attention to himself, reveal that he does not support the New Party, and leave himself open to all the usual group pressures to conform.

The only democratic basis on which a union could collect dues for political purposes would be for it to act as a collecting agent for all parties. This, of course, the unions will never do. Like the supporters of free enterprise, they too hope to color and influence the policies of the party they support—the New Party. There are many areas such as labor law, social and welfare legislation, where the views of organized labor can be expected to dominate the New Party.

In British Columbia, business has already assumed that the CCF is dominated by labor unions. This is why Social Credit in B.C. draws almost 100 percent support from local business. The B.C. tycoons believe Premier Bennett is the only man who can beat the CCF. The result is that both the Liberal and Conservative parties in B.C. get only token financial support from west coast business. In the B.C. provincial election last summer most of the financial support for the old parties had to come from eastern Canada.

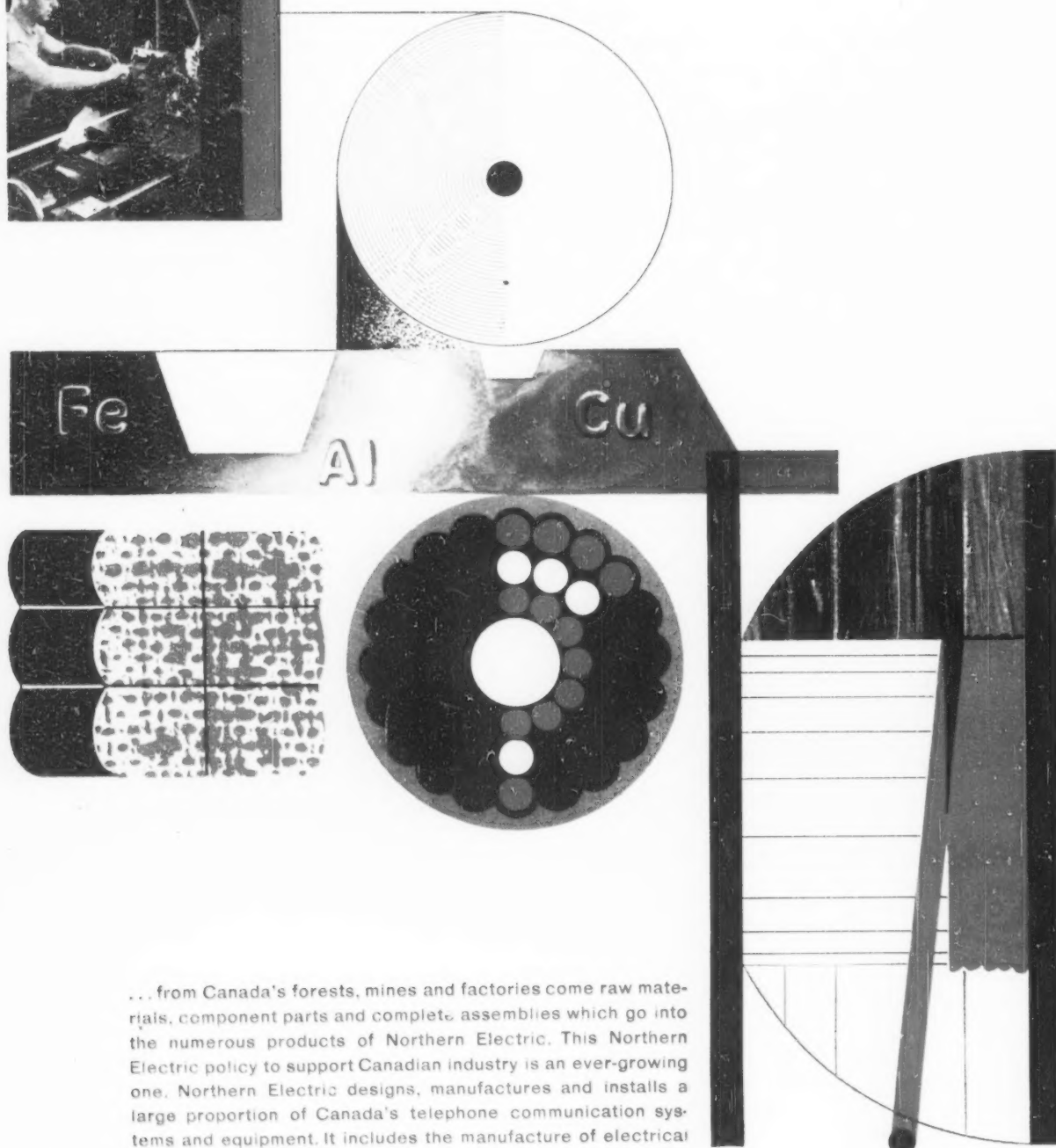
In short, no matter how the money is collected or from whom, as long as our parties are dependent on big business or big unions some people are going to have more influence than the rest of us on whatever party forms the government.

There is another level of party fund-raising where great damage is done.

The sensational revelations of the current enquiry in Quebec into how the Union Nationale party raised funds focuses attention on the fact that, from time to time, money is paid either directly or indirectly to a political party in order to get special government favors, contracts,



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rights or legislation. It is often assumed in the rest of Canada that this occurs only in the province of Quebec, but this is far from the truth.

A year or two ago, during a provincial election campaign in another province I received a call from a small contractor of my acquaintance. He told me he had been telephoned by an official of the government party of the province who instructed him to have \$2,000 ready in cash by the following week. It would be picked up by a party legman and would be the contractor's contribution to the party's campaign funds. This man's entire business had been built up on government contracts and he asked me what to do. I told him to give the man the money and me an affidavit stating how and why he had made the contribution. We could have broken the whole thing wide open; my informant told me other contractors had received similar instructions. But they were all frightened. They all paid up and kept quiet about it.

For smaller contributors the procedure is somewhat different. I was once shown two cancelled cheques issued to the fed-

granted before. The lawyer who handled the transaction has since become a provincial cabinet minister and the man who sold the business was recently mentioned in a newspaper story as likely to be the next senator for his area.

Another favorite dodge is to have a man on the payroll who does no work for his employer but spends all his time working for a political party. All the parties at one time or another have used this one but it is most widespread among unions, who almost invariably send trained organizers from their staffs to help CCF

candidates. Last fall, when the New Party was going all out to win the Peterborough and Niagara Falls by-elections, full-time, paid organizers were working for the New Party in both ridings long before either the PCs or Liberals had started to set up their campaigns. This kind of help was not mentioned by the New Party candidates in their statements of election expenses and apparently, under the New Party definition, is not a campaign contribution.

In the past few months representatives of all the major parties have discussed

the problem of campaign funds publicly and put forward ideas as to how it might be solved. By far the most extensive are the proposals of the new Liberal government of Quebec, which hopes to pass the most stringent and confining Election Act to be found anywhere in Canada—an act that would limit both the sources of funds and the amount any party could spend in an election.

In its draft program, the New Party states it "will pass legislation requiring full publicity for political contributions and a reasonable and effective limitation

## PARADE

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you scream at your sleeping husband "The Martians have landed!"? A Toronto woman did, quaking with fear, but her husband—an unimaginative male—just grunted "Worm catchers with a radio" and went back to sleep.

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eral and provincial candidates of the party in power provincially. The provincial government awards the man who wrote the cheques a regular maintenance contract. He had been told, not by the department for which he worked, but by the candidates themselves, that his contract would not be renewed unless both of them indicated their approval to the party. To this day he has not found out if this is true or not; he just pays up every election.

Sometimes, where big money is involved, the plot becomes very complicated. Recently a very valuable government servicing franchise was due to expire. The owner of the company was informed, by the government department concerned, that his franchise would not be renewed and he was advised to sell his business. He put it up for sale and was promptly made an offer which was \$200,000 more than his asking price. He was told not to put the deal through his own lawyer but to hire a prominent supporter of the government party. The deal was closed but the seller did not receive the extra \$200,000 paid by the purchaser. The purchaser was awarded the franchise for a ten-year period—twice as long as it had ever been



Naval Party

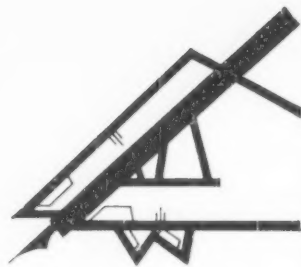
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of campaign expenditures." As it stands, this is much too general to mean anything except that the New Party is not satisfied with the present system.

J. W. Pickersgill, the Liberal frontbencher, has recently suggested several times that a limit should be set on the amounts each party and each candidate can spend for publicity and advertising during an election campaign. This would reduce election costs but it does not get to the roots of the matter.

Only a month or so ago, a Conservative backbencher, Frank McGee, introduced an idea that would encourage individuals to make small contributions to political parties. He got his plan from the American Heritage Foundation, which organizes a campaign in the United States to encourage private citizens to donate anonymously through its facilities to the U.S. political parties. Donations are made directly to the foundation, which distributes them to the parties as the donors designate. Such contributions are income-tax exempt and the parties do not know the names of the donors. This system raises more money and creates more interest in politics but it does not replace the big contributors.

So far, the Quebec proposals are much the best. For federal purposes, the New Party's proposal for a reasonable and effective limitation on campaign expenditures is sound if it is spelled out in

### TIP TEASE

*The waiter's biggest grins  
and quips are  
Aimed at customers  
whose tips are.*

IDA M. PARDEE

detail in legislation and stiff and enforceable penalties are incorporated into the act. But along with this must go an equally effective control of contributors. The amount that any corporation, organization or union can donate should be defined and all such donations made public. At the same time, the definition of a contribution should include service as well as money.

Similarly, no organization (such as a union) should be allowed to collect money in any way from its members or employees for a political purpose. Here, Frank McGee's proposals fit in. Proper legislation to encourage individual giving should be passed and a neutral foundation, such as the American Heritage, set up to administer it.

This kind of action would cut waste in election costs, make for a more equitable financial position among all candidates, and create a properly democratic atmosphere where a vote is more important than a dollar. At the same time, it would reduce the danger of political influence from large contributors and encourage the financial participation in politics of every citizen.

This would be a start anyway. But the legislation must have teeth in it—strong penalties—or it will be a farce. Particularly stiff punishment should be provided to prevent tollgating, kickbacks and other devices whereby a party receives money for favors granted. For twenty-five years, the statute books of Ontario contained a law that made any kind of contribution to any political party illegal. No one paid any attention to it; contributions continued to be made as if the law did not exist and nobody was ever prosecuted for breaking it. ★

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## WORLD'S RAREST BIRDS *continued from page 16*

**"We could see that fierce and unflinching wild yellow eye . . . this giant bird is an emperor"**

Cy Hampson of Edmonton, noted wildlife photographers and conservationists. None of us had ever seen a whooping crane in the wild.

A friendly farmer led us to the birds. They were resting and feeding on a gravel bar in the river. The combination of a stiff breeze, the birds' preoccupation with feeding, and a scattering of undergrowth allowed us to approach them much more closely than we had expected. We were near enough to hear the heavy "thwack!" of the great male's bill as he hammered at some choice tidbit in the pebbly mud. I have no idea how long we watched them.

That night I wrote to my wife: "They were a family group of four, twins of the year. We were so close to them at one point that I didn't need my binoculars. As we peered through at the four of them feeding—an adult on either side, the young in the middle—we could see that fierce and unflinching wild yellow eye, always on the lookout, majestic, uncompromising . . . This bird is an emperor. It exudes personality . . ."

I have always believed that every animal has a personality of its own, some more than others. The great white whooping crane has the knack of capturing the human imagination and emotions.

The cinnamon-brown and white young whooping cranes that we watched that day had hatched somewhere in Wood Buffalo Park, south of Great Slave Lake, the preceding June. Now, on newly strong flight feathers, they were moving with their parents to their traditional winter quarters at Aransas Refuge, Texas, on the Gulf of Mexico. Unknown to the birds, millions of people in two great nations wished them safe conduct. For those four whooping cranes represented a sizable percentage of the world's population of their species. Scarcity is no longer measured in hens' teeth. Nowadays it's whooping cranes.

Once I was crossing the international border at Niagara Falls, going through the routine check of my assorted naturalist's paraphernalia. The harassed customs inspector noticed a badge on my shirt and remarked, "Audubon Society, eh? How are the whooping cranes doing?" I was pleased to tell him that apparently they were doing as well as could be expected, or even better.

This was far from being an isolated incident. Many times I have been asked that same question by some of the least likely people. Everyone, it seems, wants to know how the whooping cranes are doing.

An adult whooping crane is a thoroughly impressive animal, as much as five feet tall, with a seven-foot wingspread, and strongly built. Its smooth white plumage is punctuated with charcoal-black wing-tips, a dark "mustache" and areas of bare red skin on the head. In flight, the bird is literally enormous. Flying with easy and deliberate wing-beats, with that strange flick on the upstroke so characteristic of cranes, the whooper appears to be moving slowly. When he passes overhead you realize he is going places—and fast—with awesome power. Head outstretched, long legs trailing, great wings extended, the grand white galleon of the prairie is majesty personified.

What happened to these magnificent birds? Why is it that today there are so few that we know their total numbers to the last individual, while the whoopers' nearest relative, the sandhill crane, appears to be prospering?

The sandhill crane, a smaller version of the whooper, and a glorious bird in its own right, is still relatively common in parts of the north, west and south. Its habits are superficially similar; its basic requirements and life history must have

been very much the same not too long ago.

Up until about one hundred years ago, whooping cranes were scattered from the Arctic to Mexico, and right across the prairies to the southeastern seaboard of

the continent. As settlement of the United States and Canada pressed westward, the whoopers thinned out and their range dwindled to its present proportions: a small breeding ground in northwestern Canada, an even smaller wintering area



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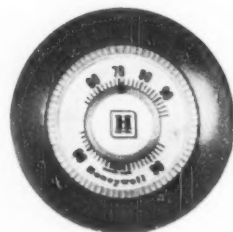
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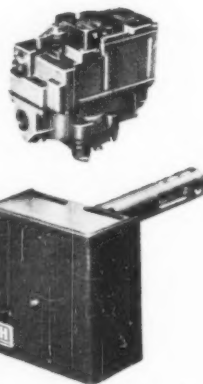
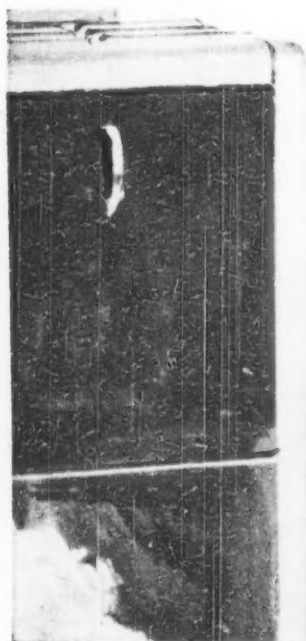
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in Texas, with a narrow and vulnerable migration route between the two. A few remain today only because we have not yet violated their breeding area.

An animal's habitat is its environment, the peculiar situation it needs for its survival. It is much more than a locality. No form of life is independent of others, and therefore its habitat is also the total of the plants and animals with which a species lives, and the special water and soil conditions that support that community of life. The habitat of the whooping crane is marshy, shallow ponds, of either fresh water or salt, and the extraordinarily diverse plant and animal life of such places. On the prairies, as most of the sloughs and potholes and marshes gradually disappeared, the whooping cranes went too. Even where some wetland remained, these wild, solitude-seeking birds seemed unable to tolerate disturbance. Today some ornithologists are deeply concerned about the fact that the birds have a rather limited period each year in which to rear their young and get them on the wing before the bad weather. A short, unfavorable summer in the Northwest Territories section of Wood Buffalo Park might seriously limit the chances of a successful breeding season.

This theory seems reasonable on the surface, until we remember that the whooping cranes have always been in that area. They have not been forced there and their breeding success in Wood Buffalo Park in recent years gives no indication that this is marginal habitat. It seems to suit them perfectly.

The sandhill crane does not appear to require solitude to the same degree. Endowed with what is loosely termed "adaptability," the sandhill was able to cope with change. Robert Porter Allen, former Research Director of the National Audubon Society, who knows more about the whooping crane than any man ever has, says that the whooper shows a decided liking for a diet of water animals: molluscs, crustaceans, frogs, salamanders, small fish. With the general disappearance of water (and its inhabitants) from the prairies, the whooping crane had to accustom itself to new kinds of food or move on. It moved on.

The sandhill crane, however, was apparently able to get along without the ponds and sloughs. As they disappeared, the sandhill was flexible enough to switch to a new diet: grains, grasshoppers, roots. From their close relationship it is obvious that our two cranes had some common ancestor fairly recently (geologically speaking). Yet, the sandhill was able to make the change to dry land when forced to. The whooper was not.

Whenever a conversation turns to extinction or near extinction a term which always arises sooner or later is "biological inevitability." New species have been evolving since the beginning of time, and old species have been disappearing. Horse-shoe crabs, cockroaches and coelacanths have very few contemporaries these days. This is a continuing thing, one of the inexorable, dynamic processes of nature. It must be logical, then, to conclude that the unadaptable whooping crane, despite our prayers to the contrary, must be one of nature's discards in the total scheme, and that nothing can possibly arrest its flight to extinction. This reasoning is logical at first glance, but it neglects to take into account the fact that the whooping crane crisis developed far too rapidly to qualify as bona fide biological inevitability.

A natural extinction occurs when a species can no longer produce sufficient replacements to offset annual mortality. When artificial factors are not involved (such as man's slaughter of the dodo and





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the great auk or his removal of the habitat of the ivory-billed woodpecker), the extinction is very gradual indeed. We can assume that had it not been for man, the marshes and sloughs of the great plains would have persisted for a long, long time, and with them—the original flocks of whooping cranes.

Actually, the whooping crane has shown a remarkable ability to increase, if left to its own devices under its own conditions. The surviving flock, crucially small though it is, has more than doubled its population in twenty years, from an all-time low of 16 birds. The remnant is far from spent in a reproductive sense. It *can* do the job of survival—if man gives it a chance.

But North America has the blackest record for bird extinctions of any area of comparable size in the world. So far we have managed to extirpate—forever—the Labrador duck, the heath hen, the great auk, the passenger pigeon and the Carolina parakeet. Possibly gone as well is the Eskimo curlew. Now threatened, in North America in addition to the whooping crane, are the ivory-billed woodpecker, the California condor and the Everglades kite. There are alarmingly small populations of several other birds, and many more are rapidly diminishing.

A great number of recent extinctions have involved animals that happened to live on islands. On many islands explorers have found strange, almost fantastic "adaptations" to local conditions. The weird creatures (by our standards) which were found on New Zealand, Mauritius, the Galapagos Islands and elsewhere developed as the result of being so isolated. They were insulated against outside influences.

However, any animal existing under such "tight" conditions will feel the effects of sudden environmental change much more severely than a less specialized one. The introduction of domestic animals and some wild ones has caused the extinction almost overnight of a long list of highly specialized insular animals which had been untold centuries in their evolution.

Long-term isolation can be extremely dangerous to a species. This applies also to animals not necessarily confined to one particular area. The great auk, for example, lived originally on both sides of the Atlantic. Isolated rocks were its stronghold, and these rocks, surrounded by the great moat of the North Atlantic, protected the auks from foxes, weasels, and all the rest of the mainland predators

— including man. Since the great auk had nothing to fear from land mammals, its lack of the power of flight was not a drawback under original conditions.

But man finally arrived in the great auk colonies. Here was a predatory land animal against which the auks had no defence. They became extinct quickly. There was no time for them to change—to adapt—in the new situation. There is an element of irony in the auk's fate: the very specialization of the great auk—its flightlessness (for it did not need to fly), its superb aquatic development—made it so vulnerable to invasion. Similarly the flightless dodo did not have to worry about or contend with land predators of any significance until man arrived. By then it was too late, for man brought with him animals with which the dodos could not compete.

Even the story of the passenger pigeon has irony. This bird's success was in its astronomical numbers. Yet sheer numbers might be said to have brought about its extinction. People thought the supply of pigeons was inexhaustible (that has a familiar ring) and killed enormous quantities of them. As huge portions of the pigeon population were being eliminated, the birds' habitat was being destroyed. The thinning of beech and oak forests and the lack of sufficient numbers of breeding adults made it impossible for the birds to produce enough young each year to make up for the colossal mortality. The end was surprisingly abrupt.

When we consider extinct and threatened birds, there is a popular tendency to imagine them so plentiful in some far-off time as to "darken the sky." This may have been true at times of passenger pigeons, but whooping cranes, despite their great size, could never have darkened the sky. Allen puts a ceiling of about 1,500 on the original recent (post-Pleistocene) whooping crane population. In view of its great range, the whooper was very thinly distributed.

Always highly specialized in its food requirements, always demanding great amounts of elbowroom, even to the extent of being fiercely competitive for territory on its wintering grounds, the whooping crane at no time had sufficient habitat of the right kind to support a large population. The pigeon in its vast flocks and the bison in its enormous herds have lent a distorted perspective to other subsequently extinct or depleted species.

Since whooping cranes never were abundant, there is little likelihood that they



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ever will be. Since the hand of man was directly responsible (albeit in ignorance) for the birds' present plight, the same hand may yet help to restore the whooping crane to at least a margin of safety. This will take time, for it would be wishful thinking to say that the situation is anything but critical so long as there are less than a hundred wild birds in existence.

The key to the continued survival of the whooping crane must be in habitat preservation. We must find a way to provide the birds with the type of watery environment they need, in sufficient quantity to allow for their natural increase and resulting territorial pressure, and in appropriate seclusion. This preservation of natural habitat for the cranes is essential in three separate parts of North America. First, we must guarantee the birds enough suitable country within their breeding range in Canada. This area must be absolutely inviolate. There must be adequate provision for stopovers on migration through the great plains. Finally, and perhaps most important at the moment, the

birds must have more room on their Gulf Coast wintering ground where space today will not permit a substantial increase in the present flock without much more closed sanctuary area of the right kind.

The Texas preserve is too small for the whoopers' liking. Recently, there hasn't been room for even three dozen birds. Some were crowded out into more dangerous terrain beyond the officially protected area.

Though the whooping cranes are very much endangered, let no one count them out prematurely. Their nesting habitat in the northwest is ideal. If we who ravaged their great plains breeding areas and thus decimated their numbers turn forthwith to the provision of suitable larger refuges, and keep these refuges sacrosanct, the cranes, as they have already demonstrated, can do the rest. The grandeur, the strength and nobility of their bearing, as I learned one unforgettable day, leaves the impression that they are far from delicate, anything but fragile.

Assuming rigid protection, the secret words are "wetlands" and "seclusion." ★

## THE BEAUHARNOIS SCANDAL *continued from page 15*

**"It was a very distasteful thing to me," said Sweezy—millionaire buyer of men and government**

this, and others followed. In the year of decision on the Beauharnois application he held four distinct public offices in which he could influence the decision. He was chairman of the Montreal Harbor Commission. He was a member of the National Advisory Council on the St. Lawrence Waterway. Besides being an ordinary member of the Senate, he was a member of the Senate's special committee on the St. Lawrence. He was also — although this, understandably, was a secret known only to a very few — one of the largest shareholders in Beauharnois.

He acquired his first million dollars worth of stock as an outright gouge and split it down the middle with Robert A. C. Henry, an influential civil servant who helped him extract it. In this mere prelude the powerful senator and the powerful bureaucrat set up a dummy company of their own and made a dummy application for the same water rights they knew Sweezy and other promoters would be seeking later on. Then they informed Sweezy that if he wanted fast action on his own application he had better buy out their own worthless corporation. Sweezy did, for two thousand shares in his own syndicate — worth about five hundred dollars each. Once the deal was made, events moved swiftly. Henry, through a lucky coincidence, was promoted to the position of deputy minister of Railways and Canals. This made him the top administrative officer of the government department that could, and almost immediately did, push through the order-in-council granting Beauharnois its franchise.

Up to this crucial point, the point of the government's decision to give the company what it wanted, McDougald and Henry had kept their Beauharnois interests hidden behind a series of false fronts. But once the Beauharnois franchise was granted and no one could accuse them, as brand-new stockholders, of influencing an action already taken, they felt free to come above ground. With the help of options and stock splits they soon had Robert Sweezy where the camel had the Arab — halfway out of the tent. McDougald became chairman of the board. Henry resigned from his federal government post to become vice-president and general manager. Sweezy hung on as president.

When he took the witness stand to explain his vast scale of bribery, Sweezy — the buyer of men and government — made a not altogether convincing effort to depict himself as an innocent who had fallen among thieves. When his memory flagged at one point he fingered his pince-nez and pleaded fastidiously: "It was a very distasteful thing to me and I personally preferred not to know or remember anything about it." He paid nearly half a million dollars in "legal fees," a large percentage of which actually went, according to the gossip of the parliamentary press gallery, for everything from cases of the best Scotch to bebies of the best ladies from Hull. He cheerfully settled individual expense accounts for up to \$50,000 without asking for itemized statements.

Sweezy once pressed \$125,000 on a casual acquaintance on the strength of a knowing nudge in the ribs. John Aird Jr., son of the eminent Toronto banker, heard of the delay Sweezy was having in his plans for Beauharnois, went to see him and mentioned discreetly that he thought a donation to the Ontario Conservative party might be appreciated. Theoretically, Sweezy had nothing to ask of the Ontario government, but he was well aware that if it chose it could seriously delay his plans in Quebec. "Gratefulness," Aird reminded him gently, "is always regarded as an important factor in dealing with democratic governments."

The promoter, certain that he was speaking to an official emissary, promptly forked over \$125,000. Aird as promptly put it in his personal bank account and left it there. When it came his turn to testify before the parliamentary interrogators he said he'd never had any connection with the Ontario Conservative party and never pretended to have. The money was a fee for some advice that Aird, a non-practising engineer and a failure in half a dozen fields, said he had given Sweezy on how to procure a contract with the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission. Aird was unable to remember the nature of the "advice," and Sweezy stuck stubbornly to his story that he had been led to believe his company was buying the good will of the Ontario Tories.

R. B. Bennett was so shaken by this

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public exchange that he put in a trans-Atlantic telephone call to Howard Ferguson, the former premier of Ontario, recently appointed Canadian High Commissioner in London. Back through three thousand miles of Atlantic static came Ferguson's rasping guarantee: "They can dig right through to China; they will get nothing on me." (They never did, either; nor did this first committee or a follow-up investigation in Ontario ever get anything from young John Aird except his blandly reiterated claim that Sweezy, in effect, gave him \$125,000 for nothing.)

Most of the witnesses at the Beauharnois investigation were co-operative and reasonably frank. Once a member of the committee asked Bob Henry, the former civil servant and now general manager of Beauharnois, a blunt question: was it true that he and Senator McDougald had filed their original St. Lawrence application in order to force anyone who might thereafter undertake to develop that part of the river "to take care of McDougald and Henry"?

"I guess you can put it that way," Henry said pleasantly.

Senator Raymond appeared before the committee and admitted both the huge party donation and the huge personal profit he had acquired from Beauharnois. Senator Haydon was too ill to testify in person, but consented to be examined at his home. He confirmed the Beauharnois donations to the Liberal party and his private dealings with the company. Neither senator would acknowledge the slightest feeling of wrong-doing: they both appeared convinced that they had acted in a perfectly normal and ethical manner.

McDougald was by all odds the least outgiving of the principals. When the committee summoned him to appear he refused, falling back on his immunity as a senator from the commands of the Commons. For a day or two the press was full of rumors that the committee would send the sergeant-at-arms to fetch him and, if he still refused to come, lock him up in the tower of the House of Commons. This delightfully medieval prospect was not nearly so impossible as it sounded. As recently as 1913 an earlier utilities promoter had gone to the tower in Ottawa for refusing to answer a subpoena from the House. The papers recalled that he had slept on a davenport with a uniformed policeman on an adjoining one and had

lamb chops and hash-brown potatoes for breakfast. The vision of McDougald, the multimillionaire fashion plate, in similar surroundings added to the sense of public excitement that had already kept the enquiry on the front pages through most of July.

When McDougald still refused to communicate with the committee except through his lawyer, Bennett threatened either to call a royal commission or to rush through a constitutional amendment abolishing Senate immunity. At last, on the second last day of the hearings, the senator presented himself for examination. Except that he was dressed much more conservatively than usual in a plain blue business suit, there was no visible change in his usual demeanor. As he entered the historic Railway Committee room, the scene not so long before of the explosive Customs investigation, it was jammed to its rafters. At least five hundred people crowded the corridors outside. From afar the bell summoning ordinary MPs to the regular sittings of the House clanged and scolded for a full five minutes. It was mostly in vain. Nobody was missing this if he could help it.

To some McDougald was disappointingly unruffled. He took approximately the same basic position as his fellow senators had done. There was nothing to deny, nothing to defend, nothing to apologize for. He had made money from Beauharnois, certainly — but only as an honest businessman. He had never used the slightest influence in any of his public offices to advance his private interests or the interests of the power firm of which he was now the chairman.

An outraged MP read back to him a declaration he had made in the Senate in 1928, when he was acquiring shares in the company through one of his blinds: "I want to say here," the senator had declared, "and to say it with emphasis, that I do not own a dollar's worth of stock in this enterprise, and have no interest in or association with that company in any way, shape or form." McDougald, confronted with evidence to the contrary, now ran to cover behind a thicket of his front men and the fine print in his original statement.

As the senator alternately swaggered and slithered through his cross-examination, the bitter story of Beauharnois appeared to be nearing a merciful end. The

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# September CHATELAINE

*The Canadian Home Journal*

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thing had at last come down to the dregs. There could be no more shame to taste, no more good, respected names to soil.

But there was one more name: William Lyon Mackenzie King. The exhibit that contained it had been uncovered first by the committee's shocked auditors. The members saw it privately and for a week could not quite bring themselves to make it public. But now, with McDougald on the stand, they put it on the table. There, as suddenly, unbelievably and theatrically as an apparition from Shakespeare, lay a slip of paper to show that, only a year before, the company that had been busy suborning a Canadian government had paid a rather large hotel and travel bill for the head of that government.

Just before plunging into the election campaign of the previous spring King had gone to Bermuda for a short holiday in company with Andrew Haydon, the party treasurer. Before they left King urged McDougald to join them; the prime minister and the senator had been enjoying Easter together off and on for years. When they checked out of their hotel, McDougald picked up the bill for all three. Later a voucher went from McDougald's office to the treasurer's office at Beauharnois. It was paid and, according to the stamp on the voucher, the proceeds were credited to McDougald's private account.

The voucher read: Expenses of trip to Bermuda, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King and self: Hotel, Bermuda \$288.53. Fares, Montreal to Bermuda and return, \$395.04. Hotel, New York, \$168.75. Total, \$852.32.

McDougald, who had been warned the voucher might come up and therefore had time to prepare an explanation, produced a story of bookkeeping so muddled and accounting so confused that he himself was still amending it when the subject arose again seven months later in the Senate. It boiled down to two main points: He had, indeed, paid part of King's hotel bill in Bermuda, as a friend but not as an officer of his company; he had not intended to recover the money from Beauharnois; the voucher that said he had went forward through an error of his secretary.

The next day King, gray and trembling, rose in the House of Commons on a point

of privilege to say substantially the same things. When he had gone to pay his own bill in Bermuda he found McDougald had paid it already, but he considered the matter a personal one and was sure McDougald would do the same. Therefore he forgot it. He had not traveled with McDougald either to Bermuda or back to Canada. McDougald had not paid his hotel bill in New York. He was "horried" when he learned the Bermuda bill had gone back to Beauharnois.

It may or may not have occurred to King that if it was improper for the prime minister to accept expensive entertainment from a large company doing business with his government, it might also be improper to accept the same kind of entertainment from the chief officer of the same company. He appeared to believe quite earnestly that the only point at stake was which of McDougald's pockets the money came from. No one in parliament argued the question with him, then or later. Bennett himself nodded sympathetically throughout King's painful statement on the matter and at the end there was moderate applause from both sides of the floor.

The committee lost little time in bringing down its report, which "strongly condemned" Senators McDougald and Haydon; chided but did not condemn Raymond; suggested that John Aird and anyone else who had extracted campaign funds "improperly" return them to the company at once; charged Sweezy with the misuse of company funds but nothing more serious; suggested Henry be fired; and urged refinancing of the whole development "in such a manner as will best serve the people of Canada."

Under the stock-watering schemes carried through thus far, the inquiry disclosed that the promoters already had all their own money back, plus a cash profit of more than two million dollars, plus common shares once worth seventeen million dollars but now down to four million. The next step they had been planning would have left them still owning 1,600,000 of a total of 1,800,000 shares, with an additional \$46,000,000 of public money invested in the company, all their own money back, and full voting control for

## JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Sometimes I wish I could get away from it all!"



the next ten years even if they sold all their common stock.

As R. B. Bennett, the efficient lawyer of big business, strode into this scene of corporate blight and rapine, some semblance of order began to emerge. McDougald resigned his Senate seat, but Raymond and Haydon stubbornly clung to theirs. Sweezy and Henry were allowed to quit the company. But for many years Beauharnois was to be a white elephant not unlike the old Canadian Northern Railway — too useful to allow to die, and almost too expensive to feed.

With the Tory government fated to run the gantlet of four more years of depression, the Liberals' responsibility for Beauharnois was almost forgotten before the voters had a chance to pass their own verdict on it. The result was no verdict at all; it might never have happened.

King's instinct seemed to tell him this was how it would be. For after the brief humiliation of the Bermuda disclosures, he recovered his composure and within ten days was attempting to plant the suggestion that whatever had gone wrong with the country's political morals, it was mostly the fault of the Conservatives.

For his part, he did not condone party donations of the size just made known, although he was pleased that the committee had found no evidence they had influenced the conduct of his recent government. It was really, to come right down to it, none of his affair anyway. He made it a rule never to know where the party's funds were coming from. If he did know, it might unconsciously prejudice his judgment.

Now as for the present prime minister — at this point the effortless, hydromatic shift of gears, a device he practised on Bennett as maddeningly as he ever practised it on Arthur Meighen — now as for the present prime minister, King was sure he must take the same attitude. Why, of course Bennett couldn't allow himself to know who was supporting the Conservative party and with what sums. He elaborated in his friendliest tone: "If it be true that my right honorable friend had knowledge of all who were contributors to his party fund, what will the country be thinking today of the changes which have been made in the tariff in connection with cottons, in connection with woollens, in connection with rayon and silk? What about iron and steel, boots and shoes, gasoline, magazines, sugar refining; what about income taxes, what about agricultural manufacturers, what about motor-car manufacturers and what about, electrical-goods manufacturers?"

Bennett burst in, enraged but almost helpless: "This is disgraceful!"

King went on piling his honorable friend elbow-deep in red herrings. What was needed was a special inquiry into the whole question of campaign funds. If Liberals had been abusing the traditional right of political parties to seek financial help of their sympathizers, let them be exposed. If Liberals had allowed their political decisions to be affected by party donations, seek them out. If Conservatives had been guilty of similar transgressions, let them answer for it too.

It was regrettably true that the Tories, with their greater appeal to big business, probably had ten dollars to spend on elections to the Liberals' one. Let an impartial commission be asked to get at all the facts. "In addition," King went on, offering the country still one more thing to think about besides Beauharnois, "there should be a measure to make it the law of the land that voting shall be compulsory."

The crowning affront to Bennett, who somehow was now being called to account for the sins of his enemy, was a sermon in which King managed both to repudiate and embrace his erring friends and to make his

own part in the affair appear not only exemplary but rather noble.

"We all have our friendships," he declared. "Are we to understand that every man is responsible for every act of his friends? . . . I ask this honorable House: Is there any relationship closer than that of father and son? Will honorable members oppose, or will any member of this parliament or anyone in this country say that because a son commits indiscretions and does things which will not bear the light of day his father is responsible for those acts, that as a result of them his

father has been corrupted? He may break his father's heart, but he will not break his father's character. He may even help to reveal something of the beauty and the strength of a father's character, and what is true of that very intimate relationship of life is also true of the less intimate but hardly less sacred relationship of human friendship." In the same address he spoke favorably of Canadian unity, the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, Dominion-provincial harmony and the Briand-Kellogg peace pact.

Bennett, the champion nonstop orator

of his time, circled King's reef of syllogisms for two days, but only really pierced it once. "I have always held," he growled during one of King's acrobatic feats of self-justification, "that the receiver of stolen goods was a criminal."

Without turning a hair King replied with a lecture on the necessity of sticking to the point. And there the Beauharnois scandal ended. ★

NEXT: HOW THE CRISIS OVER CONSCRIPTION MADE LAURIER A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. Ralph Allen's book, *Ordeal by Fire*, will be published this fall by Doubleday Canada Ltd.



Pictured above are three points of interest in this vast Canada of ours. 1. R.C.M.P. barracks at Fort Garry, near Winnipeg, Man. 2. Evangeline's Well and the Memorial

Chapel in Grand Pre Memorial Park, Grand Pre, N.S. 3. The Fall Fair—a traditional event that lures pleasure seekers from the city to Ontario's rural communities.



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# BACKGROUND

## PROFILE: A lawyer who likes being devil's advocate

This month, David Gondran Humphrey, a handsome, chubby six-foot Toronto lawyer will go to court to defend a Toronto hatcheck girl against a charge of perjury. The case is the kind that most attorneys shun for fear some of the ignominy involved in the charge against their client will rub off on them. But Humphrey, a lawyer in the crusading tradition of Clarence Darrow, Eugene Fallon and Samuel Liebowitz, believes in defending the people who most need high-powered legal help—and who are too often the people least likely to get it.

"The more unpopular the case," Humphrey says, "the more important it is that members of the bar see that the accused get adequate legal defense. A defense lawyer is not his client's judge but his advocate—in some cases, I admit, the devil's advocate. But I believe that every person is entitled to a legal defense, to having his side of the story told with all the protection the law gives him and with the assistance of counsel."

Some of the people to whom Humphrey has been advocate have been involved in cases that made even his partners wince. For instance:

**Robert Fitton**, the 21-year-old father of two who was convicted of raping a 13-year-old girl and hanged in 1956, although the jury strongly recommended mercy. Humphrey believes that public sentiment, which has been successively aroused against armed robbery, dirty books and now gambling, was at the time of Fitton's trial aroused against sex crimes. He feels that if the trial were held today, Fitton would not be sentenced to death.

**Three Toronto policemen** who were accused in 1958 of beating three male prisoners to obtain confessions of armed robbery. The prisoners were acquitted. Humphrey defended the cops before a police commission and won acquittals for all three.

**Eva Anderson**, the hatcheck girl, who was on duty when gambler Max Bluestein was severely beaten in Toronto's Town Tavern last winter. Miss An-

derson has been charged with perjury. The charge arose from her testimony during the trial of some of the men accused of the beating. Humphrey says he can't understand why she alone of all the other alleged witnesses—some of whom were described in a magistrate's report as lying—has been charged.

Humphrey was born in Passaic, New Jersey, but his family moved to Toronto in 1935. He returned briefly to the U.S. near the end of the war to



For the defense, David Humphrey

join the Naval Air Corps—"I never heard a shot fired in anger"—and came back to Toronto to complete his education, graduating from Osgoode Hall in 1950. After a brief fling at private practice he served as an assistant crown attorney from 1950 to 1954, and then went back into private practice. His sympathies are always with the underdog and he estimates that about 15 percent of his work is done without fees.

"Everything is essentially rigged," he says. "A million-dollar organization does everything in its skill and power to convict a man who has only limited resources for his defense. If just five percent of the money spent on putting a man in jail was spent in assuring his legal rights, the accused person would be adequately represented."

— SHEILA KIERAN

### FOOTNOTES

**About the air age:** It is now against the regulations of the International Air Transport Authority to enter an aircraft while it is in flight.

**About trees:** The Russians have discovered a way to dry them out before cutting them down. They remove the bark, drill holes and insert plastic tubes to prevent water from the roots from reaching the trunk. They can also make the wood fire-resistant, hard as iron, or flexible.

**About service stations:** Every year in Canada about a third of the men who run them get fed up and go into some other line of work. To find out why, two University of British Columbia professors, James B. Warren and Leslie Wong, interviewed 79 service station dealers in the prosperous Vancouver suburb of West Burnaby. They found that dealers pay about \$3,000 for a station but that oil companies control location, set hours of operation, dictate brands of accessories, and fix prices. The companies even decide

when a price war will begin and end; while it's on, though, they help the dealer out a little by giving him a discount on his gas. The average Burnaby dealer works 72 hours a week to earn \$4,000 a year, half from selling gas, the rest from servicing cars, selling accessories, and profitable sidelines like coin-operated dispensers of soft drinks, milk, candy, bread and toiletries. One gas man told the professors, "I'm making more on the soft drink machine than anything else I've got."

**About the Ferguson car:** After all that talk (some of it in Maclean's) about a revolutionary family auto, the first car bearing the name Ferguson has appeared in public. It's a single-seat racing machine.

**About recipes:** Housewives in Birmingham, England, can now get them by telephone. The British Farm Produce Council supplies a week's recipes to the General Post Office, which runs the British telephone system, and the post office selects a "recipe of the day" and gives it to anyone who calls a special number.

## How God's Lake helped solve the great kosher gefilte fish crisis

A couple of years ago, the growing popularity of gefilte fish, a Jewish delicacy made from ground carp, whitefish and pike, caused a double-bladed crisis at the Manischewitz Company of New York. First, the company found that although it was still the largest supplier in the U.S., so many other companies were turning out gefilte fish that the readily available supply of whitefish was running low. Second, its Orthodox customers began wondering if, with so many gefilte fish on the market, all of

it could be kept kosher. (An Orthodox Jew cannot eat anything that comes from the sea and does not have scales and fins—like catfish, for instance.)

The company solved the first half of its problem by buying half the Northland Fish Company, owned by Peter Lazarenko, who bought whitefish from the Indians at God's Lake and Island Lake, 200 miles north of Winnipeg, and flew them to Winnipeg in his own plane. The second half was solved by Rabbi Eliezer Silver, the venerable, bearded Chief Rabbi of Cincinnati.

Rabbi Silver, who came to America from Lithuania 54 years ago, is the chairman of the Presidium of the Union of Orthodox Rabbis of the United States and Canada and an authority on Jewish dietary laws. Once, when Procter and Gamble had decided to manufacture kosher soap—untainted by any pork product—Rabbi Silver had showed them where to erect a set of pipes to separate their kosher from their non-kosher products.

The rabbi is one of four employed by Manischewitz to inspect manufacturing processes. He felt the slur on the company's gefilte fish was a personal insult.

Without telling anyone, Rabbi Silver, who was then 79, flew to Winnipeg and demanded the local Manischewitz man take him to God's Lake unannounced. "The Indians were good fishermen," the Rabbi said. "And I didn't find any fish that weren't kosher." He stayed for two days, eating kosher food that he brought along in a suitcase, and then returned and announced that the whitefish in God's Lake were strictly safe. He's been back twice since then. Both times he has been satisfied. So have the Orthodox Jews who rely on his judgment.

— MELVIN SHESTACK

## The hard life and well-paid times of child models

The demand for children to model clothes, pose for pictures and act in television commercials has grown so greatly in the last ten years that 400 children between the ages of three and twelve are now listed by Toronto agencies as professional models, and the 30 most popular kids are earning from \$4,000 to \$7,000 a year. But not every child—no matter how beautiful a mother thinks her baby is—can become a model.

For one thing, she—girls outnumber boys four to one—must be specially trained. Estelle Wideman, a former adult model, started the first school for child models in North America 10 years ago in Toronto. There are now three schools in the city teaching children to model and five teaching them to act.

At the schools, most of which are run by modeling agencies as a sideline, children are taught to sit, stand, walk and speak properly and to show off clothes without being show-offs. The course also includes some basic etiquette. "We teach children to be good hostesses," Dorothy Trotter, the chil-

dren's director for the Walter Thornton modeling agency in Toronto, says. "Children often grab a gift and rush off to open it without thanking the person who gave it to them. We train them to be polite."

The next thing a child model needs is an agent. After 20 lessons, Thornton's pupils are "graduated" and the most promising are offered a seven-year contract with Thornton's acting as agent for ten percent of the child's earnings—the customary fee among agencies. Most child models work at fashion shows and pose for photographs, for which the standard payment is \$10 an hour. Where children's voices are required most advertising agencies prefer to use adult actors. For filmed television commercials the agencies try to avoid using children; the costs are high—about \$1,000 an hour for a commercial to be shown on a network—and the kids are often unreliable. "They don't know the score," one ad agency executive says. "They get too excited."

How do the children feel about modeling? Most of them are pushed

into it by their parents before they are old enough to remember a time when they weren't working. The father of Michael Trotter—a six-year-old member of the Association of Canadian Television and Radio actors who has been posing since he was two—says his son "enjoys modeling. It's fun for him and it's also educational." Trotter accepted the first job for his boy because it was "a matter of pride." Later, "the money became too good to refuse. But the moment Michael doesn't like it we'll stop."

Mrs. Leonard Barreca thinks modeling is such a good thing that she started her eldest daughter training with Estelle Wideman when she was three years old. Now Mrs. Barreca has six children—three boys and three girls, ranging in age from eight months to 12 years—all working as models. She has even taken a modeling course herself. "It's fascinating," she says. "There'd be less juvenile delinquency if children were kept busy with things like this. And of course the money is always very welcome too."

— WENDY MICHENER



# BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

## FIRST SIGNS OF A MERGER: Now some planners say one way to beat the Americans is to join them



What George Washington couldn't do and Sir John A. Macdonald fought against may yet happen.

DECISIVE SHIFTS of a nation's history are seldom apparent in their undramatic beginnings. Moods and ideas change, men begin to question accepted beliefs, and finally a few imaginative minds take an intuitive leap that replaces the gospels of the past with bold new concepts.

Such a process may have begun in Ottawa. Increasingly being heard in post-luncheon talk among some of the capital's highly placed economists, is the suggestion that Canada should negotiate an Act of Economic Union with the United States. Such a step would establish a free trade area between the two nations, with each country retaining existing tariff rates against outsiders.

The event which has moved this outlandish idea to the area of serious private discussion is Britain's intended entry into the Common Market of Europe. That step will threaten three quarters of our European exports with the loss of preferential treatment. For Canada, as the world's fourth largest exporting nation, this is a potentially intolerable situation. Economic marriage with the U.S. is being quietly investigated as a possible solution.

Not a word of this debate has yet reached anywhere near the policy level; no cabinet minister is even aware that his staff has broached the question and no politician of any party wishes to acknowledge his involvement. Nor is this the exclusive brain storm of any one group of civil servants. It is, rather, the end result of an evolution in economic thinking, arrived at independently by a handful of key people. Now they have begun to test each other's conclusions.

### Why free trade would be good for us

The idea of a free trade area with the U.S. is revolutionary enough. But what's really astonishing is that its advocates are able to make a substantial argument why such a union would benefit rather than harm Canadian commercial interests. The move's proponents point out that every major alteration in the direction of Canadian development—the implementation of Macdonald's National Policy, the 1911 suggestion for reciprocity, the negotiation of imperial preferences—came about strictly as the result of external economic pressures. Now, Britain's decision confronts us with a compelling challenge.

A West Pacific common market has been suggested; African states and Latin American countries already are negotiating trading block arrangements. The Diefenbaker government has decided that Canadians will, for now, attempt to survive in isolation from these forces; that we shall trade with everyone in the hope that their desire for our goods will overcome the centripetal pull of the trading alliances.

This approach will be tested by Finance Minister Donald Fleming at the Commonwealth Economic Consultative Council meeting at Accra, Ghana, on September 12. He plans to advocate that Britain, even in the Common Market, should disregard tariffs on Canada's industrial raw materials. This is an ingenious idea, particularly if it could be extended to all the Common Market countries. We'd retain most of our trading privileges without disrupting commercial policies of the ECC nations. But they may not accept. We can't offer much in return.

Should these efforts fail, we shall probably be forced to negotiate a new kind of economic relationship with the United States. The suggestion for a free trade area is a bold notion. It is necessarily based on assumptions that question much of the economic dogma taught in our schools. It treats our traditional anxiety about closer economic intimacy with the Americans as an anachronistic hangover that must be discarded. It jettisons the previously immutable axiom of Canadian economics that the east-west trade pattern is required to hold this nation together. It rejects the very heart of the argument that a Canadian manufacturing industry can develop only behind tariff walls, and that this tariff is the price Canadians must pay for their independence.

The men who back this startling theory (and they include some of the capital's most brilliant economists) insist that Canada's development can be appreciably improved by obtaining for Canadian manufacturers easy access to the huge consumer and industrial markets of the U.S. They argue that the method past Canadian governments used to create a manufacturing establishment in this country—by building up tariffs against the U.S.—has stunted, not encouraged, industrial growth. It has slanted the growing Canadian economy toward an overwhelming dependence on the relatively unprofitable business of resource development. The tariff, they also contend, has damaged Canadian unity by forcing the citizens of the Maritimes and Western Canada to buy high-cost Quebec and Ontario manufactured goods, when they could obtain them cheaper from Boston or Seattle.

The advocates of economic union with the U.S. claim their plan would ensure a much more efficient allocation of Canadian resources; that we would, both as a nation and as individuals, become richer as our living standard climbs to that of the U.S., and that our industries would grow faster and function more economically.

But with trading barriers removed, wouldn't American goods swamp the Canadian market? Not necessarily. The plan would be put into effect gradually (probably over at least two decades) and the Treaty

of Economic Union would have to insist on the Americans making in Canada a set percentage of their goods for the Canadian market. Our manufacturing plants, on the other hand, would immediately get free access to the American market. That would allow them to overcome their most vexing current problem: the inefficiencies caused by small production runs. Eighty percent of our factories lie in the narrow border strip between Windsor and Quebec City. Toronto and Windsor plants would go in with exactly the same sales opportunities as the nearby factories of Buffalo and Detroit.

This kind of arrangement would mean that we'd have to reorganize our entire economic structure; many of our less competitive industries would not survive. "We're so small that we'd hardly ruffle the American economy," one of the scheme's proponents told me. "But the effect on Canada would totally shake up our present allocation of resources. It is this shaking up which would be the plan's main benefit. It could finally make our economy workable."

The idea is not entirely untried. The Canadian agricultural machinery industry has been successfully competing in the U.S., although all tariffs were dropped by both countries in 1944. Following Canada's 1947-48 foreign-exchange crisis, the Liberal government in Ottawa sent John Deutsch of the finance department and Hector McKinnon of the Tariff Board to Washington for secret negotiations toward a U.S.-Canada free trade area. President Truman supported the scheme as an effective way of helping a neighbor in trouble and the U.S. Congress gave it limited but bipartisan support. No official correspondence on the proposals has ever been released and the exploratory talks were never followed up. The Conservatives rejected out of hand a similar offer made by the British at the Mont Tremblant talks in 1957.

The Liberals have come the closest to advocating the idea by supporting a North Atlantic Free Trade Area proposal that would unite Canada and the U.S. within a larger context and make the NATO nations an economic as well as military unit. But this is a doubtful substitute. How could our industries, which now pay an average industrial wage of \$1.85, compete in the NATO countries, where the rate is 55 cents an hour?

### But could we stay politically free?

Could we preserve our political freedom after we've surrendered our economic independence in a free trade arrangement with the United States? Here, the advocates of the idea enter unknown territory. "I can't see how a country can lose its independence by growing richer through profitable foreign trade," says one of the plan's disciples. "On the contrary, growing wealth gives both an increasing capacity for individual self-fulfillment and the resources necessary for the achievement of national objectives."

It's probably true that we don't have much economic sovereignty left to lose, and that those things which make us a separate nation are social and cultural rather than economic, but without an economic border between the two countries there would surely be pressure to remove the boundary altogether. Possibly our most effective guarantee of independence might be the fact that in Canadian-American relations, the U.S. is a captive of its own good intentions. If the Americans attempted to take over our country, no nation in the free world would ever trust them again.

The off-the-record investigations into the circumstances of economic union between the U.S. and Canada have turned up at least one highly disturbing sidelight. The Americans already have on their statute books the legislation necessary for the political absorption of this country. ✓





# U.S. REPORT

Ian Sclanders IN WASHINGTON

## The quiet spokesman for sanity in the U. S. Senate

WHEN A PEPPERY and forthright columnist named Roberta Fulbright attacked a demagogue named Homer Adkin in the Northwest Arkansas Times in 1940, she unwittingly made a major contribution to political sanity in the United States of America. Here's what happened:

■ Adkin, running for the governorship of Arkansas, was elected in spite of Mrs. Fulbright's published opinion that he was an inconsequential backslapper. Once in office, he engineered the dismissal of her son Bill from the presidency of the University of Arkansas.

■ J. William Fulbright, finding himself out of work, went into politics.

In 1942 Fulbright, a Rhodes scholar with an M.A. degree from Oxford, was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives. Within a year he had planted the seed that grew into the United Nations by introducing a resolution, since known as the Fulbright resolution, calling for an international organization to preserve the peace.

In 1944 he was elected to the Senate, defeating his strongest opponent, Governor Adkin, by 32,000 votes, and in 1959 at the age of fifty-four he became chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. In this job, which probably carries more prestige than any other congressional committee chairmanship, he's a top White House adviser on what are, quite literally, and for Canadians as much as Americans, matters of life and death.

The dispassionate logic of an intellectual like Fulbright gains fewer and smaller headlines than the flag-waving declarations of the star-spangled fire-eaters on Capitol Hill. Yet Fulbright, whose wisdom is too often condensed into a couple of paragraphs and tucked away on an inside newspaper page, makes more sense in a minute than most of his senatorial colleagues make in an hour. Here are some things he has said recently:

**ON WAR.** "The senator (Barry Goldwater) says that our fundamental objective must be 'total victory' over international communism. . . . Is it to be won by nuclear war — a war which at the very least would cost the lives of tens of millions of people on both sides, devastate most or all of our great cities, and mutilate or utterly destroy a civilization which has been built over thousands of years? . . . What would we do with it once it was won? Would we undertake a military occupation of Russia and China and launch a massive program to re-educate two hundred million Russians and six hundred million Chinese in the ways of western democracy? . . . We have had total victories in the past and their examples offer little encouragement. . . . One of the principal lessons of two world wars is that wars, and total victories, generate more problems than they solve."

**ON THE THESIS** that we should fight communism with communist tactics. "There is a double standard in the struggle between communism and the free nations. While communist tactics include terror, subversion and military aggression, the world demands a higher order of conduct from the United States. Our policies must be consistent

with our objectives, which are those of constructive social purpose and world peace under world law. Were we to adopt the same mischievous tactics as those employed by the communists, the principal target of these tactics would be our own principles. . . ."

**ON GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS.** "We have much to learn as well as to teach. . . . Our own judgments are not infallible, and there is much to be gained by a decent respect for the opinions of mankind. . . . To disavow and override the opinions of other peoples because they do not always agree with our own is to destroy a potentially powerful force for peace and to return to the laws of the jungle."

**ON CUBA.** "It is idle to expect the present Cuban regime to reform, to collapse, or to be overthrown by its exiles. And I submit that to overthrow it by American force, or by some combination including American force, would be self-defeating. . . . We often hear that the existence of a communist regime in Cuba is intolerable to the United States. . . . I know it is embarrassing and annoying and potentially dangerous, but is it really intolerable? The possibility of Soviet missile bases and jet aircraft bases in Cuba is frequently noted. I suppose we would all be less comfortable if the Soviets did install missile bases in Cuba, but I am not sure that our national existence would be in substantially greater danger than is the case today. Nor do I think that such bases would substantially alter the balance of power in the world. What would substantially alter the balance of power in the world would be precipitate action by the United States resulting in the alienation of most of Latin America, Asia and Africa. . . . My point is that the vulnerability of Latin America to communism may well be increased more by unilateral action against Cuba than by the continued existence of Castro's Cuba."

**ON THE STATE OF THE NATION.** "In an era of unexampled affluence, the American people, by and large, are not happy. . . . We have attained our private purposes almost too well at home; but beyond our personal material needs we have not yet recognized an objective or purpose which inspires our real interest. At home we have become immersed in the crass delights of extravagant consumption. . . . In our relations with the rest of the world, many Americans feel that we have done all the proper, decent and noble things, but to no avail."

**ON AMERICAN VALUES.** "I, for one, am not at all certain that the principles and values of western civilization represent the common aspirations of all peoples."

**ON BERLIN.** "I'm for negotiation and discussion as opposed to ultimatums and showdowns. . . . We have been remiss in not making proposals."

William Fulbright, a trim man with a soft drawl and craggy features, who still looks like the athlete he once was, occasionally emphasizes the importance of moral courage, as distinct from physical courage. While he's one of the more controversial figures in Washington these days, and not all that's said

of him is flattering, neither friend nor foe would accuse him of lacking moral courage.

The prevailing mood of Americans is such that almost every Fulbright statement I've quoted will cost the senator votes. Nobody knows that better than he — and he has to face an election next year in Arkansas, a state where the Goldwaterites and the John Birchers have been finding receptive ears for their insistence that, rather than yield one whit to the Soviets on the Berlin issue, the U.S. must be ready to go to war.

On top of that, William Fulbright unequivocally supports President Kennedy's program of federal aid to education — a program opposed in segregationist states, where it would tend to speed desegregation. Arkansas, as the Little Rock riots showed, has no shortage of segregationists. And Fulbright's opponent in the selection could easily be Orval Faubus, the governor, who, during the Little Rock trouble, stood resolutely against desegregation, thereby enhancing his reputation with a large number of voters.

Fulbright's fight will be a tough one. It will be all the tougher because of his speeches in the last few months. And there are politicians of the ward-heeler type who wonder why he has been "sticking his neck out." The explanation, his friends say, is simple: with intellectual honesty, backed up by moral courage, he stands for what he believes is best for his country, whether or not it is popular. His friends also say that, while the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has had other chairmen of great stature, like William Borah and Arthur Vandenberg, none has been so well fitted for the post by education, experience and outlook. "Bill," one of them told me, "is a natural."

The "natural" was born on a farm near Sumner, Missouri, in 1905, the fourth of six children of Jay and Roberta Fulbright. When Bill was a year old the family moved to another farm on the outskirts of Fayetteville, in northwest Arkansas. Jay Fulbright, a corn and hog farmer, worked hard, saved his money and invested in a sawmill, a bottling plant, a local bank and the Fayetteville paper, the Northwest Arkansas Times. Roberta Fulbright helped her husband manage his proliferating enterprises, wrote the column *As I See It*, for the Times, and saw to it that her youngsters studied diligently.

Bill Fulbright entered the University of Arkansas at sixteen. There, besides getting good grades, he was halfback of the football team, captain of the tennis team, organizer of the university's system of student government. In 1925 he was selected as the Rhodes scholar for

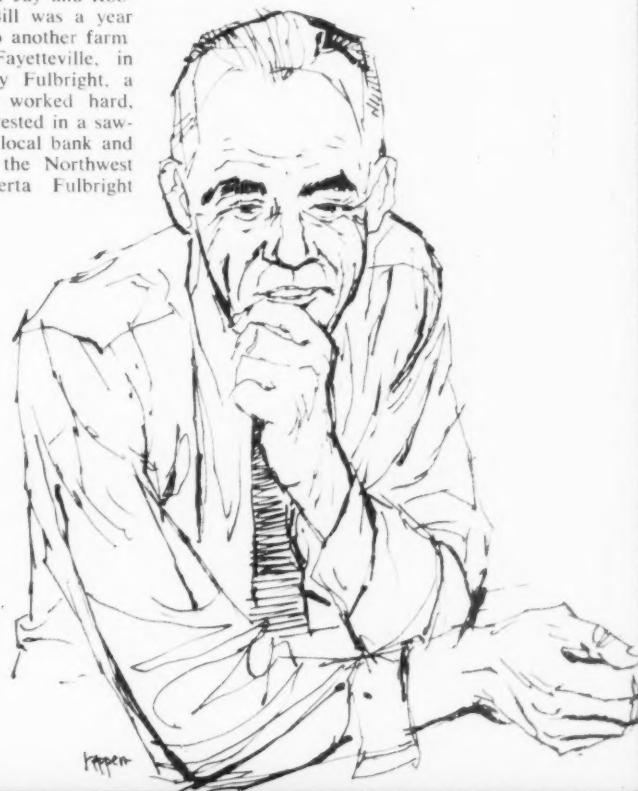
Arkansas. At Oxford, he majored in history and political science. During vacations he traveled in Europe. While he had no inclination to be a journalist, he had a friend who was European correspondent for the old Philadelphia Public Ledger, and accompanied him on assignments when he could.

After Oxford he studied law at George Washington University in Washington, married Betty Williams from Philadelphia, served as prosecutor for the department of justice for a year, taught law at George Washington for a while. He was appointed president of the University of Arkansas in 1939 and fired by Governor Adkin in 1941. And so to Congress.

In 1946, aware of the benefit he himself had gained from his study abroad, Fulbright introduced and pushed through Congress the Fulbright Act, providing for a student exchange program. Each year, under this legislation, thousands of young Americans go abroad to study or teach, and thousands of young foreigners journey to the U.S.

In 1954 when Senator Joseph McCarthy was feared through the land, Fulbright was the only member of the Senate who stood up and voted against additional funds for the special investigating subcommittee McCarthy headed. And later that year, he sponsored the censure resolution against McCarthy that the Senate passed. His fearless defiance of the man who made other politicians tremble was typical. And so, in a country that views culture with suspicion, was his introduction of the legislation to establish a National Cultural Centre for the Performing Arts in Washington.

If William Fulbright loses his seat in the Senate in the election next year, this much will be sure — that he'd rather have lost it by fighting for his convictions than have kept it by pandering to fanatics, numbskulls and mediocrities.



# ENTERTAINMENT

## Radio's public confessors: The air is full of secrets

**Got a problem? Got a beef? Got anything at all to say?** Chances are that if you live in any of Canada's bigger cities from Montreal west, or even one of the small ones, all you have to do to get what's bothering you off your chest—in public—is phone your friendly local radio station. The hottest trend in radio today is the "audience participation" show, where listeners call the station and conduct their conversation on the air.

On CKNW, New Westminster, B.C., the talk show, *Fiesta*, runs daily from 9 a.m. until noon. A rival Vancouver station, CKLG, has a similar program at half-hour intervals through the morning. In Edmonton, CFRN started its *Beefs and Bouquets* show three years ago. CKY, Winnipeg, gives 90 minutes each Sunday evening to an *Ask the Pastor* counseling show. CFPL, London, recently started a four-hour early-morning talk program, while Montreal's CKGM has stretched its nightly *Open Mind* show from one to three hours. Only in the Maritimes—and there, a few stations have two-way-conversation household advice shows—is the air not full and getting fuller of two-way jabber.

"It's one of the hardest kind of programs to turn off," says Allan Slaight, program manager of Toronto's fast-paced CHUM, which ran three talk shows last season. "So many subjects are touched on that no listener can be bored for long."

Some talk shows use music and news occasionally. But on most, the talk-master, who has become a kind of public confessor, just sits by a couple of open telephone lines and starts talking, occasionally tossing out a question for comment, until he gets a call.

One woman telephoned talk jockey Wally Garrett, at CKNW, to ask for help in finding a neighbor's lost child. "Would it help if I broadcast the child's description?" asked Garrett. The wom-

an paused. Then, "No it wouldn't. My radio's broken."

Besides a new kind of listener, the talk shows are producing a new kind of radio personality. Some of them: **Bill Brady**, 29-year-old announcer now working out of CJRH, Richmond Hill, north of Toronto. In a phone-in show, *Call Me, Madam*, Brady talks cooking, psychology, gardening, child-raising,



Talk jockey Brady

and anything else his callers have in mind. In a variety of voices, he imitates lovelorn columnists, helicopter reporters, do-it-yourselfers and fearless newspapermen. Brady started a '49ers club after a middle-aged widow called him to say she was lonely and a few months later got an invitation to the widow's wedding—to a widower she'd met at the club.

**Larry Solway**, 33, copy chief of CHUM, who hosts a half-hour show, *Speak Your Mind*, four evenings a week. CHUM claims *Speak Your Mind* started the talk fad in Toronto two years ago, when Toronto University philosophy professor Marcus Long was moderator. Solway, who left an arts course at the same university to go into broadcasting 14 years ago, talks about "peer groups" and "motivational urges," but claims he's no psychologist.

**Brad Crandall** (real name, Robert Bradley) who holds forth on CKEY's *Tempo* Toronto two hours nightly, has an answer for everything. A 34-year-old American who came to Canada as a disc jockey from a Florida station, Crandall describes himself as a storehouse of useless information. He'll quote Rousseau and Charles Ruggles, decry teen-age smoking and creeping socialism in the same chatty tone.

**The Rev. H. W. Egler**, pastor of First English Evangelical Lutheran Church, Winnipeg, who has an estimated (by CKY) 20,000 listeners for his weekly radio counseling show. A 205-pound six-footer, Egler laughs easily, talks like a truck driver—"on purpose"—and says he's afraid of nothing but becoming callous. He's often deliberately impolite to callers he calls "blabbermouths," and isn't above advising a woman who complained that her husband never helped her with the children to "throw a glass of cold water on him." Egler's outspoken opinions (he denounces smoking as "imaginary nursing at the mother's breast") have been too much for the Winnipeg Ministerial Association, which finally dropped sponsorship of his program. Now Egler and the station donate the time.

**Joe Pyne**, one-time Atlantic City disc jockey, who has brought normally-reticent English-speaking Montrealers clamoring to CKGM's switchboard. Few people called the program, started by two McGill University students two years ago, until Pyne arrived this summer. Now 50 to 75 callers get through each night. The telephone company says about 17,000 people try. Pyne, 36, who did a similar show in Phoenix, Ariz., before being lured to Montreal, has been described as "calculatingly rude" to some of his callers. (To one, whose grammar was less than perfect, he said: "You don't got grammar, you're nothing but a lot of hot air... Don't put words in my mouth, it's unsani-

tary.") But few people hang up on him. He's so rabidly anti-communist that a group of Hungarian taxi drivers who escaped the 1956 revolt regularly ask to drive him home from the program without charge. His politics are also hard on such innovations as socialized medicine, on which he holds long semi-technical discussions with callers.

—JANE BECKER.

### MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

#### Three stage talents combine for a screen hit

**SUMMER AND SMOKE:** The English director Peter Glenville and the American actress Geraldine Page ought to make more movies together instead of concentrating on the stage. This handsome and intelligent screen edition of one of the better plays of Tennessee Williams offers Miss Page as a repressed spinster in a small southern town. Her performance deserves an Oscar nomination. Laurence Harvey, obviously doing his best to conceal his crisp Mayfairisms under a mushmouth drawl, ably portrays a young playboy doctor who tries to arouse the lady's hidden desires.

**ALAKAZAM THE GREAT:** Probably just the thing for juvenile TV-watchers whose mothers want to get them out of the house for a while. It's a Japanese cartoon feature with dubbed American voices—including those of crooner Frankie Avalon, comedian Jonathan Winters, and Sterling Holloway, the world's oldest adolescent. The style of drawing and animation is early Disney, but less skillful than the original.

**THE BIG GAMBLE:** A tough Irishman (Stephen Boyd), his resourceful French wife (Juliette Greco) and his fussy bachelor cousin (David Wayne) seem to take even longer than is necessary to nurse a huge truck through swamps and over mountain trails in Africa. The scenery is more interesting than the story.

**THE GREENGAGE SUMMER:** Beautifully photographed amid the ripening plums of France's champagne country, this British drama focuses attention on the blossoming talents of actress Susannah York, who was soldier Alec Guinness' rebellious daughter in *Tunes of Glory*. With skill she depicts a 16-year-old English girl who tangles with a fading Frenchwoman (Danielle Darrieux) while melting the heart of a shady, gallant mystery man (Kenneth More). The plot is corny but some of the film's human emotions are adroitly and honestly projected.

And these are worth seeing:

**Blast of Silence**  
**Call Me Genius**  
**La Dolce Vita**  
**Fanny**  
**The Guns of Navarone**

—MCKENZIE PORTER

## THE CASE AGAINST even more of Pierre Berton

**Pierre Berton** is one of the most brilliant journalists Canada has ever produced. He detects important news in the most mundane events and writes with elegance and force. His energy is phenomenal and his courage is unquestionable. The unflagging variety, readability and edification of his Toronto *Daily Star* column imbues most of his colleagues with admiration and awe. In two books, *The Royal Family* and *The Klondike*, Berton has scaled with ease and distinction the ladder that leads from journalism to literature.

But Berton is an unmitigated ham. Of all the lusty appetites to which he fell heir his appetite for applause is the sharpest. So hungry is Berton for homage that he no longer discriminates between the quality and the size of his audience. Today we are confronted with the spectacle of Berton, the man of letters, sliding down the chute that ends in the shallow, raffish and avaricious little puddle called show business.

Almost every day on radio or television Berton exploits the noise-numbed wits of the masses. This is particularly disturbing when it is remembered that Berton often tries to champion the undereducated, poorly-paid millions who compose the overwhelming major-

ity of radio listeners and television viewers.

Intellectually, Berton towers above the tin whistle programs in which he participates. *Front Page Challenge* is a party guessing game. *Close-Up* is a retreat on film of journalistic clichés. *Open House*, *761*, *Better Late*, *Midnight Zone*, and other shows on which Berton is an indefatigable guest prod but gently the mental inertia of people who are too lazy to read. *Court of Opinion*, the radio panel show on which Berton and others purport to air provocative views, rarely rises above the banal.

The enormous demand for Berton before the cameras and microphones reflects the incurable urge of television and radio producers to concentrate on big names and work them until the ratings wear thin.

Berton's inevitable submission to overexposure might not be too hard to watch were he a good performer. But he isn't. The jaunty walk, the regrettable smirk, the exaggerated expressions of rumination, inspiration and mirth, and the transparent attempts to disguise scripted questions as spontaneous inquiries combine with tartan jackets, bow ties and other sartorial quirks to



suggest an old-fashioned politician.

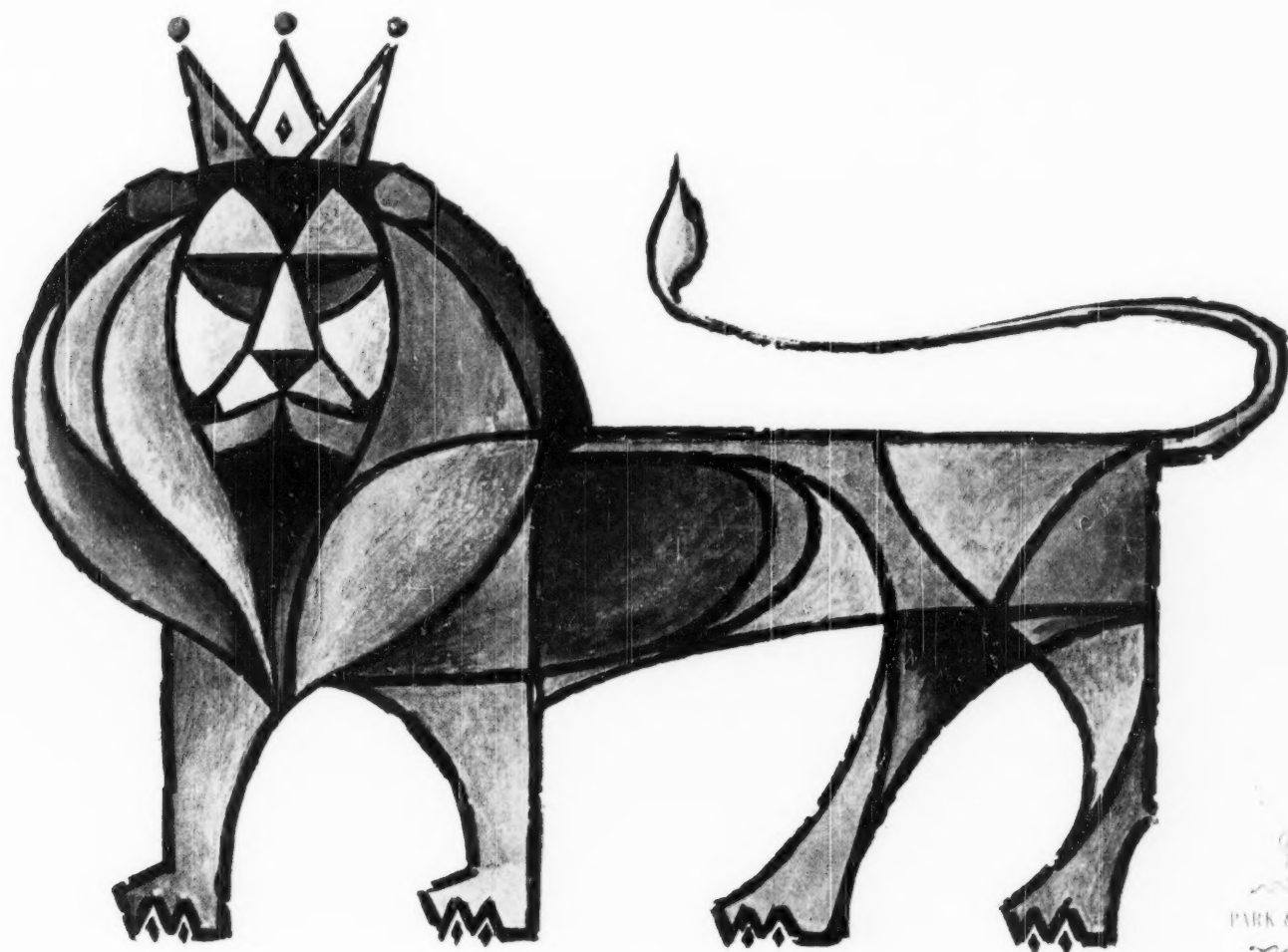
Berton's choice of calling would be none of the public's business in the ordinary course of events. But the need for stimulating pens to counter the brainwashing effects of electronic entertainment amounts now to a national emergency. For the good of his country Berton should stop wallowing in the grease paint and stick to his inkwell. Performers are as plentiful these days as caged budgerigars, but writers of Berton's ability are as rare as scholars in the retinue of Juliette.



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SEPTEMBER 9, 1961



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